



ÆSOP'S FABLES,
With their *Moralls* in Verse.
And in Prose Grammatically
translated.

Illustrated with *Pictures* and
Emblems.

Together with the History of his
Life, newly and exactly
translated out of the
Originall Greck.

Go and learn of the Ant.



Printed by R. D. Printer to the University
of Cambridge:
For Francis Eglesfield, and are to be sold at the *Marye*
gold in Pauls Church-yard,
M D C L.



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

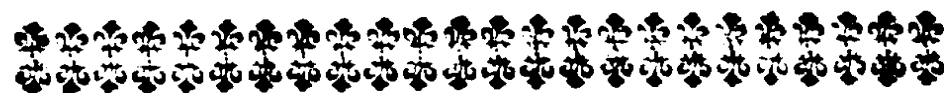
After so many Editions of this *Phrygian Fabulist*, thou mayest perhaps think it altogether superfluous to send forth another; it is not my purpose to flatter thee into a good conceit of what I have done, by prefixing *Editio ultima cateris emendatior*, but I will leave it to thy impartiall ingenuity to judge. As touching the *Fables*, knowing their usefulness to younger *Tyros*, I have endeavoured (as much as might be) after a Grammaticall translation; every one knowes the laws of poetry, and therefore will friendly excuse me in the free use of my innocent liberty: In translating the *Life of Aesop*, I have not been so pedanticall as to tye my self to the *Greek copy Verbatim*, yet with all fidelity I have endeavoured to give it to the life: I confesse the sight of a late Edition a little moved my pen, (when I saw the Authors life rim'd into prose) to vindicate the same

A 3 by

by trying how he liv'd in plain English :
 Certainly the tard that did it was born so :
 The next time he rides post , onely let him
 blow his horn , and he shall have the way.
 Reader if thou hast any skill in Physiogno-
 my , his head stands to be seen upon a post
 or pedestall at the portall of his Book, if
Æsop was alive I question whether he
 could make a Mercurie of it, or no. Com-
 pare our fidelity , and let thy own judge-
 ment be the Umpier, *Vale.*

Reader, Note, that where divers *Fables* are
 oft repeated in the Latine , the first Trans-
 lation onely thereof is here Englished, viz.
 Where it is first rendred in the Latine :
 Through all the other we have followed the
 order of the common Latine Copy.

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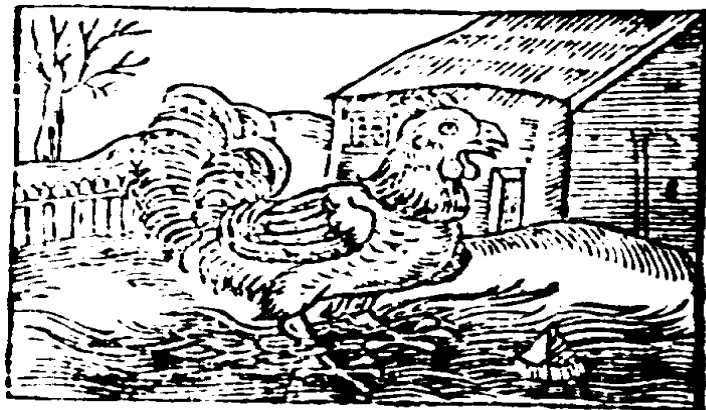
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ÆSOP'S Fables.

FAB. I.

The Dunghill-Cock, and precious Stone.



A Cock (the dung-bill scraping chanc'd to spie
 Among the Dirt, a precious Jewell lie;
 Which he (disdaining) cries, What profit can
 This yield to me? if, happily, a Man
 Knowing the virtue) had this Jewell found,
 would make his heart with present joy abound;
 But in my eye one Barley-corn is more
 Than all the Jewells on the Indian shore.

The Morall.

The precious Stone described here, implies
 High-prised Arts and their rich Mysteries:
 The Cock, a sordid Nature, whose desire
 (Like the dull Swine, that wallow in the mire)
 Doth greater joy in earthly pleasures find,
 Than the endowments of a virtuous Mind.

B

As

THe Cock whilst he scratched in a dunghill, found a precious stone : saying, what, do I find so bright a thing ? If a Jeweller had found it, none should have been more jocund then he, because he knew the price of it. But, indeed, it is uselesse to me, neither do I much value it. Yea truly, I had rather have a grain of barley, then all Jewells.

Morall. Understand by the Jewell, art and wisdom. By the Cock, a foolish man and voluptuous. Neither do fools love liberall arts, seeing they know not the use of them : nor a voluptuous man, whom pleasure onely delights.

F A B. 2.

The Wolf and Lambe.



A Thirsty Lambe walks to the Rivers side,
Where she is by a ravenous Wolf espide,
Whose curriish nature (still on mischief bent)
Thus picks a quarrell with the innocent
And harmlesse Beast : What villain mov'd thee thus
Just in our presence (as in scorn of us)

Here

Are we could drink to foul the Christall Spring ?
The Lamb affrighted at his menacing,
Reply'd, great Sir, the cause of my offence
Was through my ignorance, not insolence ;
Nor did I know, that you were present here :
At which the Wolf gins more to domineere,
And answers, slave thou ly'st ; have not I seen
How ready thou, and all thy friends have been,
To crosse us still ? for which (without delay)
Thy blood for all those former wrongs shall pay.

The Morall.

*So Great men oftentimes cre-sway with might
The Poore, against respect of Law or right.*

A Wolf drinking at the head of the fountain, saw the Lambe as farre off below drinking. He runneth and hideth the Lambe, for that he troubled the fountain. The Lambe, trembled, besought him that he would spare him being innocent. That he could not, nor would trouble the drink of the Wolf, seeing he drank there beneath. The Wolf on the other side thundereth : saying, Thou church robber, thou doest nothing : thou wayes doest me mischief : thy father, mother, all thy odious stock is constantly against me. Thou shalt smart by me to day.

Morall. It is an old saying : that it is an easie matter find a staffe to beat a dogge. A mighty man if he list hurt easily takes occasion. He hath offended sufficient who cannot oppose.

B 2

F A B.

F A B. 3.

The Eagle, the Frog, and the Mouse.

THe Frog and Mouse at variance did stand,
 Who should be King, and rule the Marshy land;
 And therefore to decide this fatal jarre,
 They undertake a long and doubtful Warre:
 The crafty Mouse in ambush closely lies,
 That the th' unwary Frog might so surprise:
 The Frog suspects the Plot, and therefore she
 To open combat dares her enemy;
 Not willing to prolong the warre; agreed
 Both parties meet; each brandishing a Reed
 In stead of Spears; While at each others sight
 Their courage makes them eager on the fight:
 Which scarce begun, the Kite comes flying by,
 (To both of them a fatal enemy)
 And, stooping, quickly parts the Warriors fray,
 Making both Mouse and Frog become her prey.

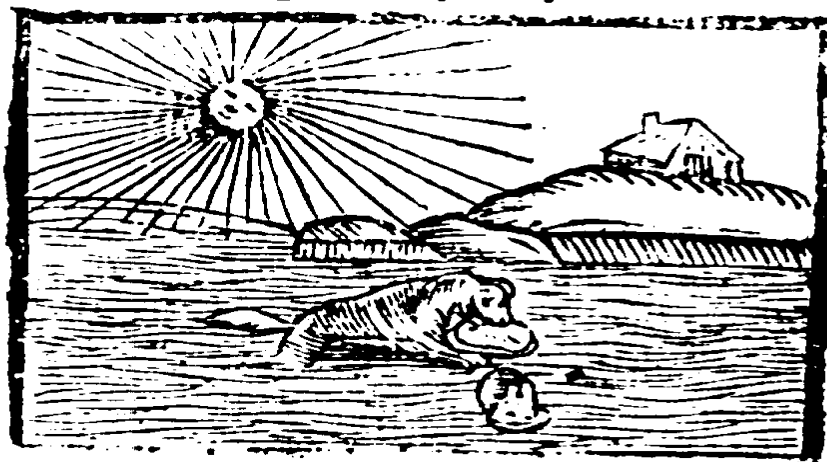
The Morall.

*So factious men inflamed with desire
 Of bearing rule, imprudently aspire
 Beyond their reach, and foolishly contend;
 But hasten their own ruine in the end.*

THe Mouse waged warre with the Frog. The contention was concerning the Empire of the fen. The battell was fierce and doubtfull. The crafty Mouse lurking under the weeds, sets upon the Frogge treacherously. The Frogge being better in strength, and more able in valour and leaping, challengeth his enemy in the open field: each of them had a spear of a bul-rush. Which battell being seen farre off, the Kite maketh hast unto them; and whilst neither of them taketh heed to themselves, for the earnestnesse of the battell, the Kite snatcheth away, and teareth in pieces both the Combatants.

Morall. In like manner it happeneth to factious citizens, who being inflamed with a desire of rule, whilst they contend amongst themselves to be made Magistrates, do put their estates, and also their life very oft in danger.

F A B. 4.

The Dog and the piece of Flesh.

By chance a hungry Dog had robb'd the Por,
 Or from the Cook a piece of Flesh had got;
 Wherewith he nimble crosse a River flies,
 To shun pursuit of following enemies.

B 3

But

But as he past, within the waters clear,
The fleshie shadow did to him appear;
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for that too; and lets the substance fall:
So both being lost, when he could neither find,
He cries, Fool thank thy over-greedy mind.

The Morall.

*Be not too covetous to increase thy store,
But what thou undertak'st consult before;
Lest Fortune may thy undertakings crosse,
And thou buy future hopes, with present losse.*

A Dog swimming over a river, carried a piece of
Flesh in his mouth. The Sunne shining, as it fell
out, the shadow of the flesh shined in the waters: which
seen he greedily catching at it, lost that which was in
his jaws. Therefore being amazed with the losse both
of the thing, and also of his hope, first, he was astonish-
ed, afterwards getting heart again, he barked out thus:
O wretch, there wanted a moderation to thy greed-
nesse. There was enough, and more then enough, if
thou hadst not doated: now thou hast lesse then no-
thing by thy foolishnesse.

*Morall. We are put in mind of modesty by this fable,
we are put in mind of wisdom, that there be a modera-
tion in our desire; lest we lose certain things for uncer-
tain, Surely, Sannio in Terence speaks cunningly. I, quoth
he, will not buy hope at that rate.*

F A B. 5.

F A B. 5.

The Lion and other Beasts.



A Gen'rall day for hunting being decreed
Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed
(The sports being ended) equall share should fall
Of what they slew to recompence them all:
So out they go to hunt the tender Hart,
Who slain, each Beast according to desert
expects his share: to whom the *Lion* thus
first speaks, you know my friends that unto us
belongs one part by right of dignitie;
The second too pertaineth unto me,
In that my strength doth above yours excell;
The third is also mine, you know it well
Because in pursuit I took the greatest pain;
The fourth part now there onely doth remain.
Which as a gift from all your loves I take,
And for your kindnesse, recompence will make:
So all the Beasts depart, nor durst they shew
An angry look, although deluded so.

B 4

The

The Morall.

*As here the Lion (right pretending) claims
The others due: so for unlawfull gains
(Injustice oft prevailing) poore men stand
Aloof whilst others do possess their Land;
Not daring seek their own; so much the fear (bear
Of Greatnes awes them, though great wrongs they*

THE Lion had made a covenant with a sheep and with certain other beasts, that there should be a generall hunting. They go to hunt, a Hart is taken. They divide him. Every one beginneth to take up their severall parts as it was agreed, the Lion roared out: Saying, one part is mine, because I am the worthiest. Also another part is mine, because I most excell in strength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, because I have sweat more in catching the Hart. And lastly unlessse you will grant me a fourth part, farewell friendship. His fellows hearing this, do depart empty and still, not being so bold as to mutter against the Lion.

Morall. Faithfulnesse hath been ever rare, it is more rare now a dayes, but it is and hath been alwayes most rare amongst potent men. wherefore it is better that you live with your equall. For he that liveth with a potent man, must necessarily depart oft-times from his own right. You shall have equall dealings with your equals.

F A B. 6.

F A B. 6.

The Wolf and the Crane.



Hunger sore bit the Wolf; which he to ease,
Roving for prey, upon a Lamb did seize;
And it devoured: but through too much hast
Of Feeding, crosse his ravenous throat stuck fast
One of the ribs, which so the Wolf did pain,
That he so many often did complain;
But none would lend him help: at length he goes
And to the Crane his griefs sad causes shows;
Entreating her to use her best of skill,
And down his throat, by thrusting her long bill
To draw the bone that did afflict him so;
For which she should not unrewarded go;
But have her full content: the easie Crane
(Won with fair words, and hope of future gain)
Effects the Cure, and then demands her pay:
To whom th'ingratefull Wolf did scoffing say,
What pay fond fool canst thou expect of me?
Is't not enough that thou escapest free,
Not hurt at all, when I with little strife
Had power but now to take away thy life?

B 5

The

The Morall.

*Such men too many in this World we see,
Who (fauning) stoop to all, while Povertie
Curbs their proud thoughts : but if to wealth they rise
(Unmindfull of their old Calamities)
They re-assume their insolence and pride,
And scorn them most, who most their want suppli'd.*

THE Wolf devouring a Sheep, by chance the bones stuck in his throat. He goeth about, desireth help, but no man helpeth him. All say, that he had got a just reward of his greedinesse. At length he induceth a Crane by many flatteries, and more promises, that her long neck being thrust into his throat, she would pluck out the bone which stuck in it. But she asking her reward, he mocked at her. Thou fool, quoth he, go thy way: Hast thou not enough that thou livest? Thou owest me thy life. If it had pleased me, it was in my power to bite off thy neck.

Morall. It is a common saying, that is lost which thou doest to an ungratefull man.

F A B. 7.

F A B. 7.

The Countrey-man and the Snake.



IN depth of Winter, (numb'd with cold) a Snake,
Seeming half dead upon the ground did lie,
On which a Husbandman did pity take,
As he by chance that way was passing by ;
So bears her home, then layes her by the fire,
The heat whereof did soon the cold expell,
That suddenly the Snake began respire ;
And (feeling strength) with her old venome swell :
But quite forgetfull of the good receiv'd,
Of what the man to save her life had done,
Whereof she almost lately was bereav'd)
To throw abroad her poyson she begun,
And hissing flies at him with all her might ;
Which he perceiving, fetcheth weapons straight,
Replying, Villain, dost thou thus requite
My kindnesse, and my love pursue with hate ?
For this ingratitude thy life shall pay,
And what I sav'd, I now will take away.

The

The Morall.

So oftentimes we (by experience) see
These prove our greatest enemies whom we
Do most befriend; and those to whom we show
Most love, to us most mischievous do grow.

Neglecting not alone the thanks they owe;

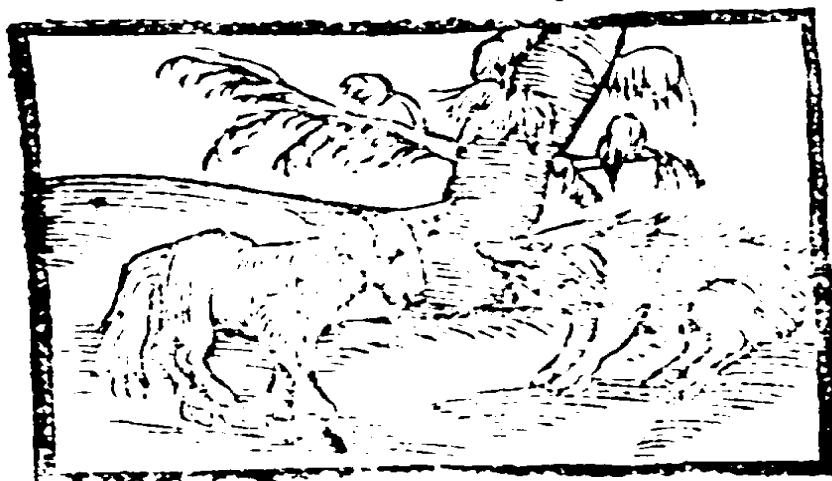
But, had they power) would work our overthrow.

THE Countrey man brought home a snake, found in
the snow almost dead with cold. He laid him to the
fire. The Snake receiving strength, and poyson from
the heat, and afterwards not induring the flame, infe-
sted all the cottage with hissing. The countrey man
runneth unto him and snatching up a stake, expostulat-
eth the wrong with him with words and blows, whe-
ther he would thus requite him? Whether he went about
to take away life from him, who gave him his life?

Morall. It cometh to passe sometimes, that they will do
you hurt to whom you have done good, and that they will
deserve ill of you, of whom you have deserved well.

F A B. 8.

The Bore and the Ass.



When the dull Ass the sturdy Bore derides,
The Bore, whose passion sounder reason guides,
Replies

Replies, dull villain, that the world may see
How much I slight thy scoffes, although from me
Thou just revenge deserv'st, jest on thy fill,
Thy baselesse guards thee, and withholds my will.

The Morall.

Do not inrag'd at all aspersions grow;
Lest false untruths like verities may show.

WHILE the sluggish Ass mocked the Bore, he be-
ing wroth, gnashed his teeth, saying; O thou
most slothfull Ass, truly thou hast deserved ill, but al-
though thou hast been worthy of punishment, yet I am
unworthy to be revenged of thee. Mock on; thou mayest
safely, for thou art out of danger for thy sluggishnesse.

Morall. Let us do our endeavour, that when we bear
or suffer things unbecoming us, we speak not, nor do
things unworthy of us: for evill men and desperate, for
most part do rejoyce, if any good man do resist them. They
value it much, that they should be accounted worthy to be
revenged of. Let us imitate horses and great beasts, which
passe little barking currs.

F A B. 9

F A B. 9.

The City-Mouse, and Countrey-Mouse.

The *City-Mouse* that many dayes had spent
 Within her native soil on travell bent,
 The *Countreys* sweet varieties to see,
 Is by a *Countrey-Mouse* met happily;
 Who entertains her with the choicest fare
 Her Larder could afford, nor did she spare
 For any cost, which the delightfull field
 To welcome unexpected guests could yield:
 Yet this pleas'd not the *City-Mouse*; the meat
 Seemed too coarse for her nice chaps to eat;
 And therefore she intreats the *Countrey-Mouse*
 To walk with her, and view her *City* house,
 To see what entertainment she could give;
 And how deliciously she still did live:
 So both agree, and to the *City* come;
 Which entred, they approach a spacious room:
 And after welcome given a dainty feast
 The *City-Mouse* provideth for her guest:
 Both seat themselves and heartily do feed:
 But midst their junkets with unwelcome speed

They

They hear the turning of a key, whose fear
 Enjoyns them quickly to forsake their chear,
 And thist into a hole, from whence they see
 One of the household servants hastily
 Enter the room (the which unusuall sight
 Doth much the trembling *Countrey-Mouse* affright)
 But he not staying long; the *City Dame*
 Returneth to the Banket whence she came;
 And calls her friend, offering a choycer bit
 To her, then any she had tasted yet:
 But fear had spoild her stomach, so that she
 (Glad to depart) replyeth, If this be
 The sauce you have unto your *City* fare,
 Give me my own, (though coarse) 'tis void of care:
 Such fears perplex not us, nor griefs molest
 Our homely roofs; we undisturbed rest,
 Though coarse our fare; when dangers more then
 Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat. (great

The Morall.

*The poore mans happie life is here exprest,
 While he content with his estate remains,
 Above the rich, although of wealth possess;
 For care to get, or fear to lose his gains,
 Doth so perplex his troubled mind, that he
 Scarce lives a day or houre contentedly.*

IT pleased a *City-Mouse* to walk into the *Countrey*.
 A *Countrey-Mouse* saw him, inviteth him, prepara-
 tion is made, they go to supper. The *Countrey-Mouse*
 fetcheth forth whatsoever he had laid up for winter, and
 bringeth out all his provision, that he might satisfie the
 daintinesse of so great a guest: notwithstanding, the *City*
Mouse frowning, condemneth the scarcity of the *Countrey*;
 & then highly extolls the plenty of the *City*. Re-
 turning home, he leadeth the *Countrey-mouse* with him
 into

into the Citie, that he might make good in deed that which he had in words boasted of. They go to the banquet which the City-mouse had gloriously prepared. As they were at the banquet, the noise of a key is heard of them in the lock. They begin to tremble, and running, fled away. The Countrey-mouse both unacquainted, and ignorant of the place, had much ado to save himself. The servant departing, the City-mouse returneth unto the table, calleth the Countrey-mouse. He scarcely having put away his fear, creepeth out: And asketh the City-mouse drinking unto him, whether this danger be often. He answered that it was daily, and it ought to be slighted. Then said the Countrey-mouse, is it daily? verily, your dainties savour more of gall then of hony. I, in truth, had rather have my scarcity with security then this plenty with such anxiety.

Morall. Riches have indeed a shew of pleasure, but if you look within them they have danger and bitterness. There was one Eutrapelus, who when he would hurt his enemies most of all, made them rich, saying that he would revenge himself of them, for that they should receive with their riches a great bundle of cares.

F A E. 10.

F A B. 10.

The Eagle and the Daw.



THe Eagle finds a Cockle, and with pains
Labours for what the fastned shell restrains ;
Which the sly Daw beholding with deceit,
Pretends t' instruct the Eagle, how to get
The fish with greater ease ; and bids her flie
Aloft, and with the Cockle mount the skie ;
Then let it fall against some rock, that so
The shell might open with the sudden blow :
Which done, the Daw that sub:ly watcht her prey
Snatches the meat, and nimbly flies away ;
Leaving the cheated Eagle all alone,
Her sad mishap and folly to bemoane.

The Morall.

Do not beliefe in every one repose ;
For seeming friends prove oft the greatest foes ;
In fairest Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
And most deceit is clad with flattery :
Which in deluding Counsellors is shown,
Not for thy gain, but profits of their own.

Aa

AN Eagle having gotten a cockle, could not pluck out the fish by force, or by art. A Crow coming unto her gives her counsell. She perswadeth her to soar aloft, and to cast down the cockle from an high, upon the stones: For that it would so come to passe that the shell would be broken. The Crow carrieth upon the ground, that she may wait for the fall. The Eagle throweth it down, the shell is broken the fish is snatch- ed away by the Crow, the Eagle being mocked grieveth.

Morall. Do not give credit to every one, and take heed that you look into the counsell which you shall receive of others. For many being consulted with, do not give counsell for them who ask counsell of them, but have an eye to themselves.

F A B. II.

The Crow and the Fox.



THE Crow had got a prey, and with it flies To feed upon a Tree, which *Vulpes* eyes, And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he To work his plot, thus greets her craftily;

Hail!

Hail Mistress hail, Fames untruths now I sing,
And to your Worship Joyfull tidings bring:
Fame stiles thee black as Soot, but I have found
Her rumours false, in whiteneffe you abound
Beyond the Snow, or lillies of the field:
For which the joyfull Crow seems thanks to yield,
Clapping her wings; but as she strove to speak,
The bait she had, dropt from her empty beak:
Which the Fox nimble catching, leaves the Crow
To learn more wit when she is flatter'd so.

The Morall.

*Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
And windy praises of the Parasite;
For they for their own ends do most applaud;
Which being obtain'd they slight whom they defraud*

A Crow having gotten a prey, maketh a noise in the boughs of a tree. A Fox-cub seeth him jetting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly salute the Crow. I have heard (quoth she) very often that fame is a liar, now I find it in very deed. For as by chance I passe by this way, spying you in a tree, I come running unto you, blaming the report: For the same is, that you are blacker then pitch, and I see that you are more white then snow. Truly in my judgement you surpass the Swans, and are fairer then the white ivy. If so be that as you excell in plumes you so excell also in voice, in truth, I will call you the Queen of all the birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty flatterie, prepares himself to sing. But the Cheese catcheth out of his bill as he was preparing to sing, which being snatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it shames the miserable Crow, and irk- eth him of himself, and the losse of the thing being mixed with shame, it grieveth him.

Morall.

Morall. *Some are so greedy of praise, that they love a flatterer with their own reproch and losse. Such silly men are made a prey to parasites. If so be that you will avoid boazjing, you may easily shun that pestiferous sort of flatterers. If you will be Thraso you shall never want Gnatho.*

F A B. 12.

The Lion and other Beasts.



THE Lion weak and old, that erst was strong,
And too unjustly meaner Beasts did wrong;
Now for his tyranny doth pay; the Bore
With his sharp tusks his aged sides doth gore;
The Bull assaults him with his horns: the base
And sordid Ass with undeserv'd disgrace
Spurns at him too, the which perplexed more
The noble Beast, then all the blows before:
Who thus cries out: I oft have injur'd them,
And justly merit they should me condemn:
But the dull Ass, whom I esteem'd my friend
Forsakes me too: unhappy I to lend

Affection

Affection to his baseness, and to move
The wrath of such as would more faithfull prove.

The Morall.

*If Fortune raise thee to a high degree
Of bearing rule, let not thy actions be
Too much severe; but such, as Justice may
Command the Vulgar truly to obey;
Lest fortune change, and thou (of friends forlorn)
Become to thy Inferiours a scorn.*

A Lion which had made very many his enemies by his cruelty in his youth, paid for it in his age. The beasts recompence him like for like, The Bore setteth on him with his tush the Bul with his horns. Especially, the young Ass desiring to abolish utterly the old name of sluggishness, layeth at him lustily with words, and with his heels. Then the Lion sighing deeply said, these whom I have hurt in times past, hurt me now again, and deservedly. But they whom I have sometimes done good unto, do not now do me good again, yea, even they hurt me without cause. I was a fool that made so many to be my enemies, but more foolish that trusted false friends.

Morall. *Be not lift up in prosperity, be not fierce. For if fortune shall change her face, they whom you have hurt will avenge themselves. And see that you make a difference amongst your friends. For there are certain that are not your friends, but of your table and estate. Which estate in very deed so soon as ever it shall be changed they also will be changed: it shall go very well with you, if they be not enemies. Ovid complaineth justly:*

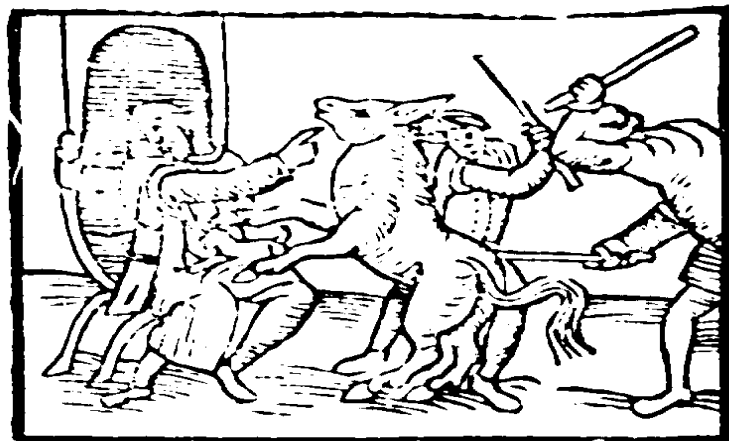
I.o, I sometimes was compassed about with no small company of friends.

While't the wind blowed prosperously to my sails.

But after that the fierce seas began to swell with the tempestuous wind.

I am left in the midst of the waters, my ship being all torn.

F A B. 13

The Ass and the little Dog.

THe strong-Back'd Ass, whose labour to his Lord
 Commodity and profit did afford,
 Perceiving oft the little Dog, (whose use
 No profit to his Master could produce,
 But kept for pleasure onely) sport and play,
 And fawning on his master, every day
 Fed well, and liv'd at ease, while he with pain
 Still wrought, and yet could no such love obtain,
 Grows envious, and resolves the like to try :
 So leaping on his Master lovingly ;
 He paws at him with his fore feet, then layes
 His nose close to his lips, and loudly brayes :
 Frisking about in such a rustick sort,
 As a rude Ass could do to shew him sport.
 Whereat the Master much affrighted, cries
 For help: his servant to him quickly hies :
 Who saw how bold the sordid Ass did grow,
 Requites his pastime with a cruell blow,
 Thrashing him well, till he with grief repents,
 And quite forsaketh such fond merriments.

The

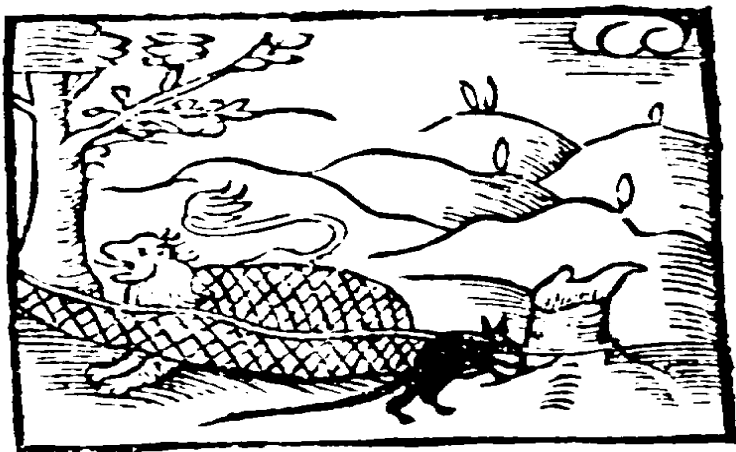
The Morall.

'Twould seem a thing preposterous to see
 A Buffon plac'd i'th' seat of dignitie,
 As much ridiculous it is for one
 To meddle with anothers function.
 And they but trifle time who think they can
 Reach th' apprehension of another man :
 For let them strive till death, none can partake
 Of all Arts, Nature doth the Artist make.

WHilst the dog flattered his master and the family,
 both the master and the family make much of the
 dog. The ass seeing that, groaneth very deeply. It be-
 gan to irk him of his condition: he thinks it unequally
 ordered, that the dog should be welcome to all, and be
 fed from his masters table, and also attain that by idle-
 nesse and play, and contrarily, himself to carry pack-
 saddles, be beaten with a whip never to be idle, and yet
 to be hatefull to all. If these things be gotten by flat-
 tery, he determineth to follow that art which is so pro-
 fitable. Therefore at a certain time his master return-
 ing home, he about to try the matter, runs forth to
 meet him, leaps upon him, beats him with his hoofs.
 His master crying out, the servants ran unto him, and
 the foolish ass, which thought himself civil, is beaten
 with a cudgill.

Morall. All of us cannot do all things, as Virgil saith
 in his *Bucolics*, neither do all things become all men.
 Let every one desire that, let him try that which he is
 able. For we know that which is spoken more significant-
 ly in Greek, An ass to the harp: So also Boetius, An ass
 put to the harp. Nature resisting, our labour is in vain.
 You shall neither do nor say any thing, if Minerva be un-
 willing, witness Horace.

FAB. 14.

The Lion and the Mouse.

Opprest with heat a *Lion* in the shade
 For his repose his wearied limbs had laid,
 And fell asleep; 'bout whom a troop of poore
 And little mice, that never durst before
 Approach his presence, merry pastimes make,
 Till with their sports the angry Beast they wake,
 Whose fury forc'd them all to fly, but ones
 Which not so nimble as the rest alone
 Is left behind, and by the *Lion* caught,
 Whereat amazed, the silly *Mouse* brought
 The noble *Lion* vengeance not to show
 For this her first offence, but let her go;
 The *Lion* soon consenteth, since the blood
 Of one so base could do him little good.
 And so the *Mouse* departs; but ere the day
 Was fully spent, the *Lion* seeking prey,
 And traversing the Forrest, chanc'd to be
 Entrapped in a net unawily,
 So struggles to get loose, but prov'd too weak
 With all his strength th' intangling net to break.

Where-

Wherefore for help a hideous noise he makes,
 And with his roaring all the Forrest shakes;
 Which when the *Mouse* now heard, she runs with speed,
 Remembring how the *Lion* once her freed;
 And though but weak, by gnawing of the net,
 The stronger *Lion* did at freedom set.
 So thanks on both sides giv'n, they part agen,
 The *Mouse* to her hole, the *Lion* to his Den.

The Morall.

*Though smiling Fortune seem a while to blesse,
 And raise thee to the highth of happinesse,
 Insult not ore the weak, lest Fortune may
 Divert her smiles, and thy estate decay,
 And thou as much in need of others stand,
 As they of thee, when thou didst them command.*

The *Lion* being weary with heat and with running,
 Rested under the shadow upon green leaves: a flock
 Mice ran over his back, he awaking catch'd one of
 the company. The captive beseecheth him, crieth that
 was not worthy that the *Lion* should be angry at
 him. He berinking himself that there was no praise
 in the death of such a silly little beast, lets go the ca-
 tive. And not very long after, as the *Lion* by accident
 comes through the chase, he falls into snares, sore he
 is, get forth he cannot. The *Mouse* heareth the *Li-*
 on's roaring piteously, knoweth his voice, creepeth into the
 holes, seeketh the knots of the snares, findeth them be-
 lying, fought, gnaweth them being found, the *Lion* esca-
 peth out of the nets.

Morall. *This fable persuadeth clemency to men of
 power. For as humane things are unstable, so mighty
 men themselves sometimes need the help of the baser.*
*Wherefore a wise man although he may, will be afraid
 to hurt any man whosoever. But be that feareth not to*

C

hurt

hurt another, doth exceeding foolishly. Why so? Because although, trusting in his own power he feareth no man; yet will peradventure come to passe afterward, that he may fear. For it is evident that it hath hapned to famous and great kings, that they have either needed the favour of base men, or feared their anger.

F A B. 15.

The young Kite, and his Mother.



THe young Kite sick, intreats his Mother pray,
And for his health upon the Gods to call;
But she replyeth, Sonne, thou every day
Didst in thy health into deboistnesse fall:
And thinkest thou the Gods will comfort lend
To thee, whom thou so highly didst offend?

The Morall.

In thy best dayes, let not too haughty pride
Puffe up thy thoughts; so causing a neglect
Of God, whose laws should be thy chiefest guide;
Lest he whose pow'r can raise and wrath deject,
When in thy need his aid thou dost implore,
As much scorn thee, as thou didst him before.

A

A Kite lay sick in his bed, at the point of death. He intreats his mother to go and beseech the gods. His mother answered, that there was no help to be hoped for from the gods, whose holy things and altars he had so oft violated with his rapines.

Morall. It becometh us to reverence the gods. For they help the godly, are against the ungodly, being neglected in prosperity they will not hear us in our misery. Wherefore be mindfull of them in prosperity, that they may be present, being called upon in our adversitie.

F A B. 16.

The Swallow, and other Birds.



THe painfull Husband-man his ground doth sow
With fatall Hempseed; him the Swallow spies,
And knowing what great danger thence would grow,
To all the Birds, with hast away she flies,
And counsels them, that they with speed repair
(And ere the seed too deep a root did take,)
To spoil and pick it up with greatest care,
Lest if thereof the Fowler nets should make,

C 2

E

It prove the ruine of them all, and they
 With losse of life repent their fond delay.
 But the dull Birds, void both of care and fears,
 Sleight her advice, untill the cursed grain
 Sprouts forth, and green upon the ground appears:
 Whereat the wiser *Swallow* once again
 More earnestly perswades them not to lose
 So fit occasion; but while yet they may
 Prevent a future ill, their strength to use,
 And not to let the time quite slip away:

Untill the Hemp grown fully ripe, at last
 All hope to ruine such a foe be past.
 Yet still the Birds her counsell do neglect,
 For which the *Swallow* quite forsakes the field,
 And as they her, so she doth them reject,
 And her safe nest amongst the houses build,
 Where she at quiet rests, when houely cares,
 And fear of death the others do perplex,
 While the fly Fowler with his hempen snares
 And crafty gins each minute doth them vex:
 So that nor day nor night they truly can
 Assure their safety, if espi'd by Man.

The Morall.

*Thus they who slight good Counsell, headlong run
 On mischief, and repent when th' hurt is done.*

AS soon as the flax began to be sown, the Swallow
 perswadeth the little Birds to hinder the sowing,
 telling often, that there was a conspiracy against them.
 They laugh at her, calling the Swallow a foolish pro-
 phet. The flax now growing up and waxing green, she
 admonisheth them again to pluck up that which was
 sown. They laugh at her again. The flax waxeth ripe,
 she exhorts them to destroy the standing flax. When
 they would not hear her advising, no not then indeed,
 the

the Swallow leaving the company of the Birds, gets
 unto her self the friendship of man, enters a league with
 him, dwells together with him, cheareth him with sing-
 ing. Nets and snares are made of the flax for the rest
 of the birds.

Morall. *Many neither know to provide well for them-
 selves, nor will heare him who adviseth them well. But
 when they are in dangers and losses, then at length they
 begin to be wise, and to condemn their own sluggishness.
 Now are they wise enough. This and that say they, ought
 to have been done. But it is better to be Prometheus
 then Epimetheus. These were brethren. The names are
 Greek. One of them took counsell before the thing to be
 done, the other after the thing: which the interpretation
 of their names declareth.*

F A B. 17.

Jupiter and the Frogs.



THe Frogs desire a King; and for that end
 To Jupiter their earnest prayers bend;

Jove smiles to see their folly, and denies
 Their suit at first; but tyred with their cries
 He'mongst them throws a Log; whose heavy fall
 With terrour so amaz'd the *Frogs*, that all
 Crouch down for fear, and with amazement stand
 In readinesse to obey their Kings command,
 Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
 'Twas nothing but a senselesse Log, bereav'd
 Of life and motion, all the *Frogs* bestride
 His lumpish back, and their mild King deride,
 Desiring *Jove* to give them one, that may
 With awfull power the Marshy Empire sway,
 And not a livelyle Block. *Jove* therefore sends
 The *Crane* to them, which stalking proudly bends
 His mind to tyranny, devouring still
 The *Frogs* to please his appetite and will.
 Weary whereof, the *Frogs* repine again:
 But *Jove* will hear them now no more complain:
 The *Crane* must govern still, since (not content)
 They murmur'd at a peacefull Government.

The Morall.

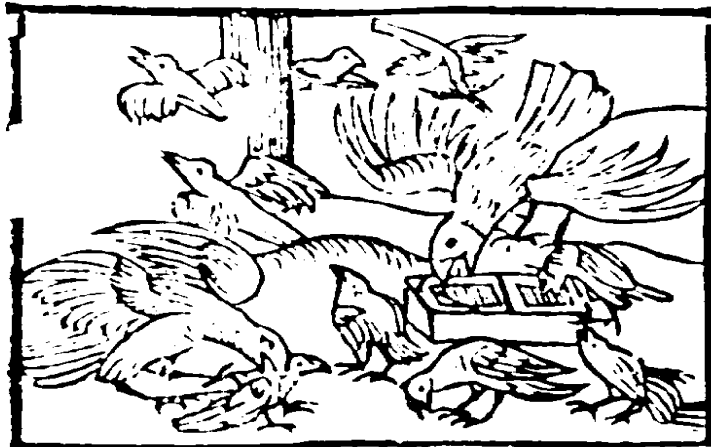
How good so ere the King we daily see
 Subjects repine; and if he peacefull be,
 They count him dull; if much severe, they cry
 And murmur hourly gainst his tyranny.

WHen the nation of the *Frogs* was free, they besought *Jupiter* to give them a King. *Jupiter* laughed at the requests of the *Frogs*. They notwithstanding, were instant again and again, untill they importuned him. He casts them down a beam. That vast weight shakes the water with a great noise. The *frogs* being terrified, are silent. They adore their king. They come nearer by little and little; at length casting away fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him.
 The

The sluggish King is made a scorn and a contempt. They importune *Jupiter* again, they beseech him to give them a king, which may be valerous; *Jupiter* gives them a *Stork*. He walking through the fen very stoutly, devoureth what *Frogs* soever he meeteth with. The *Frogs* then complained in vain of the cruelty of this King; *Jupiter* heareth them not. For they as yet complain even at this day. For the *Stork* going to rest at evening, they coming forth of their dens, do secretly murmur with a hoarse croking, but they sing to the deaf. For *Jupiter* will have it so, that they which prayed against a mild king, should now suffer an unmercifull one.

Morall. It is wont to fall out to the common people even as to the *Frogs*. Who if they have a king somewhat more mild, they charge him to be sluggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a man. And contrarily if at any time they get a valiant king, they condemn his cruelty, and commend the clemency of the former, whether for that we alwaies mislike our present estate; or because it is a true word, That new things are better then old.

F A B. 18.

The Doves and Sparrow-hawk.

D'sension grown betwixt the *Doves* and *Kite*,
 The *Doves* too weak with such a foe to fight,
 The *Sparrow-hawk* to be their King Elect,
 Hoping she would their innocence protect,
 And quell th'insulting *Kite*; but she possest
 Of rule, with greater cruelty oppress
 The harmlesse *Doves*, who now with sorrow rue
 Their hasty choice; since to their losse they knew,
 'Twas safer with the *Kite* at warre to be,
 Than to endure the *Sparr-hawks* tyranny.

The Morall.

*Change seldom brings a better, ev'ry one
 Should therefore rest content, and covet none.*

THe *Doves* on a time made warre with the *Kite*:
 whom that they might conquer, they chose the
Hawk for their king. He being made their king, play-
 eth the adversary not the king. He plucketh and teareth
 them in pieces, no lesse greedily then the *Kite*. The Pi-
 geons

geons repent of their enterprise, thinking it had been
 better for them to endure the Warres of the *Kite*, then
 the tyranny of the hawk.

*Morall. Let it grieve no man too much of his own
 condition: for (as Horace saith) nothing is every way
 happy. I indeed would not wish my lot to be changed, so
 that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new condition
 have wished the old again. That is the nature almost of
 us all, that it repents us of our present condition.*

F A B. 19.

The Thief and Dog.

A Thief with a felonius intent
 By night to rob a house in secret went;
 A Dog spies him; but the crafty knave,
 To please the Curie and his discov'ry save;
 (Lest he should bark too loud) offers him bread
 Which the good Dog refusing, answered;
 Villain, thou giv'st a morsell, but wouldst do
 A greater harm, should I but suffer you.

The Morall.

*Beware to whom you trust, or faith impose,
Lest for a little gain you greater lose.*

A Thief on a time reaching bread to a dog, that he would hold his peace, the dog answered *I know thy deceits. Thou givest me bread that I should leave off barking. But I hate thy gift: for if I shall take thy bread, thou wilt carry all things out of these houses.*

Morall. Beware you let not go a great benefit for a small. Take heed you trust not every man. For there are men who by deceit will not only speak courteously, but also deal kindly.

F A B. 20.

The Wolf and Sow.



THe Sow had litter'd; when the wolf to her
Wish seeming care his service did prefer,
To guard her Pigs, lest danger perchance might
(The Sow being absent, on her young ones light.
But the wise Sow replies, she needed none
To guard her Young, her self could do't alone:

Knowing

Knowing his absence safer farre would be
To her and them, then the wolf's Company.

The Morall.

*It is not safe to trust or credit all;
Lest some (pretending love) pursue thy fall.*

THe Sow was about to bring forth pigges. The Wolf promiserth that he will be the keeper of her young. The Sow answered, that she had no need of the courtesy of the Wolf: If he would be accounted religious, if he desire to do an acceptable thing, let him go further still. For the love of the Wolf did not stand in his presence, but in his absence.

Morall. All things are not to be believed of all Men will prefer their pains, not for the love of thee, but of themselves: seeking their own profit not thine.

F A B. 21.

The birth of the Mountains.



TWas rumour'd that a Mountain big, should be
Deliver'd of a monstrous Prodigie;

Men.

Men easie to believe, and glad to know
 Whereto the event of this report should grow
 In troops flock thither : So the time drew nigh
 Of this long look'd for strange delivery ;
 And from the Hills vast womb skips forth a Mouse,
 To the Spectatours so ridiculous,
 That (seeing they deluded were) retire,
 And laugh at what before they did admire.

The Morall.

*Great boasters here are shown, deluding some
 With swelling words; but when to proof they come,
 And men expect like actions, they appear
 So vain, they merit nothing but a jeer.*

O Nce there was a report that the mountains would
 bring forth. Men come and stand round about,
 expecting some monster, not without fear. At length
 the mountains bring forth, a mouse cometh out. Then
 all the spectatours did almost die with laughter.

Morall. Horace toucheth this fable. The mountains
 are in travell, a ridiculous Mouse will be bred. But he
 noteth bouling. For braggers they professe and boast of
 great things, but scarce perform small. Wherefore these
 Throes are justly a matter of jest and scorn. This fa-
 ble doth also forbid vain fears. For the fear of the dan-
 ger is for the most part greater then the danger it self:
 yea, it is many times ridiculous which we fear.

[F A B. 22.]

F A B. 22.

The old Dog despised by his Master.



A Hund grown weak with age, not able now
 To keep the chase, and such like pastime show
 As in his youth he did (yet willing still
 To equal his power to please his Masters will)
 The Game being started follows; and at length
 Fastens; but wanting his accustomed strength,
 Lets go his hold, and loseth quite his Game,
 Not able longer to pursue the same:
 Which when the Huntsman sees, he angry grows
 And beats the half-lame Dog with many blows;
 Yet all would not prevail; the Hound no more
 Could gain the ground which he had lost before,
 But panting falleth down; for which the Man
 With fury threatens the poore Curie again
 That he should lose his life, since now unfit
 For use, he longer did not merit it.
 The Dog replies, Sir if you gratefull were,
 You ought remember still the faithfull care,

And

And service of my youth; and not when age
 Hath weakned me, with undeserved rage
 Hasten my death; but as for profit then;
 So do for love and cherish me agen;

The Morall.

*So we behold too often in this vain
 And wretched world for the desire of gain
 Old Servants shaken off, although their care
 To enrich their Masters their undoing were.*

THE Master hastens on the hound, which was now grown old. He calls on him in vain. His feet are slow, he maketh not haste. He had caught a wild beast, the wild beast slips out of his teeth. His master chides him with strokes and words. The dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but that he had been stout when he was young. But as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without commodity. You loved me being young; you hate me now become old. You loved me bringing in preys, you hate me now slow and toothlesse. But if you were thankfull, whom you loved in times past, being young, for your benefit sake, you would love now, being old, for the cause of his profitable youth.

Morall. *The dog said well: For as Ovid saith; Nothing is loved but that which brings profit. Behold, take away from a creature the hope of gain, no body will be sought for. There is no remembrance of a past commodity, and the desire of a future, not great; the chiefest thankfulness is for a present benefit. Indeed it is a shame to be unthankfull, but if we confesse only the truth, The common sort will approve friendship by their profit.*

F A B. 23.

F A B. 23.

[The Hares and the Storm.



AFFRIGHTED with the noise of sudden storms,
 The light-foot Hares forsake their open forms
 And to the Woods retire; but there the noise
 Doth more increase, for the winds lowder voice
 Roar'd 'mongst the trees; from thence again they fly
 Seeking a place of more security:
 But farre they had not gone, when in their flight
 A pale their journey stoppt, which so did fright
 The trembling Hares, that all amaz'd they sit;
 At length one finds a breach, and thinks it fit
 Through that to runne, and make no longer stay;
 But this plot fail'd them too, for in their way
 As they should passe, a standing Pool they spie
 Wherein a multitude of Frogs did ly,
 As they supposed, drown'd; and therefore fear
 Commands them further not their course to steer:
 So they consult what now is best to do:
 Backward they dare not, forward cannot go:
 Lest while they shun the Storms the present waves
 If they should enter, might become their graves.

Amidst

Amidst this gen'ral fear up started one
 (More solid then the rest in judgement grown,
 By age and long experience) who thus said,
 Stand not amazed Friends, nor be dismay'd,
 Though *Storms* at first affrighted us, yet they
 Cannot still last, or yet admit they may,
 Our warm and furlin'd Coats can well withhold
 The strongest *Storms*, and shield us 'gainst the cold,
 Yet these are weak supporters to the Mind;
 That best withstands the power of the wind;
 And if our selves with patience we can arm,
 We soon shall see the fury of this *Storm*
 Wait its own strength: the fearfully this had said,
 But the enraged Tempest was allaid.

The Morall.

*Man like the Hares, with a fierce trouble crost,
 Must not at first despair as he had lost
 All hope of future help; but stedfast stand
 (Arm'd with the shield of Patience) 'gainst the band
 Of the World's greatest tempests, which once past,
 He shall arrive i' eternall rest at last.*

THe Woods roaring with an unaccustomed whirl-
 wind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away ha-
 rily. But as they were flying, when as there was a fen
 in their way, they stood doubtful, incompass'd with
 dangers on both sides. And which was a provocation
 of greater fear, they see flegs drowned in the fen. Then
 one of the hares wiser and more eloquent then the rest,
 said, why do we so vainly fear? we have need of cou-
 rage: we have indeed nimbleness of body, but we
 want courage. This danger of the whirl wind is not
 to be runne from, but to be contemned.

*Morall. In every thing there is need of courage. Vir-
 tue without confidence, lieth under foot, for confidence is
 the captain and queen of virtue.* F A B. 24.

F A B. 24.

The Wolf and young Kid.



THe Goat goes out into the field to feed,
 Leaving at home her young and tender Kid;
 Commanding her that she should ope the dore
 To none till her return: the *Wolf* that bore
 No good intent, in ambush lies hard by,
 And hears their talk, who therefore presently
 Knocks at the dore, and fains a *Goat* like voice,
 But the young Kid replies, friend cease your noise
 Here is no entrance; for your fained note,
 Tells me you are a *Wolf*, and not a *Goat*.

The Morall.

*Do as thy Parents bid, and be not led,
 A way by Counsell of each foolish head.*

WHen on a time, a Goat was to go to feed, she
 shut up her Kid at home charging him to open
 to no body, untill her self should return. The *Wolf*
 which had heard that as farre off, after the departure
 of his damme, knocks at the doors, counterfeits the
 Goats

Goats voice, commanding the doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the deceit, saith, I will not open them: for although thy voice imitates the Goats, yet indeed I see a Wolf through the chinks.

Morall. For children to obey their parents, is beneficial to themselves, and it becometh a young man to give care to an old.

F A B. 25.

The Hart and the Sheep.



THE Hart pretends the Sheep did ow a debt Long due to him, and now demandeth it, Before the Wolf: the Sheep durst not deny Though guiltlesse when her greatest foe was by, But freely it confest, and so a day Appointed was when the the same should pay: Which drawing nigh, the Hart demands his due; To whom the Sheep replies, My friend to you I nothing ow, once I confest for fear, But now deny. The Wolf's not present here.

The Morall.

Extortion so oft-times doth wrong the poore And force them pay what they nere ow'd before.

A Hart accuseth a sheep before a Wolf, crying out that she did ow him a bushell of wheat. But the Sheep indeed was ignorant of the debt. Yet nevertheless, by reason of the Wolfs presence, promiseth that she would pay it. A day is appointed for payment; it comes. The Hart warns the sheep of it. She denieth it. For what she had promised, she excuses it done for fear, and the presence of the Wolf: and that a forc'd promise ought not to be kept.

Mor. The sense of the law is, It is lawfull to drive back by force. From this small fable a certain new one may arise. That it is lawfull to resell craft by cunning.

F A B. 26.

The Countrey-man and Snake



A Countrey-man once kept a Snake, which he Had foster'd long till one day furiously He struck the same; for which the injur'd Snake Flies to the Wood, and did his house forsake: The being gone, the man at length grew poore, Yet could no reason call to mind therefore,

Uneffic

Unlesse the absence of the *Snake* ; since he
 Without desert abus'd her wrongfully :
 He therefore, nimble to the Thicket flies
 To seek her out, whom he at last espies :
 And seeming greatly for his wrong to mourn ;
 Asks pardon first, then begs she would return,
 And live with him again, the *Snake* replies,
 Although the wound were cur'd, his injuries
 Were not forgot; nor would she venture more,
 To live where she had found such wrong before.

The Morall.

*The memory of undeserved wrong
 Sticks deep, and dwelleth in remembrance long,
 Offer then none to any, lest when they
 Cannot revenge, a higher Power may.*

A Certain Countrey-man had fostered up a Snake.
 And on a time being angry, strikes the Beast with
 his hatchet. He escapeth not without a wound. After-
 wards the Countrey-man falling into want, supposed
 that mishap befell him; for the injury done to the Snake.
 Therefore he humbly requesteth the Snake that he
 would come back. He saith that he did forgive him, but
 that he would not return : and that he could not be safe
 with the Countrey-man, who had such a great hatchet
 at home. That the mark of the wound was gone, yet
 the remembrance thereof still remained.

*Morall. It is not safe to give credit to him the second
 time, who hath once violated his faith. Indeed to forgive
 an injury, is truly a point of mercy. But to beware to a
 mans self, is both befitting, and a point of wisdom.*

F A B. 27

F A B. 27.

The Fox and Stork.



THe Fox to Supper did the *Stork* invite,
 The *Stork* accepts his kindnesse, and at night
 Meets with her promise to partake her share
 (As she supposed) of most dainty fare ;
 But the sly Fox deceitfully provides
 Nothing but liquid stuffe, which spreading glides
 All thin about the Table ; so that she
 Could nothing eat, while the Fox hastily
 Licks it all up : the *Stork* but little shows
 Of outward anger, and away she goes
 Hungry as when she came. But many dayes
 Were not out-worn, when she again repayes
 The Fox with like deceit, invites him home,
 To dine with her, the Fox doth kindly come,
 Where she provides a vessell made of glasse,
 Fill'd full of liquour too, whence nought could passe,
 To feed the hungry Fox : besides the neck
 Too narrow for his head ; when her long beak
 Sucks it all out ; Yet kindly she intreats
 Her neighbour Fox to tast of such course meats

As

As she prepar'd; but he poore hungry Curre
 Seeing himself requited well by her,
 For his old craft; with shame departs away
 To his own home, his hunger to allay.

The Morall.

*An ancient Proverb sayes, 'tis no deceit,
 Deceivers to delude, as here we see
 The Stork instructed by the Foxes wit,
 Retorts upon him his own knaverie.*

A Fox cub invited a Stork to Supper. She poured out the food upon the Table: which being liquid (the Stork in vain attempting with her bill,) the cub licketh up. The poore bird goeth her way deluded, is both shamed and agrieved of the injury. A few dayes after she returneth, inviteth the cub. There was set a glasse-vessell full of meat; which vessell sith it was of a narrow neck, the Fox might behold the meat, and also be hungry; taste she could not, but the Stork easily sucked up all with her bill.

Morall. *Laughter deserves laughter, jest deserves jest, deceit deserves deceit, and fraud deserves fraud.*

F A B. 28.

The Wolf and painted Head:



Within a Painters shop a Wolf espies

The figure of a mans Head carv'd in wood,
 Which viewing well, on all sides cast his eyes,
 But when he saw, and rightly understood
 It was not what it seem'd in outward show,
 O head most fairly fram'd cries with disdain,
 That man should so much skill on thee bestow,
 Yet neither sense nor Art in thee remain.

The Morall.

*Externall shape and beauty of the face,
 Decks not a Man; but the internall grace.*

A Wolf oft turneth about a mans head found in carvers shop, wonders at it, thinking (that which indeed it was) that it had no sense O fair head, saith he, here is in thee much art, but no sense.

Morall. *Outward beauty is acceptable, if the inward be present. But if we must want one of them, it is*

is better to want the outward then the inward; for, that without this doth sometime bring hatred, that a fool is so much more odious by how much he is beautifull.

F A B. 29.

The Jay and Peacock.



THe Jay her self with Peacocks plumes adorns,
And fair in her own fancie, proudly scorns
Her fellow Jeyes; and doth associate
Her self amongst the Peacocks; but their state
Brooking no such deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her foolish pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of these gay feathers, with disgrace expell
Her from their presence quite, again to dwell
Amongst her equals, who with scoffes deride
Her borrow'd shape, and too ambitious pride.

The Morall.

*Ambitious unthrifis so, that vainly spend
Their wealth, & 'bove themselves aspire, it's end,
When they no longer can their pride maintain,
Prove beggers, reaping nothing but disdain.*

A

A Chough adorned himself with the feathers of a Peacock. Then seeming to himself very brave, scorning hir own kind, he betook himself to the company of the peacocks. They at length understanding the deceit, stript the silly bird of his colours, and whipped him. *Horace* in his first book of *Epistles* relates this little fable of a jackdaw. He saith, that on a time, a jackdaw being decked with feathers which she had gathered together, which had fallen from other birds, but afterwards when each bird had taken away her own feather, she became ridiculous. Lest if perhaps the flock of birds shall come to fetch again their own feathers, the jackdaw cause laughter, being stript of her stolen colours.

Morall. This fable reproveth them, who carry themselves more loftily then is fitting: who live with them who are both wealthier and more noble. Whereby they are oft-times become poore and a scorn. Well doth Juvenall shew; This sentence descended from heaven, γινώσκω σεαυτήν, that is, Know thy self.

D

F A B. 30.



THE boasting *Fly* upbraids the painfull *Ant*,
 That she ignoble was, and much did want
 The dainty fare whereon *Flies* daily feed,
 While in the Courts of Kings their lives they lead,
 Sucking the self same liquour, feeding too
 On the same meat, as Princes us'd to do :
 But the poore *Emmet* on the ground did creep,
 And her base dwelling but in Molehills keep,
 Feeding on roots ; and thinnest Water made
 Her choicest drink. But th' *Emmet* answering, said,
 Fond braggard, cease thy boasting, though our fare
 Be not so rich as yours, yet know we share
 Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
 And truly labour for ; whereas you none
 Possesse at all, but what you get by stealth,
 And secretly purloin from others wealth,
 For which y' are scorn'd of all, and scarce can move
 One minute safe : we purchase all mens love,
 And by our painfull industry do give
 Instruction to other Creatures how to live ;

Storing

Storing for Winter, you perchance a day
 May richly feed, and all the Summer play
 And hunt about, but if one nipping Frost
 Present it self, your pleasures all are lost.
 Not able to withstand the smallest cold,
 Nor yet for want of Food your lives to hold
 One little Winter ; while in midst of heat,
 We gather sustenance with pain and sweat,
 That by our gath' rings we may live at ease
 When you for want of due relief de cease.

The Morall.

The Gallants riot and his vain expence
 Is here exprest, the Plough-mans providence:
 Where, while one wastes, the other gathers wealth,
 And though obscurely, lives in perfect health.

A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that she was noble, the other ignoble, that she did flie, the Ant creep, that she was conversant in kings houses : That the other did lie hid in holes, gnaw corn, and drink water : she boasted that she fared sumptuously, and yet notwithstanding, obtained these things by idleness. On the contrary, the Ant gloried that she was not ignoble, but content with her own degree, that the fly was a vagrant, she her self constant in a place, and that grain and running water did sauce as well to the Ant, as pasties and wine to the Fly, and that she obtained these things not by slothfull idleness, but by diligent labour. Furthermore, that the Ant was merry and safe, beloved of all, and to conclude, a pattern of labour : that the Fly was doubtfull, alwayes in perill, troublesome to all, hated of all ; and finally, a pattern of slothfulness. That the Ant being mindfull of winter did lay up provisions aforehand. That the Fly did live for a day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in winter.

D 2

Moral'.

Moral.. He that goes on to speak what he will, shall hear what he will not. The Fly if she had spoken well, had heard well. But I assent to the Ant. For a mean life with safety, seemeth to be more desirable, then a glorious life with danger.

F A B. 31.

The Ox and the Toad.



THE Toad beholds the Oxes comely stature,
 And envying to see so large a Creature,
 How he in greatnesse did her farre excell,
 Collecteth all her venome, 'gins to swell,
 And questions of her Daughter standing by,
 Whether the Ox or she seems in her eye
 The fairer now? the Daughter answered straight,
 Good mother cease your swelling, lest too late
 Your folly you repent, and burst; for strive
 Till death, you can to no such height arrive:
 Yet nerthelesse the Toad attempts again;
 The third time too, untill with extreme pain
 The poyson bursteth through her tender skin,
 Not able longer now to keep it in.

The

The Morall.

Nature all gifts bestoweth upon none;
 Some wise we see, some fair, some crooked grown,
 Wherewith all should content them, and not be
 Envious at anothers quality.

A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, stretch-
 ed out her self. Her young one exhorted his dam
 to desist from her enterprize, for that a Toad was no-
 thing to an Ox. She swelled the second time, her young
 one cryeth out Mother, although you burst, you will
 never overcome the Ox. And when she had swelled the
 third time, she burst.

Morall. Every one hath his own gift. This man sur-
 passeth in beauty, another in strength: one in wealth, ano-
 ther in friends. It becometh every man to be content
 with his own. Another man is able of body, thou in wit.
 Wherefore let every one consider himself and let him nei-
 ther envy his superiour, which is miserable, nor desire to
 contend with him, which is a point of folly.

D 3

F A B. 32.



Hungry, yet weak with age, A Lions mind
 Is to devour a lusty Horse inclin'd ;
 Yet durst not seize on him, by open strength,
 And therefore with himself thus plots at length
 T' insinuate with him, and by some sly way,
 The Horse into his power to betray ;
 The Lion therefore feigns himself to be
 Skillfull i'th' Art of learn'd Chirurgery,
 Boasting what wondrous Cures he had done :
 But th' Horse perceives his craft; and making mone,
 Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you,
 Nor more desires your help, then now I do ;
 For leaping yesterday the hedge, a prick
 Strook in my Hoof, and there so fast doth stick,
 That I by no means can pluck out the same,
 But fear if it should fester, 'twould me lame ;
 Your kind assistance therefore, Sir, I beg :
 The Lion wills him show to him his leg.
 Which lifting up, the Lion comes to view
 The place, close looking the Horse backward threw

His

His hardned hoof, and on the forehead strook
 The Lion, that he fell'd him, then betook
 Himself to nimblest speed, and posts away ;
 Leaving the Lion; who sore wounded lay,
 Struggling for life; which he recovering said,
 Thus for my folly I am well apayd. :

The Morall.

*He is the fearfulst foe, who by pretence
 Of love, seeks to undermine pure Innocence .
 And merits most revenge : when open foes
 May easily be withstood with open blows.*

A Lion came to devour a horse; but wanting strength
 by reason of his age, he began to think on some
 cunning: he professeth himself a physician; delays the
 Horse with a long circumstance of words. The Horse
 opposeth, and craft to craft, he feigneth that he had
 lately pricked his foot in a thorny place, beseecheth
 that the physician looking into it, would pull out the
 thorn. The Lion consenteth. But the Horse with
 all the force he could, smites the Lion with his heel, and
 forthwith betakes himself to his feet. The Lion with
 much ado coming to himself again at length (for he
 was almost killed with the blow) saith, I bear away
 a just reward for my folly, and he is rightly escaped
 away. For he hath revenged deceit with deceit.

*Morall. Dissembling is worthy of hatred, and to be
 caught with dissembling. An enemy is not to be feared
 which openly shows himself an enemy. But he that pre-
 tends good will, when as he is an enemy, he only is indeed
 to be feared, and most worthy of hatred.*

FAB. 33.

The Horse and the Ass.

A Stately Horse, with Trappings richly deckt,
 Champing the foaming bit, meets in his way
 A loaden Ass, whom he thus proudly checkt,
 Villain, how dar'st thou thus our journey stay?
 Quickly give place, and stop not my career
 Lest with my feet I force thee; if thou stand
 In this presumption long: the Ass for fear
 Though loaden sore, obeyeth his command,
 And lets him passe; the Horse runs swiftly on,
 Needing no spur; the courage of his mind
 Hurry'd him forward; farre he had not gone,
 But burst a gut, and became broken wind;
 Wh'ch when his Master saw, and that his Horse
 Wanted that swiftnesse as before he had,
 Deems him not able to maintain the course,
 And fit for nothing but a Carriers pad;
 He therefore sells him unto one, that straight
 Loads his proud back with Hampers; whom the Ass
 Meeting again out of his stately gate,
 Thus scoffingly derideth as they passe:

Alack

Alack my friend, wher's now thy golden bit,
 Thy stately Saddle, what's become of all
 Thy rich attire, or how bereft of it?
 Didst thou into contempt thus basely fall?

The Morall.

Many in prosp'rous state are puffed so,
 They scarce themselves or their own beings know,
 'Till adverse Fortune turning her crosse wheel,
 They headlong to their own destruction reel;
 And onely this to their sad fate can say,
 I once was rich, now fallen to decay.

A Horse trimmed up with trappings, and a saddle,
 Ran along the high way with a very great neyng.
 But by chance a loaden Ass hindred him as he was
 running. The horse fuming with anger, and fiercely
 chewing his foaming bridle: What, quoth he, thou dull,
 slothfull Ass, dost thou hinder the horse? Give way,
 I say, or I will trample thee under my feet. The Ass
 contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But
 as the Horse was swiftly flying forward, and straining
 on his pace his groin burst. Then being unfit for race
 and thew, he is stript of his rich harnesse, and then is
 sold to a car-man. Afterwards the Ass seeth him com-
 ming with a carre, and saith unto him: Hoe good sir,
 what brave furniture is there? where is your gilded
 saddle, your studded girths? where is your glittering
 bridle? O friend it must needs so happen to you being
 so proud.

Morall. Most men are puffed up in prosperity, being
 neither mindfull of themselves nor of modesty. But be-
 cause they grow proud in prosperity, they fall into adver-
 sity. I would advise them to be wary who seem to them-
 selves to be happy. For if the wheel of fortune shall be
 turned about, they will find it a most miserable kind of

D 5

adversity.

adversity, to have been in prosperity. That evil also is added unto the heap of their misfortune, that they shall be despised of those, whom they themselves have despised, and those will laugh them to scorn, whom they themselves have laughed at.

F A B. 34.

The Birds and Beasts.



Betwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of th' Air
And fourfoot Beasts, fierce warres incensed were
The fight was fierce and doubtfull, but the strong
And active Beasts, seem'd the best warriors long:
For which the Bat forsakes her winged crew,
And treach'rously into their army flew;
But when the Birds the Eagle chosen had
To lead their host, and him their Sov'raign made,
The Birds orethrew the Beasts; so now the Bat
Would fain again unto the Birds retreat:
But not admitted, they her guilty find
Of highest Treason, and her straight confin'd
From their Dominions, charging her no more,
On, ain of death by day in Air to fore;

But

But lurking from the sight of them, by night,
When others go to rest, begin her flight.

The Morall.

No faithfull subject ought for refuge fly
From his own Countrey; to an Enemy.
For who his Native soil leaves in distresse,
Ought ever to be barr'd her happinesse.

The Birds had a fight with the foure-footed Beasts.
There was hope on both sides, fear on both sides,
and danger on both sides. But the Bat deserting his fel-
lows, falls off to the enemy. The Birds overcome, the
Eagle being Generall and leader. And they condemn
the runnegado Bat that she should never return unto the
Birds, that she should never fly in the day time. This is
the reason that the Bat never flyeth but by night.

Morall. He that denieth to be partaker of adversity
and danger with his fellows, shall be without prosperi-
ty and safety with them.

F A B. 35.

F A B. 35.

The Wolf and Fox.

Gluttred with over feeding in his den,
 The *Wolf* takes his repose, whose presence when
 The *Fox* long mist, he straight suspects that he
 Had some provision gather'd secretly,
 Which kept him in : desirous of a share :
 For which he straight doth to the *Wolf* repair,
 And with fair language greets him; asking why
 So long they wanted his good Company.
 The *Wolf* likes not his coming, and complains
 A sore disease his absence now constrains,
 Wishing the *Fox* his friendly prayers to send,
 To *fore* for him, that his disease may end.
 So the deluded *Fox* departs, much griev'd
 That he in expectation was deceiv'd,
 And changing grief to open malice, flies
 To call the *Shepherd*, shewing him where lies
 The lurking *Wolf*. The *Shepherd* plac'd his *Net*,
 And kil'd the *Wolf*, which done, the *Fox* did get
 Possession of his house and prey ; but there
 He long time staid not safe ; for in that snare

Which

Which caught the *Wolf*, the *Fox* entangled lay,
 And for his treachery his life did pay.

The Morall.

*Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find
 A greater Torment, then an envious mind,
 Which gnaws the heart untill it self deprive
 It self of joy, to see another thrive.*

A *Wolf*, when he had sufficient booty lived in idleness. The *Fox*-cub cometh unto him, inquireth of him the cause of his retiredness. The *Wolf* perceived that there was a plot laid for his victuals, dissembleth sickness to be the cause, desires the *Fox* to go to pray unto the gods for him. She grieving that her deceit succeeded not better, goeth unto a *Shepherd*, acquaints him that the den of the *Wolf* was open, and that the enemy being secure, might easily be overthrown unawares. The *Shepherd* falls upon the *Wolf*, slayes him. The *Fox* enjoys both the den and the prey. But she had but a short comfort of her wickedness, for not long after the same *Shepherd* taketh her.

Morall. *Envy is a filthy thing, and sometimes destructive even to the author himself. Horace in his first book of Epistles,*

An envious man pincheth away at the prosperous estate of another.

The Sicilian tyrants invented not a greater torment then envy.

F A B. 36.



THE glorious Sun displays his beams
Upon the fair and glitt'ring streams,
Whither the *Hart* repairs to drink,
And standing on the Rivers brink,
Grows proud to see the spreading horns
Which his most stately brow adorn :
But looking further, when he spies
His little feet and slender thighs,
Dismay'd he stands that they should be
Supporters of such Majesty ;
While musing thus, at length he hears,
The noise of Hounds, when struck with fears,
Away he posits, and takes the Wood,
Where he suppos'd most safety stood :
But in his flight his ragged Horns
Still fastning 'mongst the thickest : horns,
Withheld his swiftness, so that he
Became a prey to his enemy,
Who thus complains before his death,
Why boaster with unhallowed breath,

Didst

Didst thou commend thy branchers so
Which now do prove thy overthrow :
And thy swift feet more proudly scorn ;
Which, hadst thou kept the Plains, had born
Thee swifter then the whistling wind,
And thy pursuers left behind.

The Morall.

*So usefull things too often we reject,
Because not fair in shew; but still respect
The Worlds gay vanities, which rather throw
Destruction on us, then a good bestow.*

A Stag beholding himself in a clear fountain, commends the high and branching horns of his forehead, but condemns the smalness of his shanks. By chance, while he thus museth, and judgeth himself, in comes the hunter. The Stag flieth more swiftly then darts, and the Eastwind, driving the storms. The dogs pursue him fleeing. But as he entered into a very thick wood; his horns were hampered in the boughs, and then at length he commended his legs, and condemned his horns, which caused him to be a prey unto the dogs.

Morall. We seek things to be shunned, and we shun things to be desired. Those things please which hurt us, and those things displease which do us good. We desire blessedness, before we know where it is. We seek the excellency of wealth, and the highness of honours: we think blessedness to be placed in these things, in which, notwithstanding, there is much labour and pain. That our lyrick Poet signifieth notably.

The lofty pine tree is more often shaken with the winds, and the high towers fall down with the greater ruine.

Lightning also smiteth the greatest mountains.



A Viper finds a hardned File and gnaws
 The same for anger 'twixt her poy's'nous jaws;
 To whom the smiling File replies; fond Aſſe,
 What doſt attempt? thou maiſt devour Braſſe
 With farre more eaſe then me; for ſtrongeſt Steel
 Yields to my ſtrength, if it my hardneſſe feel.

The Morall.

*Content not raſhly, leſt overcome with ſtrength,
 it holly the harm redound to thee at length.*

A Viper finding a File in a ſhop, began to gnaw it.
 The File ſmiled, ſaying, What fool? what doeſt
 thou? Thou mayeſt wear out thy teeth, before thou
 canſt waſte me, which am wont to bite upon the hard-
 neſſe of braſſe.

Morall. Again and again ſee with whom thou haſt
 any thing to do. If you whet your teeth againſt the more
 hardy, you ſhall not hurt him, but your ſelf.



WE often have by long experience ſeen
 What hate betwixt the *Wolves* and *Sheep* hath
 But now a League is made; and pledges are (been
 On both ſides given, leſt a future war
 Unjuſtly might ariſe, the ſilly *Sheep*
 Deliv'ed up their *Dogs* were wont to keep
 Their *Confin*es ſafe; the *Wolves* with willing heart
 Unto the *Sheep* do with their young ones part.
 So the *Sheep* walk to *Pature* quietly;
 Who abſent, the young *Wolves* ſtraight houl and cry,
 Wanting their *Dams* to ſuckle them; which noiſe,
 When the *Wolves* heard, knowing their young ones voice
 They the unguarded *Sheep* at *Pature* take,
 And them a prey to their injuſtice make.

The Morall.

*When thou a League concludeſt with thy foe,
 Conſult what pledges from thy part may go,
 Leſt weakned by their abſence, thy baſe foe,
 Make that pretence to work thy overthrow.*

ON a time there was a league between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by nature there is discord; hostages were given on both sides. The Wolves gave their young ones, the sheep a band of dogs. The sheep being quiet and feeding, the young wolves howl for desire of their dams. Then the wolves rushing in, cried out, complaining that they had broken fidelity and the league, and tare in pieces the sheep, being left destitute of the guard of the dogges.

Morall. It is a folly if in a truce you deliver your guard to the enemy. For he that was an enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an enemy: yea perchance he will take occasion, that he may set upon you being destitute of help.

F A B. 39.

The Wood and the Clown.

WHEN Trees had speech, 'tis said in time of yore
A Countrey-man demanded from their store,
That they to him would one small Shrub afford,
To make his Ax a helve, The Trees accord:

But

But he no sooner fitted had the same,
When back again unto the Wood he came,
And lopt down all the Trees; who mournfull cry,
And weep for their too soon facility,
That they by granting his desire had wonne,
Their own sad ruine and destruction.

The Morall.

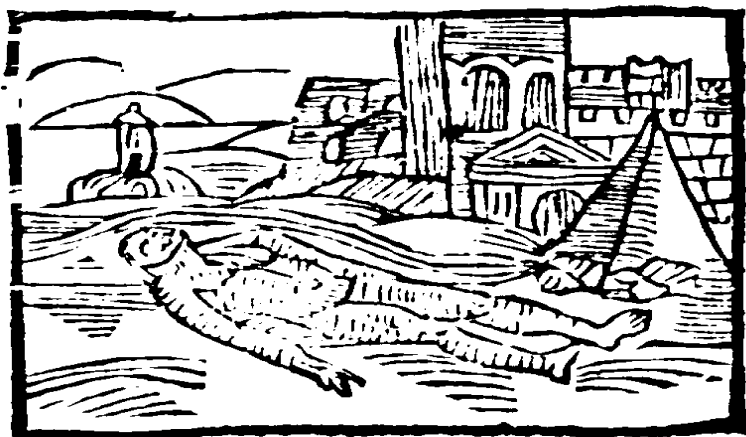
*Beware to whom thou giv'st, for some there be,
That with most ill requite a courtesie.*

AT the time the trees spake, a countrey-man came unto a wood, desiring that he might take a helve for his hatchet. The wood consenteth. The countrey man having fitted his hatchet, began to cut down the trees. Then and indeed too late it repented the wood of her easinesse to yield. It grieved her that her self was the cause of her own ruine.

Morall. Beware of whom you deserve well. There have been many, who have abused a benefit received, to the destruction of the author.

F A B. 40.

F A B. 40.

The Belly and Members.

THe hands and feet the *Belly* did accuse
 Of sloth, and now to feed it do refuse,
 Bidding her labour too, else she no more
 Should that devour, which they did labour for ;
 The *Belly* intreats earnestly, but they
 The more deny ; and her Complaints gain say.
 Untill through want of food she 'gins to faint,
 While all the members sustenance do want ;
 Which hands and feet perceiving, and how breath
 Began to fail, for fear of hasty death,
 Their folly they repent, and now would fain
 Recover strength, and fall to work again.
 But 'tis too late, for being at first deny'd.
 The whole decay can never be supply'd.
 Since the Chief member dying, hands and all,
 Supportless must in the same ruine fall.

The Morall.

*Look what estate we in our body see,
 The same concordance must in Kingdome be ;*
 Friends

*Friends must their friends support, and all unite,
 To uphold the chief, Lest while his good they slight,
 If in the State a dissolution grow
 They pluck on them a gen'ral overthrow.*

ON a time the foot and hand accused the *Belly*, that
 their gains were devoured by it living idle. They
 command that either it labour ; or that it desire not to
 be nourished. It entreateth once, and again : yet not-
 withstanding, the hands deny nourishment. The belly
 being emptied by hunger, when all the joynts began to
 fail, then at length the hands would be officious, but
 that too late. For the belly being weak, through lack
 of use, refuseth meat : so whilst all the members envy
 the *Belly*, they perish with the perishing *Belly*.

*Morall. Even as it is in the society of the members,
 so it is in humane society. One member needs another :
 a friend needeth a friend, wherefore we must use mutu-
 all offices, and mutuall works ; Neither riches, nor the
 top of preferment can sufficiently defend a man. The on-
 ly and chief strength, is the friendship of many.*

F A B. 41.

F A B. 41.

The Ape and the Fox.

A Tayl lesse *Ape* intreats the *Fox*, whose tail
 Bulky and great upon the ground did trail,
 To lend her part, since he some well might spare,
 Having too much, and not his store impair;
 Friend, quoth the *Fox*, content thy self; for were
 My tail twice bigger, thou getst not a hair,
 Among the dirt my tail should rather slide,
 Then the least scruple cover thy backside.

The Morall.

*Too many Misers so, e're to the poore
 They'l give a doir, will let them starve at door.*

THe *Ape* prayeth the *Fox*, that she would give her a
 part of her tail, to cover her buttocks: for that,
 that was a burthen to her, which would be of use and
 honour to her self. She answereth that she had nothing
 too much, and that she had rather have the ground
 swept with her tail, then the buttocks of the *Ape* should
 be covered.

Morall.

Morall. *There are who need, there are others who
 have too much, yet notwithstanding, it is not the manner
 of the rich, to make happy the needy with their super-
 fluity.*

F A B. 42.

Of the Deer and the Oxen.

A Hunted *Deer* an open Barn espied,
 And in he ranne, in hope himself to hide,
 Praying the *Oxen* that their crib might be
 A covert for him in's extremitie.
 Free leave they grant, but safety they deny;
 For that their Owner or his Hind would spie
 His branched head: the *Deer* with thanks repayes
 Their kindnesse, and full confidently staves
 His safety with their secrecy; with this
 Enters the Hind, who finding nought amisse
 Departs, the *Deer* unseen; whereat right glad,
 As if the worst were past, held nothing dread.
 To whom a grave wise *Ox* replies--forbear
 To be secure, when there's most cause of fear,

This

This Hind's a Mole, our Owner's full of eyes.
 Soon after this, their Owner comes and pries
 In every place and corner to correct,
 His servant's carelesse, his Hind's neglect.
 Feeling the crib, to learn what store of hay
 Was stufte therein, his hand he chanc'd to lay
 On the Deer's head; then bids his men appear
 To shut the doors, and so they take the Deer.

The Morall.

*The Deer implies, what poore shifts fearfull men
 Distracted trust to, still the first in ren :
 The Oxen honest natures do expresse,
 Willing to succour any in distresse :
 The Hind the usuall neglect implies
 Of servants : and the Husbandman that pries
 And oversees each corner, points unto
 What each good thriving Husband-man should do.*

THe Deer flying from the hunter, betook himself
 into an Ox-house; he prayeth the Oxen that he
 might hide himself in the crib. The Oxen tell him,
 that it cannot be safe; for that the master and servants
 would be present anon; he saith, that he should be safe;
 so that they would not betray him. The servant entreth
 in, seeth him not, being hid in the hay, goeth out. The
 Deer began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then
 one of the Oxen, being grave both in age and counsel,
 saith, It was an easie thing to deceive him which is a
 mole, but that thou shouldest lie hid from the master,
 who is as quick-sighted as Argus, this is the work, this
 is the labour. By and by after, the master entereth in :
 who that he may correct the oversight of his servant,
 viewing all things with his eyes, and groping the crib
 with his hand, layeth hold of the horns of the Deer
 under the hay; he cries out unto his servants, they run
 unto him, shut in the beast and take him.

Morall.

Morall. In adverse and perilous cases safe shelters are
 hard to be found; either because fortune doth still pursue
 men in misery, as it hath begun, or else because they be-
 ing hindered by fear, and void of counsell, do betray them-
 selves through want of wit.

F A B. 43.

The Lion and the Fox.



A Royall Brute through age unapt to take
 A prey abroad, his den a trap doth make,
 Feigns himself sick; and when the small beasts came
 On single visits he devour'd the same.
 The wily Fox excepted, most Beasts went
 As bound in dutie; Then the Lion sent
 An embassy to Reinard to request
 A visit of him; since he lov'd him best
 (And therefore long'd to see him) there's no dread
 Of violence, for he was now even dead
 With pain, and could not if he would offend,
 Nor would he, though he could, so dear a friend,
 Whom he desires to see without delay.
 Reinard sends word -- that he to Jove will pray

E

For

For his Lord's health; though he to see him dare
Not come, the foot-steps of these beasts appear.

His will to warinesse; since all do go
Towards the den, but few or none come fro.

The Morall.

*Whereon you ground your confidence beware;
Seeing fair words are often but a snare.*

A Lion was sick; the beasts visited him, the Fox alone neglecting his durie. The Lion sends an embassage unto her, with a letter, admonishing her to come. That the presence of her would be most acceptable to him being sick. Neither should there be any danger wherefore the Fox should fear. For first of all the Lion was indeed most friendly to the Fox, and therefore desired to have speech with her. And furthermore, that he was sick, and kept his bed, that although he would do that which ought not to be done, yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, that she wisheth that the Lion may recover his health, and that she would pray for that to the gods, but yet that she would not come to see him. That she was terrified with the footsteps; which indeed sith they were all towards the Lions den, and none turning back, that it was a signe that many beasts had entered in, but that none had come forth.

Horace; I will tell that, which once the wary Fox answered the sick Lion, because the footsteps terrifie me.

All of them looking towards thee, none back again.

Morall. Take heed how you trust words, unlessse you take good heed, you shall oft have words onely given you. We are to take a conjecture both of words and deeds, and by one you are to judge of the other.

FAB. 44.

FAB. 44.

The Fox and Weasell.



A Fox with fasting long, thinne, lean and poore,
Seeks entrance at a Farmers Garner doore;
But being lockt, at length he views a place
Broke in the Wall, which he might easily passe,
And in he goes, where meeting his desire,
He stuffs his guts so full, that to retire
When he attempted, he could find no way,
His big swoln belly did his passage stay.
Whom thus the Weasel Counfells, if from thence
He would depart, he must have patience
Untill his paunch as empty grow, and thin,
As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The Morall.

*This Fable shows, how glad, and void of care,
Many with mean estates contented are.*

*But stuff'd with wealth, what troubles of the mind
And anxious fears rich Misers daily find.*

E 2

The

THe Fox being slender with lack of meat, by chance crept into a corn-chamber through a narrow chink. In which when she had been well fed, and afterward trying to go forth again, her belly being over full, hindered her. The Weasel farre off seeing her struggling, at length admonisheth her, that if she desire to get out, that she return to the hole slender, at which she entered in when she was empty.

Morall. You may see many to be merry and chearfull in a mean estate, void of cares without any troubles of mind. But if these shall become rich, you shall see them to go carefull and never to look merrily, but full of care, and overwhelmed with troubles of mind. Horace in his first book Epist. 7. sets out this fable thus,

By chauce a gaunt Fox had crept through a narrow chink into a corn-chamber, and being fed, assayed in vain to go forth again when her belly was full.

To whom a Weasel a farre off, said, if thou wilt go thence, make thy self empty, through the narrow cranny, which thou wentest in as when thou wast empty.



THe Stag and Horse a single combat fight ;
 The Horse repulst, is driv'n to open flight :
 Wherefore to get his honour lost again,
 He humbly supplicates the help of man ;
 Who mounted on his back with spear and shield,
 His presence makes the Hart forsake the field,
 And fly amain : so he that was before
 Vanquish'd, is now become a conquerour ;
 Yet not quite free ; but as a subject still
 To Man, Man rides and rules him at his will.

The Morall.

*As here the Horse suppress his mightiest foe,
 Yet still a subject stands ; So those that grow
 To great estates ; from anxious cares not free,
 Live in an everlasting slavery.*

THe Horse made warre with the Stag. But being at length driven forth of the pastures, he craves the help of man. Returns with the man, goeth into the field,

field, so he that was conquered before, now is made the conquerour. But yet nevertheless, the enemy being overcome and brought under, the conquerour himself must needs serve the man. He bears the horseman on his back, and the bridle in his mouth.

Morall Many strive against povertie, which being overcome by good fortune and industry, they oft times lose their libertie. For being indeed Lords and conquerours of poverty, they begin to serve riches, are forced with the whips of covetousnesse, and are checked with the bridles of niggardlinesse, neither yet do they keep any mean in seeking; neither yet indeed dare they use the good which they have gotten, for a just punishment of their covetousnesse. Horace saith concerning this matter, in his first booke, Epistle 10.

The Stag being too hard for the horse in fight, drove him from the common pasture, untill the horse being too weak in that long fight,

Implored the help of man, and taketh bridle.

So after that the violent conquerour departed from the enemy,

He throweth not the horseman from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth.

So the foolish man that feared poverty, loseth liberty, which is better then gold, and shall carry his master.

And he shall be a slave for ever, who will not be content to use a little.

F A B 46.
Of two Young men.



Two crafty Knaves (well vers'd in flight of hand)

Into a Cooks shop went, where they demand
What price meat bears, but while the busie Cook
Forc'd to the fire on his roast to look,
One snatch'd a piece of meat, the which, (to save
His future oath) unto his mate he gave,
Who had a cloak his knavery to hide,
The Cook returning to his chapmen spi'd
Some meat was gone; then ask'd them, who 'twas took
His meat away that hung on such a hook.
The Thief raps out an oath, that he had none
Of the Cooks meat, if any piece were gone;
And the Receiver dares as boldly swear,
He thence took none, if any such there were;
Then quoth the Cook, the Thief I cannot learn,
But that God knows, by whom ye both have sworn.

The Morall.

All secret thoughts are open to God's sights
And he that sees in secret, will requite.

TWO young men pretend to buy meat at the Cooks ; whilest the Cook was otherwayes busie, the one filches meat out of the basket, giveth it to his fellow to hide under his garment: The Cook, so soon as he saw that a piece of meat was stoln from him, began to accuse both of them of theft. He that had taken it away swears by *Jupiter*, that he had none of it : and he that had it, forswears it likewise, that he took away none of it. To whom the Cook saith : to me indeed the thief is now unknown ; but he by whom you sware, he looked on him, he knows him.

Morall. If we have committed any sinne, men do not presently know it ; but God seeth all things, who sitteth upon the heavens, and seeth into the bottomlesse deeps : which if men would consider, they would sinne more sparingly, and more warily.

F A B. 47.

The Dog and the Butcher.



A Sly *Curre* in the Shambles had descri'd
A busie Butcher turn his head aside

From

From his Stalls end, whereon a Calves-pluck lay,
Off plucks he it, and therewith ranne away ;
By this, the *Butcher* turn'd his head again,
And sees him runne, but since he cannot gain
His Pluck, he plucks up a good heart, and sayes,
Well ? thou fly *Curre*, for this time go thy wayes,
But henceforth I will watch you, that you shall (stall)
Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once rob'd

The Morall.

*Till they receive some dammage many men
Are carelesse sots ; but wise and carefull then.*

WHEN on a time a Dog had stoln a piece of flesh from a Butcher in the Shambles, he presently be- took himself to his feet as fast as he could. The Butcher being troubled for the losse of the thing, at first held his peace. By and by recollecting his mind, he thus cryed to him as farre off : O thou thievish *Curre*, go thy way ; thou maist go scot-free : For now thou art safe by reason of thy swiftnesse ; but hereafter thou shalt be looked unto more narrowly.

Morall. This Fable sheweth, that for the most part all men do become then at length more wary, after they have received a losse.

E 5

F A B. 48

The Dog and the Sheep.

A Dog the harmlesse *Sheep* arraigns,
 Pretending she from him detains
 A loaf of bread (by bond long due.)
 So censure each way doubtfull flew,
 Till witness'es produced are
 On the *Dogs* part; too potent farre
 Forth' injur'd *Sheep*; whose innocence,
 (Arm'd with an unstain'd Conscience)
 Proof sufficient as she thought,
 No other testate with her brought:
 When as the *Vulture*, *Wolf*, and *Kite*,
 The Sonnes of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
 And enemies to an honest cause,
 (Too many such abuse the Laws)
 With execrable oathes averre,
 The debt firm to the *Dog* from her.
 Fair Justice then, whose clearest eye
 Through ev'ry corner cannot prie,
 Of perjur'd souls, enforced stands,
 With equall and impartiall hands,

The

The rigour of the Law to lay
 Upon the *Sheep*; who must obey
 Though wrong'd; and subject to her foe,
 Ev'n as he pleaseth, suffer so:
 Who, sooner was not sentence past,
 But he with more then cruell haste,
 (His malice grown to ripenesse) slew
 The silly beast, to feast the Crew
 That like to him in bloud delight,
 No present friend to aid her right.

The Morall.

*The worst of hate and envy here is shown,
 When so that height of wealth the rich are grown,
 That they by bribing of false witness'e can
 O'rethrow the poore, though honest-dealing, man;
 And him not onely into prison lay,
 But often take both life and goods away.*

A Dog sueth a sheep, crying out that she did ow him
 a loaf, which she had borrowed, she denied it; the
Kite, the *Wolf*, and the *Vulture* are called in for wit-
 nesses. They affirm the matter. The sheep is condemn-
 ed, being condemned the dog snatcheth, and teareth her
 in pieces.

Morall. *That very many men are undone by false wit-
 nesses, both every one knoweth, and also this little fable
 most excellently sheweth.*

F A B. 49.

The Lamb and the Wolf.

A Hungry roving *Wolf* met somewhat late
 A *Lamb*, that had a *He-Goat* for his mate.
 The *Wolf* feigns loving Counsell, asking why
 The *Lamb* had left his *Damme*, & accompany
 The rank *He-Goat*; advises him return
 To his dammes sweeter udder, which doth burn
 Surcharg'd with milk, that when the *Lamb* should leave
 His Guardian, he of life might him bereave.
 The *Lamb* replies, my *Damme* bad me attend
 My Guard'an; and not elsewhere to intend,
 'Tis better to obey my *Damme*, then be
 Seduc'd to death, by your feign'd love to me.

The Morall.

*Be not too light of credit, many feign
 Good will to others, for their proper gain.*

THe *Wolf* meets a *Lamb* accompanying a *He-Goat*;
 asketh him, why (his *Damme* being left) he should
 rather follow the rank-smelling *Goat*; and perswadeth
 him

him that he would return to the dugges of his *Damme*,
 swelling with milk: hoping, that so it would come to
 passe, that being led away he might kill him. But quoth
 the *Lamb*, O *Wolf*, my *Damme* committed me to this
Goat: To him the chief charge of preserving me is
 given, I must obey my *Damme* rather than thee, who
 desirest to seduce me by those words, being led aside
 presently to tear me in pieces.

Morall. Trust not all men, for many, while they seem
 willingly to do others a pleasure, in the mean time pro-
 vide for themselves.

F A B. 50.

CUPID and the young Man.

Cupid it seems had struck a young mans love,
 As tow'rd's a *Cat* he did affection move,
 So strong; that the young *Man* to *Venus* flies,
 And on his knees unto the Goddess cries,
 To hear his suit; and suddenly strange
 The *Cats* rough form, and her to *Virgin* change.
Venus consents, and to the young Mans eye
 The *Cat* was Metamorphos'd presently:

So time appointed for their wedding was,
 And all that day in joy and mirth did passe :
 To bed they go : but long they staid not there,
 When, like kind lovers as they sporting were,
 The Bride espies a *Mouse*, leaps from her bed,
 And, as when *Cat* she was accustomed,
 Pursues the *Vermine*, and forsaketh quite
 All rights of love, or conjugall delight:
 For which the *Goddesse*, angry, in disdain
 Transforms her to her ancient shape again.

The Morall.

*The Fable shews how hardly wicked men
 Their natures leave, and not return agen ;
 And that although their states may alter, they
 Retain ill manners to their dying day.*

WHEN as a certain young man did take delight in
 loving a *Cat*, He wearied *Venus* with his sup-
 plications, that she would transform the *Cat* into a wo-
 man. *Venus* pitied him, and heard his suit. There is
 a *Metamorphosis*, which wonderfully pleaseth the do-
 ing amorous young-man : for she was altogether fair,
 and very pretty. At length they go to their bed-cham-
 ber, they laugh and sport : And not long after, the
Goddesse being very desirous to try whether the *Cat*
 had with her body changed her manners, sends in a
mouse through the eusens. Thereupon there falls out
 forwith a matter worthy of laughter and sport. The
 little beast was no sooner seen, but the woman pursues.
Venus being wroth with the woman, changes her face
 into a *Cat*, she changes her hands into feet, her arms
 into legs; and a tail is added to her changed body.

Morall, *They that run beyond sea, change the air but
 not their mind.*

*It is too hard a thing to leave customes, although you
 drive away nature with a pitchfork it will return again.*

F A B. 51.

F A B. 51.

Of an Husband-man and his Sonnes,



A Certain Man had many Sonnes, which he
 Perceiving very often disagree,
 Strove to compose them, to which end commands
 A bunch of rods, bound up with Olier bands
 Should unto him be brought, which being done,
 In order he presents it to each Sonne,
 Bidding them trie their strength to break the same,
 The Lads assay by turns, but all in vain ;
 The Father doth unbind the bunch, and reach
 Each Sonne a rod, which soon are broke by each,
 So, Lads quoth he ? if thus in love you close
 You'll thrive, if not, you perish by your foes.

The Morall.

*Weak things grow strong by unitie, and love:
 By discord strong things weak, and weaker prove.*

THE Husbandman had many sonnes, and they dis-
 agreed among themselves, whom the father labour-
 ing to reconcile, putting a bundle of wands before
 them, commanded every one of them to break the bun-
 dle

dle which was bound with a little short string. Their tender age could do little. Their father unties the bundle, and gives to every one a wand, which, when every one according to his strength easily broke, O quoth the father, my sonnes, while you agree together, you are invincible. But if you will needs fall out one with another, and stirre civill discord, you will at length be a prey to your enemies.

Morall. This fable shews, small matters increase by peace, but great things decay through discord.

F A B. 52.

The Countrey-man and the Horse.



AN over-loaden Ass upon the way,
A lighter-burd'ned Horse, doth humbly pray,
To ease him of some fardels which he bore,
Then adds this motive, that he is so sore,
And weary, he (without some present aid)
Must yield his life, his strength is so decay'd,
The Horse refuseth help, the poore Ass straight
Falls dead, oppress'd with his fore-loading waight;

The

The Owner forthwith loads the Horse with all
That the Ass bore, his burthen hide and all;
Wherewith he griev'd, said he was justly us'd,
That to relieve th' oppress'd Ass refus'd.

The Morall.

*Help and relieve poore men oppress'd, and vext,
For ought you know, your turns may be the next.*

THE Countrey-man leads forth an empty horse, and the Ass hard loaden into the way. The Ass being weary, intreats the horse, if he wisht him well, that he would ease him of his burden. The horse denies to do it. At length the Ass being overladen with his burden, lies down and dies. The master layes all the burden and also the hide of the dead Ass upon the horses back, with which when he was weigh'd down; alas for me, quoth he, deservedly I am now thus tormented, who refused to help the poore loaden Ass.

Morall. We are advis'd in this fable, to succour our distressed friends. Our birth, saith Plato, challengeth part of us, part of us our country, our friends a part.

F A B. 53.

The Morall.

*Avoid deceitful society, lest the shame
Of noted vice thy better deeds defame.*

THe Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him in the same house. It is not, my good friend, saith the Fuller, either profitable or to my mind, for I greatly fear, lest that the things which I scour clean thou makest as black as a cole.

Morall. We are advised in this fable, to converse with unblameable men. We are admonished to decline the company of wicked men as the plague it self. Fellowship and commerce, saith Campanus, doth seduce men and dice into their manners; and just so every one becomes as they with whom he consorts.

F A B. 54.

The Fowler and Stock-Dove.



A Fowler aiming at a Stock-Dove sat
Nestling upon a tree, 'twas his Fate,
To tread upon an Adder, underneath
The leaves, whose sting gives to the Fowler death,
He now expiring, makes this grievous moan,
Ah me! poore wretch, through haste I loose my own
Seeking

Seeking anothers life, my heartstrings feel,
I aim'd not with my eye, but with my heel.

The Morall.

*Ofi-times we bear the evil we contrive
For other men, ill thoughts so justly thrive.*

THe Fowler goes a birding: spies as farre off the Stock-Dove building in an high tree: he hastens to him, and devises plots against him: by chance he treads upon a Snake. The Snake bites him: he being on the sudden affrighted with the mischief; wretch that I am, quoth he, while I lay wait for another, I my self am undone.

Morall. This fable shews that sometimes they are circumvented with their own devises, who plot new designs.

F A B. 55.

Of the Trumpeter.



A Captive Trumpeter requests the Foe,
To spare an Innocent, and let him go,
Urging, that he the life of no man sought,
He still unarmed was, nor ever fought,
Slave said the foe, thou di'st for greater ill
That unprovok'd, sets others us to kill.

The

The Morall.

*Those men most guilty are, whose dire commands ;
And evill counsellors, kill with others hands.*

A Certain trumpeter is taken by his enemies, is brought before them : he begins to tremble, desires that being innocent they will spare him. Professing that he bearing no arms but a single trumpet, neither would nor could kill any man. They on the other side, thunder at him with fierce language, and blows. Thou pleadest nothing thou villain, thou art most obnoxious, and here forthwith shalt be tortured, that seeing thou (according to thy own confession) art unskillfull in military matters. But with that thy trumpet doest stirre up, and provoke the courage of others.

Morall. Some men are grievously peccant, who prone enough to mischief assent to tyrants in unjust actions. Why doest thou doubt? Hast thou forgotten that thou wert a commander? Is it not lawfull for thee to do what thou wilt? Thou art above the Laws. The name of Law-breaker cannot be imputed to thee, who hast a sovereignty over the Laws themselves. Thy subjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canst both save and destroy. It is in thy hands to augment in wealth and dignity whomsoever thou pleasest. Where thou pleasest, thou hast power to take away. Some either condemn or commend others. Thou canst do nothing but that which is most honest.

F A B. 56

F A B. 56.

The Wolf and the Dog.



ERe full broad day, a *Wolf* and *Dog* do meet
Within a wood, each kindly other greet ;
The *Wolf* ask'd how the *Dog* so smooth and fair
Became, he answers his Lords love and care,
Who from his trencher feeds him, and oft strokes
His fauning sides, the like do all the folks,
The *Wolf* this hearing, for such blittle doth long,
Thinks, happy he, could he to such belong.
A place is promis'd, if he will but serve,
And somewhat from his wonted fiercenesse swerve.
Agreed, to town they march ; by this, broad day,
The *Dog* 's gal'd neck, doth to the *Wolf* display ;
Whose reason ask'd, my fiercenesse, quoth the *Dog*,
Intit'led me unto a weighty clog,
I being curst alike to friends, and foes,
My matter honour'd me with many blows,
Giving me charge, no living thing to bite,
But Wolves, and Thieves, who rob both day, and night,
Thus was I tam'd, yet still about I bear
This mark of innate curstnesse ev'ry where.

The

The *Wolf* this hearing, said, I will not buy
Your masters friendship, with my liberty.

Then bids the *Dogge* farewell, go serve thy friends:
For my hard fare, my freedom makes amends.

The Morall.

*Great mens acquaintance, and their danty chear
Exchang'd for liberty, are bought too dear.*

THE *Wolf* by accident meets the *Dog* in the wood before day; he salutes, and welcomes him, finally asks him; how it comes to passe he is so spruce: to whom he replied: it is my masters care that does it: when I fawn upon my master he makes much of me, I am fed from my masters sumptuous table, I never sleep in the open air, it is unspeakable, how acceptable I am to the whole family. Verily (saith the *Wolf*) thou art most happy (O dog!) who hast got so bountifull and courteous a master, O that I might dwell with him, I should esteem no creature alive more fortunate. The *Dog* perceiving the *Wolf* extreme desirous of a new condition, promises to bring it about, that he should be a retainer to his master, if so be he would abate somewhat of his former fierceness; and would be content to become a servant. It is determined; and it was the pleasure of the *Wolf* to walk about the village: they passe on their journey with most pleasant discourse. A little after, when it was break of day, the *Wolf* seeing the dogs neck to be worn; what is the meaning of it, O *Dog*, (saith the *Wolf*) that I see all thy neck without hair: It was my wont (saith the *Dog*) being something fell to bark at, and sometimes to bite both friends and foes. My master taking that ill, gave me many a blow, forbidding me to set upon any besides the Thief and the *Wolf*: and so by cudgelling I am subdued and become more tame, and this is the badge of my native cruelty. Which

the

the *Wolf* hearing, I will not, quoth he, purchase the favour of your master at so dear a rate, farewell therefore (O *Dog*) with that thy servitude; I think my liberty much better.

Morall. *It is a more desireable thing to be master of a mean cottage, and to live upon brown bread, then to live in fear and danger, though in a Kings pallace, and to enjoy the most costly fare: for liberty lives not in the court, where it becomes a captive; and there's no complaining of wrong.*

FAB. 59.

Of the Husband-man and the Dogs.



AN *Husband-man* besieg'd with frost and snow,
To market for provition could not go;
In this distresse full many dayes he past,
Winter still lasting he was forc'd at last
To kill his *Sheep* and *Goats*, and they being spent
His *Oxen* too to give his guts content:
This his *Dogs* seeing, ranne for life away;
Not daring, till the beeves were eaten, fray

Though

U. 1. 1. C. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

Though they should share the bones ; for if he kill
His *Steers*, say they, who us'd his ground to till
His *Sheep* that cloath'd him, will our master spare
Our lives, who uselesse and devouring are ?

The Morall.

*Ill-nurtur'd men make all their servants slaves,
With whom the best no better fare then knaves.*

THE Husbandman when he had wintred certain days
in the countrey, he began to be in want: he slaugh-
ters the sheep, and afterward the kids, and last of all he
slayes the oxen, that he might have wherewithall to
support his thin body, almost consumed with want, The
Dogs seeing that, resolve to provide for their own safe-
ty by running away, thinking with themselves that there
was no living long, when the master spared not the ox-
en, which are so usefull for all countrey employment.

Morall. Be wary into what family thou sellest thy
self for gain: some masters are most inhumane, for many
at present are grown to that madnesse, that by misfor-
tune, mischief, and detriment they wilfully kill their
servants.

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F A B. 58.

F A B. 58.

The Lion and Fox.



THE Fox that never in his life before
Had seen a *Lion*, nor what awe he bore
In his dread countenance ; at first dismay'd,
Durst not approach him, ev'n to death afraid.
The second time he meets him; whose fierce sight
The trembling Fox did in some measure fright,
But not so much as first : But when that he
The third time met him, his timidity
Quite shaken off, the Fox was grown so bold,
That he durst conf'rence with the *Lion* hold.

The Morall.

*So custome makes men fearlessse, and what were
Dreadfull before, become familiar,*

THE Fox, which saw the unusuall fiercenesse of the
Lion, frequently viewing that kind of creature,
trembled at him, and shunn'd him : whereas now the
third time she met the *Lion*, the Fox was so farre from
fearing any thing, that she confidently went to him and
saluted him.

F

Morall.

Morall. *Custom makes us all more ventrous, even with those whom before-time we scarcely durst look upon.*

F A B. 59.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.



A Brooding Eagle for her Eaglets stole
 A young Fox-cub, that strayed from his hole;
 The Bitch-Fox hearing her distress'd cub crie,
 Forth of her hole came running hastily,
 Praying the Eagle she would let him go;
 Which when the mounting Eagle would not do;
 The Damme a fire-brand takes and vows that she
 Will burn the nest, with that she climbs the tree,
 Which when the Eagle sees, let me alone,
 She sayes, and I will render thee thine own.

The Morall.

*Wrong not the poor, for thine own welfar's sake,
 There's none so mean but due revenge may take.*

The Foxes whelps ranne abroad, which being taken
 by the Eagle, implore the help of their Damme

the runnes to succour, and intreats the Eagle to let go the captivated whelps. The Eagle having gotten her prey flies to her young ones: The Fox, taking a fire-brand, follows her, as if she would burn up her strongholds: whereas now she climbed up the tree. She (the Fox) said, now defend thy self and thy young ones, if thou canst. The Eagle trembling whilest she dreaded burning, saith, spare me I pray thee and my young ones, and what ever I have I will give thee.

Morall. *By the Eagle understand such men who are of a powerfull and hardy courage; by the Fox understand poor men, whom wealthy ones study to oppresse with calumnies and reproches: But sometime even the ants have their fel, and most impotent have sometimes a power to wrong an injury received.*

F A B. 60.

Of the Husband-man and Stork.



A Farmer pitcht a net for Cranes and Geese,
 That fed his new-sown seed; but among these
 A Stork caught likewise, humbly doth implore
 For life; since she was never there before.

F 2

She

She a poor *Stork* (that doth her parents feed,
And succour, when distressed with age or need)
No *Goose* or *Crane* is ; therefore freed may be,
If not for pittie, for her pietie.

The *Farmer* says, that though nor *Goose* nor *Crane*
You be, you die, since you with such are tane.

The Morall.

Hence pliant youth, and natures , may descry,
And shunne the danger of ill company.

THE *Cranes* and *Geese* eating up the sowed corn, the
countray-man spreads his net : the *Cranes* are
caught, likewise the *Geese*, as also the *Stork*. She begs
pardon, proclaiming her innocency , and withall pro-
fessing that she was neither the *Crane* nor the *Goose*,
but the best of all birds, because she us'd to be dutifull
to her parents, even when they were worn with old age:
The husbandman answers, none of these I regard. See-
ing I have taken thee with offenders, with them shalt
thou also die.

Morall, He that commits a fault, and he that adjoins
himself to wicked companions , shall suffer like punish-
ment with them.

F A B. 61.

F A B. 61.

The Cat and the Cock.



A *Cat* upon the *Cock* layes violent hands,
With full intent that watchfull Bird to kill :
Of whom the *Cock* before his death demands
Why so unjustly the his blood would spill ?
The *Cat* replies ; Villain, when Men should rest,
And undisturbed in their houses lie,
Thy nightly crowings their sound sleeps molest ;
Which to prevent, thou instantly shalt die.
Alasse, quoth *Chauncleer*, my voice affrights
Not any ; but more helps then damnifies ;
By that men know the wasting of the nights,
And with the early morning when to rise.
Admit, quoth *Pusse*, I grant thee this excuse,
Yet greater crimes then that hang o'r thy head ;
Thy kindred thou incestuously dost use,
Not sparing those are nearest, but dost tread
With equall lust thy Sisters, and ev'n Her
Who hatch'd and gave thee being : Does not then
This merit death ? No, answers *Chauncleer*,
Nature confines not us as she doth men,

F 3

Wholly

Wholly to one. Tush, quoth the Cat, I see
 Y' are frequent in your babling, when you please,
 Whose empty sound can nothing profit me,
 Nor to my eager appetite give ease;
 Your life I covet, and 'tis that alone,
 Without excuse, which I must seize upon.

The Morall.

*So great men crush the poore, and make their will
 The only cause of their oppression still.*

THE Cat came to eat the Cock, and having not
 ground enough of injury, began to accuse the Cock,
 say that he was a clamorous bird, that with his shrill
 voice he awakes men sleeping in the night: he pleads
 himself innocent, whereas he stir'd up men to their la-
 bour. The Cat in the mean while thunders at him,
 saying, thou varlet, nothing thou dost, thou hast to do
 with thy mother, neither dost thou contain thy self
 from thy sister: when the Cock endeavoured to clear
 himself in that: Neither shall this avail, quoth the
 Cat, still fuming, I will forthwith tear thee asunder.

Morall. *It is an old saying, saith William Guda-
 us, it's an easie matter to find a cudgell to beat a
 dog: a wicked man right or wrong will ruine thee.*

F A B. 62

The Shepherds boy and the Husbandmen.



A Shepherds boy with many mocks did keep,
 On higher grounds, a scatter'd flock of Sheep;
 He jesting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh,
 Cry'd out for help as in extremity,
 To neighbour'ing plow folk, they their work leave off
 To help the knave, who thanks them with a scoff:
 At last the Wolves indeed come, then the boy
 Cries, neighbours help, the Wolves my Sheep destroy,
 The oft deluded Ploughmen, now refuse
 To help, lest he again their help abuse;
 And so the Sheep the Wolves prey die; whilst he
 In earnest grieves, his jesting mockerie.

The Morall.

*A constant liar shall not find belief,
 Though truth he tell, the cripple no relief
 (That once was known to counterfeite) shall find,
 Although he ne're so accurately bind
 His pained leg, to his more supple thigh;
 Nay, though it broken were, and lame he cry,*

*By Jove I feigne not, and shed many tears;
Tee, though by dread Osyris self he swears
Himself a Cripple, all will answer thus,
Think not to purchase double fools of us,
We have been fool'd already; would you speed?
Seek Strangers to relieve you, if you need.*

A Certain boy fed the sheep in an open meddow, and three or four times in jest crying out that the Wolf was coming, stir'd up the husbandmen round about: They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earnest, came not, in the meantime the sheep are made a prey to the Wolf.

Morall. If a man accustome himself to lying, he is hardly believed when he tells true.

F A B 63.

Of the Eagle and the Crow.



THE Eagle seizes on a Lamb for prey,
And mounting, lightly beareth it away:
Which this simple Crow perceiving, thinks that the
Might as adventurous as the Eagle be;

And

And with as good successe, and equall power,
Seize on another Lamb, and that devour.
With which surmise pufft up, the swiftly flies,
And with loud scramings, shrill and hideous cries,
Intangled so her claws within the thick
Rough curled wool, and there so fast did stick,
That rising, as she thought to bear with her
The Lamb aloft, she neither it could stir,
Nor yet her self get loose; which conflict straight
The Shepherd sees, and hast's to terminate.
Seeing the vainly-guilty, takes the Crow,
Then clips her wings, and to his boyes did throw
The silly Bird; who sport and with her play,
While she from them cannot escape away;
But thus lamenting, cries; O now I see
That simple Crows will never Eagles be.

The Morall.

*So Men who vainly 'bove themselves aspire,
Ere they possess the height of their desire,
Not only fail in their attempt, but fall
Beneath themselves, inferiour to all.*

THE Eagle flies from an high rock upon the Lambs
back; the Crow seeing that, ape-like, desires to
imitate the Eagle, lights upon the rammes flette, alight-
ing is hindred, being hindred is caught, being caught
is thrown to the boyes.

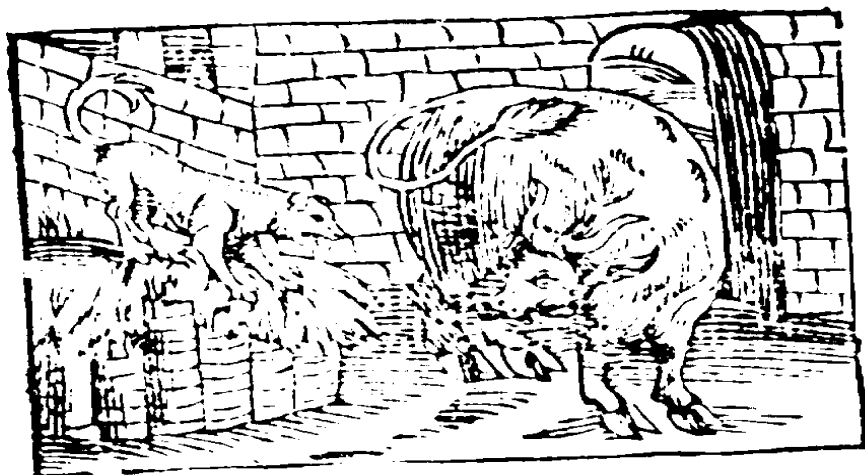
*Morall. Let no man value himself by the virtue that
is in others, but his own: Measure thy self (saith Ho-
race) by thy own foot: will, and experience, that which
thou art able.*

F 5

F A B. 64.

F A B. 64.

The Dog and the Ox.



AN envious Dog that sleeping lay
Upon a bundle of fresh hay,
Snarles at the Ox, which thither came
Hungry, to feed upon the same,
And drives him back: Whereat the Ox
This curse upon the Dog invokes,
May the just gods so punish thee,
As thou with plene opposedst me,
Who that, where thou canst not feed,
With-holdest from me in my need.

The Morall.

*I th' world too many such like men there are,
Who rather than they'l ought to others spare
For their relief, will to themselves detain
Things of small use, perhaps of smaller gain.*

THe Dog lies down in the manger full of hay, the Ox came to feed: the Dog raising himself prohibits him. A mischief go with thee (quoth the Ox) with that thy envy, who wilt not eat hay thy self, nor suffer me.

Morall.

Morall. Many are of that disposition, that they envy others in what they themselves, through inability of mind, are not able to attain.

F A B. 65.

The Crow and the Sheep.



A Crow upon a Sheep's back proudly stands,
And seemingly the harmlesse Beast commands
With her harsh voice: to her thus spake the Sheep,
Wherefore dost thou so hatefull noises keep?
And me disturb? if hee a Dog were nigh,
You durst not lift your voice up half so high,
That's true replies the Crow; I domineer
Onely o're them that dare do nought but fear.

The Morall.

*This Fable shews that honest harmlesse men
Of greatest injuries do suffer, when
A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at rest,
As if none durst disturb, or him molest.*

The

THe Crow chatters upon the back of the sheep: the sheep saith to the dog, if thou shouldest make such a noise, it might be unfortunate unto thee. But saith the crow I know over whom I may triumph; I molest them who are quiet, and am courteous to them who are irefull.

Morall. There is a perpetuall enmity betwixt powerlesse, honest, and wicked men: the most inuocent is thrown to the ground; but injurious men and insolent carry themselves uncontrouled.

F A B. 66.

Of the Peacock and the Nightingale.



THe Peacock hearing the melodious strains Of the sweet Nightingale, sadly complains To Joves great Sister, that his squeaking voice Yielded no sound, but a harsh hatefull noise; Scorned by ev'ry man, while that small Bird With rav'ning Notes so much th'affection stirr'd Of all her hearers, that they'd listning stand To her tun'd song, his screaming was disdaind.

To

To whom thus Juno answers; Hath not Jove To thee giv'n stately feathers, farre above The glori' of other Birds? then rest content; As she in voice excells, in ornament You her surpasse: And Jupiter bestows His sev'rall gifts, as from his pleasure flows.

The Morall.

Men ought not with crosse murmuring repine Against the justice of the Pow'r Divine; Nor envy others gifts; for none can be Possess'd of ev'ry thing: but as we see Some men'bove others unto honour rise, In poorer men God that defect supplies.

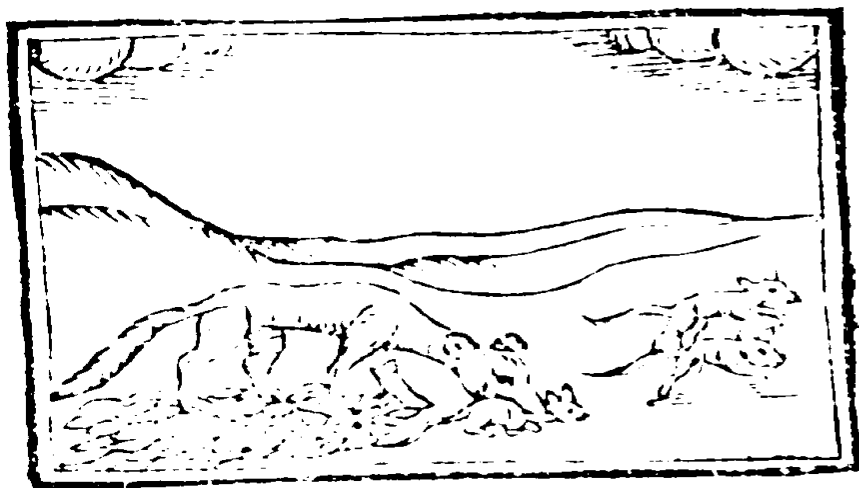
THe Peacock complains to Juno the sister and wife of the highest Jove, that the Nightingale sung sweetly, and that she was derided by all for her hoarseness. To whom Juno replied, every one hath his peculiar gift from above. The Nightingale in singing, thou in thy plumes incomparably surpassest: It becomes every one to be content with his own lot.

Morall. That which the gods bestow; thankfully receive we, and let us not pursue greater things, if the gods do nothing rashly.

F A B. 67

F A B 67.

The old Weasell and Mice.



A Weasell weak through age could not pursue,
Nor hunt the Mice as she was wont to do :
Whereon she thus contrived to conceal
Her self close cover'd in a Tub of Meal,
Whither whole Regiments of Mice did use
Still to repair, as to their Rendezvous.
The Weasell which laid there perdue, now riseth
From thence, as from an Ambush, and surprizeth
The whole vermine, and by this device
Vanquisheth whole Troops, and slue them in a trice

The Morall.

Where weapons cannot, wisdom may prevail.
Where th' Lions skin is want, the Foxes tail
Will prove'd doth well. 'Tis prudence to unite
Counsel with courage, Policy with Might.

THe weasel by reason of old age decaying in strength,
was not able to pursue the mice as formerly. She
begins

begins to use her wits, and lurks in a meal-heap, hoping by that means easily to hunt : The mice runne together, and while they eagerly fall to the meal, are every one devoured by the weasell.

Morall. He had need use his wits, whose strength of body is decayed. Lyfander the Lacedemonian used to say, He must put on the Foxes skin, who cannot attain to the Lions : which may be spoken more clearly thus, where virtue fails, make use of policy.

F A B 68.

The Countrey man and his Landlord.



A Countrey-Swain ith' Countrey every yeare
Gatherd sweet apples from a Tree h' had there
With these he posts to th' Citie, where he sought
His Landlords friendship with the fruit he brought.
His Landlord much delighted with the taste
Of these delicious fruits contrives in haste,

How

How to remove the *Stock* and all ; the fruit
 Could not suffice, unless he see the *Root*.
 No sooner was the *Stock* digg'd from his station,
 But dies and withers in the transplantation ;
 Which when the *Landlord* heard he thus did sigh,
 Uttering these sad complaints, what fool was I,
 That with the fruit could not contented be ;
 I've lost the *Apples* while I sought the *Tree*.

The Morall.

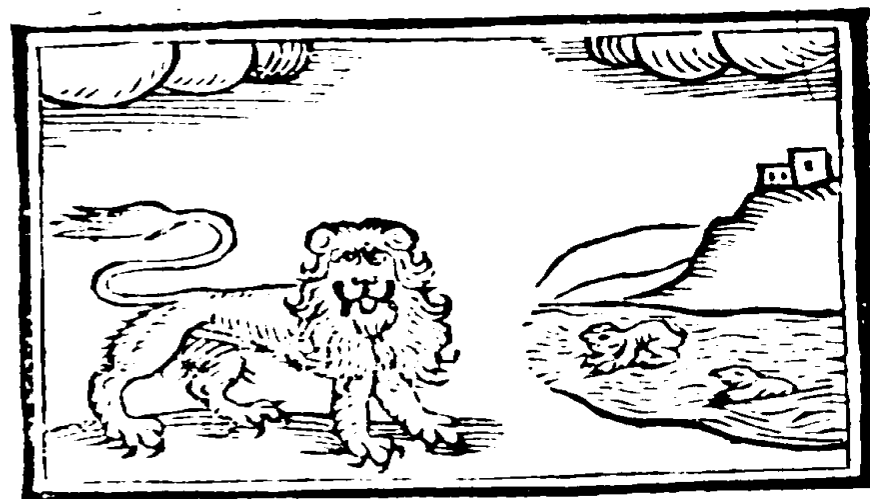
*Those rash and hair-brain'd men that won't be rul'd,
 By the advice of others oft are fool'd
 In their attempts. The moderate man's the sole
 Object of wit. Discretion winnes the Gold.*

THe countrey-man yearly gathered most pleasant
 apples, from a tree which he had in the next field,
 and when he had gathered them, he presented them to
 his citie-landlord, who was so taken with the incredible
 pleasantness of the apples, at length translated the tree
 to his own field. Which being very old presently with-
 eried, and so the apples and the tree in like manner
 perished. Which when it was told to the master of the
 house : Alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to trans-
 plant an old tree. It had been sufficiently enough (had
 I known how to have bridled my desires) to have ga-
 thered the fruit.

*Morall. Those who are overwise, and pursue unlawfull
 things are too too foolish ; he that can bridle his desires, is
 the wisest man.*

F A B. 69.

Of the Lion and the Frog.



A Lion at the Croaking of a Frog,
 Stood as h' had been metamorphos'd t' a log,
 With great amazement wondring at the cause
 Or mystick meaning of this hideous voice.
 At length, (as thus he long time pausing stood)
 A little Frog came crawling from the mud,
 Whom, when his re-erected thoughts did meet,
 With scorn he spurn'd and trampled under feet.

The Morall.

*The Fable of the Mountain that did seem,
 And travell'd with a Mushrome Mouse doth seem,
 An Hieroglyphick of the fear of those
 Who are affrighted ere they see their foes.*

THe Lion seeming to hear a voice start up ; he stood
 still not without fear, expecting some great thing,
 at length a little Frog came out of the water, the Lion
 laying aside all fear, makes haste, and spurned the little
 beast with his feet.

Morall.

Morall. *This Fable forbids vain fears, as that Fable which was made by William Gaudanus, concerning the mountains bringing forth.*

F A B. 70.

Of the Pismire.



THe little *Pismire*, thirsty, goes to drink ;
Where, as he lippeth at the rivers brink,
A floting wave o'rewhelms her : nor could she
Escape its force ; till from a neighb'ring tree
A gentle *Dove* crops off a tender twig,
And drops it in the river ; on which sprig
The half-drownd *Pismire* crawls, and scapes to shore
Safe from the danger she was in before.

This done, a crafty *Fowler*, viewing where
The *Dove* late perch'd, approacheth her, and there
Beginnes to place his Nets ; the *Ant* descries
His cunning practice, and for courtesies
Receiv'd that he might not ingratefull prove,
Thus plots a way to free the harmlesse *Dove* :
The *Fowler* being busie at his work,
(Though closely from the *Pig'ons* sight he lurk)

The

The little *Pismire* bites him by the heel ;
Which sudden smarting when the man did feel,
Losing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand,
The noise whereof makes the *Dove* understand
The *Fowlers* mischief, and with winged speed
Flie swiftly thence ; from so great danger freed.

The Morall.

*If things irrational so gratefull be ,
Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee :
For if thou any man ingratefull call,
Of bad, thou givest him the Titles all.*

THe *Pismire* being athirst came to the fountain that
she might drink, by chance she fell into the well, a
Dove helped her as farre off by a bough that was cast
from a tree. The *Pismire* crawling up the bough, is sa-
ved, the *Fowler* is at hand to take the *Dove*, but the
Pismire doth not suffer him, biting him by the heel, the
Dove flies away.

Morall. *This Fable elegantly teacheth us to give
thanks to those that deserve it.*

F A B. 71.

Of the Peacock and the Pie.

THe winged nation, that of old flew free,
By all means govern'd by a King would be,
Valentine's day, th' appoint with one consent,
To chatter their Diurnall Parliament;
The set Day dawning, ev'ry Bird his mate
Selects, including none to agitate.
In well fill'd Senate, up the *Peacock* starts,
And more to take his Auditours, he parts
And spreads his gaudie Train, then strutting thus,
Speaks to the rest, since 'tis agreed by us,
This day a King to choose, 'tis fit you know
His full endowments, on whom you bestow
Our Sov'raignty; know, first our king must have
A gracefull Form, and Personage, to behave
Himself like other Princes, with out these,
His other parts, are but deformities;
This being voted by the Birds, again
The *Peacock* struts, and more displays his Train,
King in conceit already, thus renews
His O'ratory, what Bird here, that views

The

The Beauty of our Personage, and Gate,
Though ne're so proud, will think himself our mate:
With this, the Birds eye-blinded, passe their votes
He should be King; and with their various notes
Sound out his *vivat*; but the wiser *Pie*,
Makes to the King this short, but sharp reply,
If in thy *Raign*, (as 'tis most like) some foe
Assault us, where for succour shall we go?
Can that gay *Brav'ry* when for aid we fly,
To hide us there, repulse the *Enemie*?

The Morall.

*When Princes are elective, one endu'd
With Prudence, vigilance, and fortitude,
Ought to be chose, and not whose outward form,
Doth promise much, but nothing can perform.*

A Flock of Birds as they freely wandred, wished to
choose them a King, the *Peacock* thought himself
first worthy to be chosen, because he was the most beau-
tiful. He being made King: O King says the *Pie*, if
(thou *raigning*) the *Eagle* should begin to follow as
strongly as she was wont, how couldest thou drive him
away, how couldest thou save us?

*Morall. In a Prince not so much the form as the fer-
titude of his body is to be marked, and there is need of
wisdom.*

F A B. 72.

Of the Sick man and the Physician.



A Rare Physician had a man in cure;
 That a long time did grievous pain endure,
 His malady unknown, yet still the Sæ,
 Put him with Purges, Glysters, and what not;
 That he might learn, (such is the use of those,
 Hedge Doctors still) the nature of each Doie,
 Unknown to him before, and try which Pill
 What Drugges is hot, or cold, doth ease, or kill;
 The man, this ramp'ring to a fever brought,
 Whereat he dies; but when his kindred sought
 What his Disease was, the Doctor repli'd,
 Through some intemp'rance 'twas your kinsman di'd.

The Morall.

Intemperance effeminates the soul
 And body both, and doth destroy the whole
 State of mans life, by hastning on old age.
 Stopping our journey ere we have rid a stage.

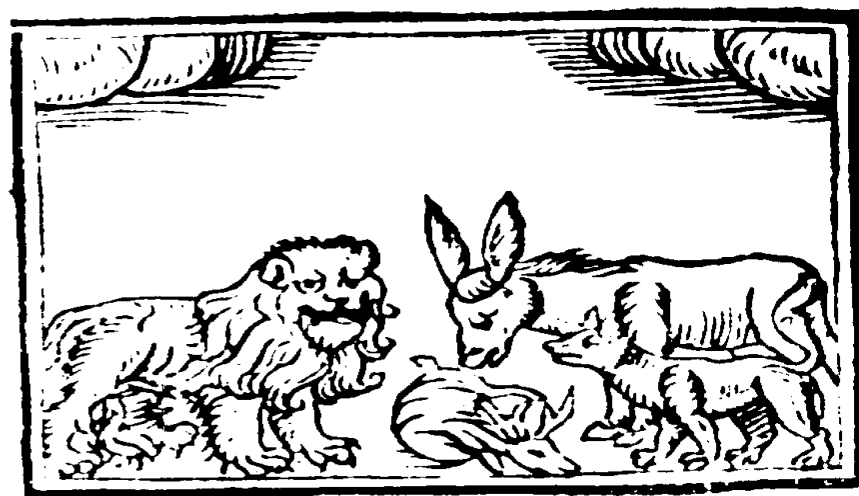
The

The Physician cured a sick man, at length he dies,
 then the Physician sayes; he hath perished by intem-
 perance.

Morall. Unlesse every one leaves drunkenness and
 lust, when he is young, he shall either never come to old
 age, or he shall have a very short old age.

F A B. 73.

Of the Lion and others.



The Royall Lion, Fox and Ass, do make
 A hunting-day, and ample prey do take;
 A well grown calf; which in three equall parts
 The Ass divides; and each, to each imparts;
 The Lion raging roar'd, to see his share
 No more, then those, of his mean Subjects are;
 And in contempt, the stupid Ass doth slay,
 Bidding the Fox divide the doubled prey.
 The cunning Fox, but two shares makes of all,
 The Lions very great, his very small;
 And being ask'd, who to divide him taught?
 Repli'd, the Justice on the Ass was wrought.

The

The Morall.

*That man is provident, and wise alone
B' anothers danger that avoids his own.*

THE Lion, the Ass, and the Fox go a hunting, a great prey is taken, it is commanded to be divided, the Ass laying to every one their parts, the Lion rores, he takes hold of the Ass and tears him, afterward he committeth that businesse to the Fox, who being more crafty; when a great deal the best part was laid before the Lion, he reserveth scarce a little part for himself, the Lion asked by whom he was so taught, to whom he answered, the calamitie of this taught me, shewing him the dead Ass.

Morall. *He is happie whom other mens harms do make to beware.*

F A B. 74.

The Wolf and the Kid.



A Kid safe hous'd out of a window spies
A wolf passe by, which with foul obloquies

He

He doth salute, of which, the worst and chief,
Were harmfull, uselesse, glutton, butcher, thief.
The Wolf replies, ah wretch, 'tis thy strong place,
And not thy valour, doth me this disgrace.

Come forth, and to your skinn, I'll wage a groat,
I'll teach your ill-tun'd tongue another note.

The Morall.

*In times and places priviledg'd, some dare
Speak bigger, and they, most often, varlets are.*

THE Kid looking out at the window, he durst provoke the Wolf with railings as he passed by, to whom the Wolf said, thou dost not rail on me, thou wicked creature but the place.

Morall. *Both the time and place alwayes give boldnesse to a man.*

F A B. 75.

Of the Ass.



A Gardners Ass, that carried each day
Some things to market, unto Jove doth bray,

G

Entreating

Entreating for another master, he
 Held his then owners usage, cruelty;
 This fate is granted, and a *Tile-man* giv'n,
 But now, alas! the Grumbling *Ass* is driv'n
 A longer way, with greater loads; again,
 Therefore, the *Ass* doth unto *fove* complain,
 A milder Owner begging, *fove* saves nay;
 Yet since the *Ass* incessantly doth bray,
 A *Tanner* given is; whom, when the *Ass*
 Had perfect notice of, repli'd alas,
 Those I refus'd were mild ones, but this man,
 When I am dead, my very skinne will tanne.

The Morall.

*Who with their present state are not content,
 Still worse find, for their just punishment.*

THe *ass* complaining of the cruelty of the gardener,
 prayeth Jupiter to give him another master, Jupiter
 hears the prayers of the *ass*, he gives him a *tile-maker*,
 with whom, when he carried tiles, and heavier burthens
 upon his back, he came again to Jupiter, intreats him
 to give him one that was more mild, Jupiter laughed,
 but he did not desist to be instant, and to pray whilst he
 had forced him, he giveth him a *tanner*, whom when the
ass knew, he saith wo is me, who whilst I am content
 with no master, that I should happen upon him who
 will not spare my very hide (as I suppose.)

Morall. We alwayes dislike those things which
 present, and desire new, which (as the Proverb is) are
 not better then the old ones.

F A B. 76.

F A B. 76.

Of an old Women and her Maids.



AN aged *worldling*, many *Maids* did keep,
 Which never could beyond cock-crowing sleep;
 For then their *Beldame* chim'd them up; whilst they
 Stretching, as if they reach'd for sleep, would say
 Hey ho, for husbands that we longer might,
 Lie in our beds, nor rise before the light.
 At length the *Maids*, tir'd with their dayly toil,
 Behead the cock, and his Alarm spoil;
 (Hoping without disturbance they should rest,
 Till broad day had obscurity suppress,)
 The cock remov'd; but see, what change befall,
 Their *Dame*, thenceforth at midnight rings a bell.

The Morall.

*When you would shunne a thing distastefull, see
 You not incurre a worse calamitie.*

*Fools to one vice, when they another shunne,
 As from one gulf into another runne,*

G 2

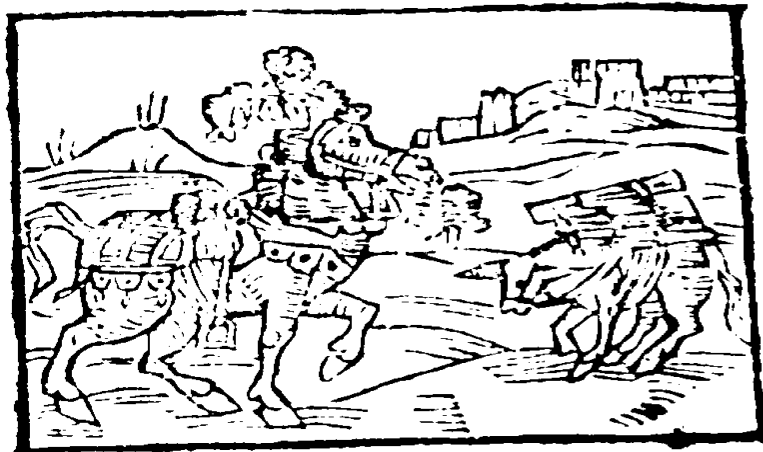
A

A Certain old woman had many maids in her house, whom every day, before it was light, at the crowing of the cock which she brought up in the house, she called up to their work, the maids at length being moved with the daily tediousness of their work, kill the cock, hoping that he being killed they should sleep to midday, but this hope was frustrated; for the mistress when she knew that the cock was killed, commanded them to rise at midnight.

Morall. Many whilst they study to shun one grievous evil, fall into a worse: (as the proverb is) he falls into Scylla who would shun Charibdis.

F A B. 77.

Of the Ass and the Horse.



A Poor lean Ass, which daily underwent Great Loads, was with that course of life content, But meeting with a Warre-Horse full of ease And pamper'd flesh, 'twas then a time of peace) Ah then unhappy him; but richly blest, He thought the Horse; because he then had rest.

Soon

Soon after this, the Horse to warre was sent, Where wound, and toil, he had small nourishment; Whom, when (returning lame) the Ass doth see, He's well content with his lean drudgevie.

The Morall.

Clowns envie Kings their state, and dainty fare, When they in happier conditions are:

Great cares to oberfulnesse drive the King, When every clown in jollie doth sing.

THE Ass thought that the Horse was happy, because he was fat, and lived in idleness, but he said that he was unhappy, because he was lean and poore, and every day was us'd by his cruel master to carry burthens: a while after they came to arms, then the Horse could not keep the Rider from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth, nor the darts from his body; the Ass seeing this, gave great thanks to the gods that they had made him an Ass, not a horse.

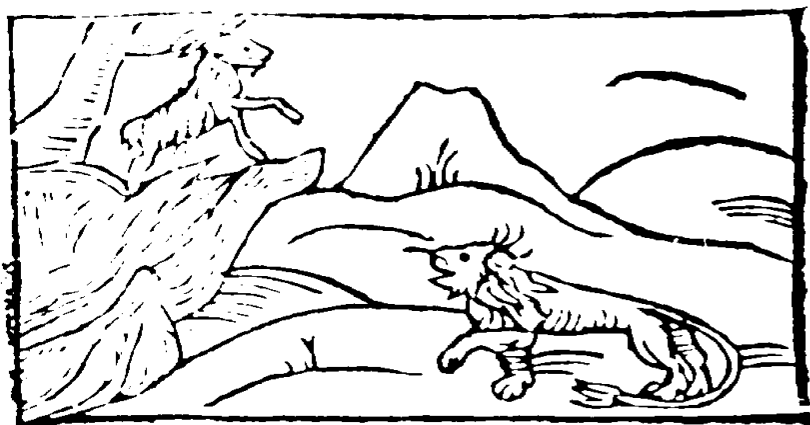
Morall. They are miserable whom the vulgar account happy, and there are not a few happy who think themselves miserable. The cobbler says that a king is happy, when he seeth to be mighty in all things, not considering in how great matters and troubles he is employ'd, when in the mean time he is merry with the best povertie.

G 3

F A B. 78.

F A B. 78.

The Lion and Goat.



A Lion seeing on a Mountain steep
 A maggie Goat her safer mansion keep,
 Above his reach, plots, how he might betray,
 O bring her down, to make her so his prey;
 And thus begins, Why fondling dost thou feed
 On barren rocks? these fruitful Meadows breed
 More sweet and pleasant herbs for tast or sent,
 And are more usefull for thy nourishment,
 When upon rocks grows none but wither'd grasse,
 Scorch'd with heat. The Goat replies, Alas,
 'Tis my ill hap: but here secure I live,
 Nor to thy flatteries will credit give.

Should I come down to feed one hour by thee,
 I fearely should another minute see.

The Morall.

*Let not fair words perswade ye, till you know
 The causes whence such gilt-tongu'd speeches flow.
 If well intended, good deeds shall supply
 Their place; if ill, malice and enmity.*

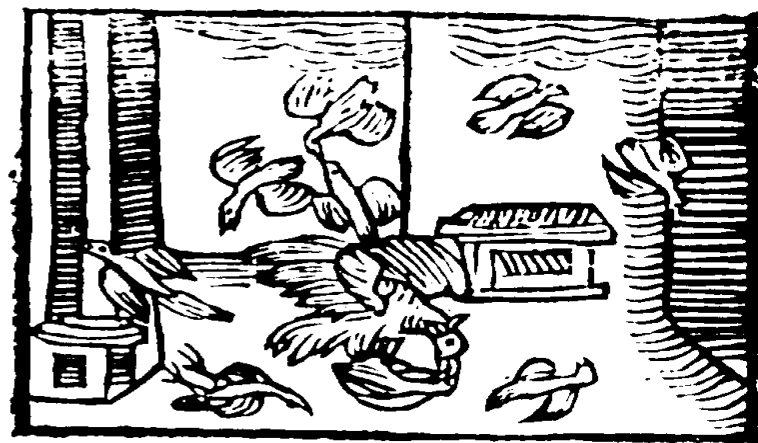
By

By chance the lion seeing a goat walking upon a high
 mountain, admonisheth him that he would rather
 come down into the green mead; the goat answereth,
 I would perhaps, if thou wert absent, who dost not
 perswade me that I should take any pleasure from
 thence, but that thou mightest have something that
 thou might devour, O thou hunger-starved creature.

Morall. We must not trust all men, for some men give
 thee counsel not for thy profit but for their own.

F A B. 79.

Of the Vulture and other Birds.



THe Hawk proclaims a solemn festivall,
 And to that sumptuous Feast inviteth all
 The Birds; They not mistrusting danger come:
 The Hawk conducts them to a spacious room,
 Which enter'd, straight she maketh fast the doore,
 And surely locking them within her power,
 Beyond the expectation of her Guests,
 In stead of them, her self alone she feasts,
 And murders all, not sparing one to be
 The sad relater of that Tragedie.

G 4

The

The Morall.

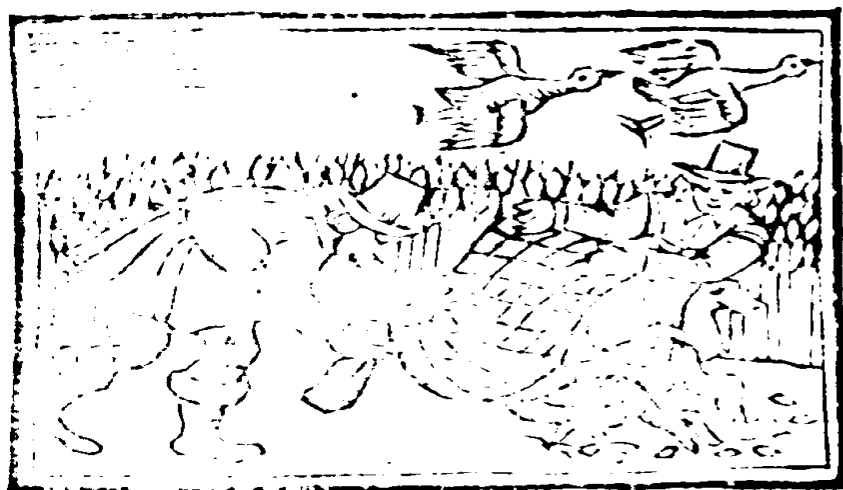
'Tis dangerous to trust professed foes,
 For by fair words gilt-cre with faigned shows
 Of seeming love, more blind they do deceure,
 Than twenty battells fought with equall power.

THe vulture feigneth that he will celebrate his birth-day, he inviteth the birds to a banquet, for the most part they are of use, he receiveth them coming with great joy and honour, but the vulture eateth them being received.

Morall. They are not all friends who speak sweetly, or seem to be such; they will do cunningly. Poison lies hid under the honey.

F A B. 80.

Of the Goose.



A Rich man had a number of Geese and wrote
 A letter to his wife, saying, all shall be
 Forth to market, where you may sell them;
 The woman and Geese, to sell, their flight were freed:
 But

But the dull Geese, clog'd with their bodies weight;
 Their foes pursuing quickly ruinate.

The Morall.

When Towns in warre are taken, poor men may
 withdraw themselves, the rich remain for prey.

THe geese together with the cranes, spoil a field, who being heard, the countrey-men come out presently upon them: the cranes seeing the countrey-men, fly away, the geese are taken, who being hindred by the heaviness of their body, could not fly away.

Morall. A poore man easily goes away from the enemy out of a conquered citie, but having taken the rich man he keeps him; in warre riches are rather for burden than for use.

F A B. 81.

Of Jupiter and the Ape.



Jupiter calls the Beasts, and wills them all to stand
 For censure which is fairest; his command
 They all obey; the watty Fishes too,
 And Birds of th' aire to that assembly flew:

G 5

None

None absent but the *Ape*, yet she though late
Comes with her young ones, imitating state
Of the most noble; but her antick gets
Rise but a laughter among all the *Beasts*,
To scoffe her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more,
Quoth the old *Ape*, I doubt not but before
From hence we part, you all abash'd will stand,
When *Jove* to me and mine gives th' upper hand
For feature and rare form: for in my sight
None of you equall us, if *Jove* judge right;
At which a second laughter rose through all
The *Beasts*; and *Jove* into like mirth did fall:
Replying, foolish *Ape*, this fond applause
Of thine own self derision from us draws.

Hence then, and better learn thy self to know,
For who extoll themselves, their folly show.

The Morall.

*Most think their own by nature fairest are,
Which if with judgement & others they compare,
Appear but mean: 't will prove the safer then
To leave the censure to judicious men;
Lest Ape-like we, while our own selves we praise,
The common scorn of every Jester raise.*

Jupiter being very desirous to know who of all mortals brought forth the most beautifull young ones, he commandeth to call every creature from every place, they go to Jupiter from every place, now all kinds of birds and cattell are present, among whom when the ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her arms, no body could forbear to laugh, altho Jupiter himself laughed greatly, then immediately the ape her self said, yea and Jupiter himself knoweth who is our judge, that my young ones do greatly excell all, as many as there are present.

Morall. Every ones own is the fairest (as the Proverb is.)



While the *Oak-tree* and *Reed* a conference held
Which stood most firm and strong, or least did
To forcing winds, the unmoved *Oak tree* — (yield
Deriding the *Reeds* flexibilitie,
To see it like a wave tost ev'ry way
By each small blast, when at one constant stay
She still remain'd; the *Reed* gives no replie,
But stands quite mute, till the wind rising high,
A violent gust came tumbling o're the field,
And past the bending *Reed*, but soon compell'd
The *Oak* to stoop, and from the ground did tear
Her roots that erst so strongly seated were.

The Morall.

*Men, like the Reeds, whose case natures wind,
And wheel about, as they occasion find
To meet their own ends, endure longer farre
Then those who stubborn and contentious are.*

The oak in times past, being full of pride and insolency went unto the reed; saying, if now thou hast a
courage.

contagious blast: Go to, and come and fight with me, that the event may shew which of us two excelleth in strength: The reed thus answereth, not at all admiring that so great triumphing, and vain boasting of her fortitude: I deferre now the combat, neither doth it grieve me for my lot: for although I am moveable on every side, yet overcome the shrill sounding tempests: You, if that king Æolus shall send forth once his struggling winds out of his cane, will fall down, and shall be then mocked at by me.

Morall. *This Fable declares that they are not alwaies the most strong who insult over others, being provoked by no injury.*

F A B. 83.

Of the Fisher-man and the little Fish.



AN Angler caught a small Fish: him the poore And little Creature, sadly does implore, That he would spare her life, since uselesse she Was not yet grown to full maturity Of years or greatnesse; but if he would please To let her taste the pleasure of the Seas,

And

And feed but for one yeare, she willing then, (Grown bigger) would returne his Hook agen, No, quoth the *Fisher*, I will never buy My hope at such a rate: uncertainly, To wish hereafter, what I now possesse, And so bemoane mine own dull foolishnesse.

The Morall.

The Proverb sayes, one Bird in hand Is worth two, which in Bushes stand.

THe fisherman having cast his hook that was covered with a bait into the water: the captive fish beseecheth and entreateth that he would suffer him being a little fish to escape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that so he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger, the fisherman answereth, I buy not hope with money, for I was alwaies of that disposition, that whatsoever I could, I had rather take it away presently.

Morall. *This Fable admoniseth us, that we should not let go certain things for the hope of uncertain: for what is more foolish (as Cicero affirmeth) then to grasp things uncertain for certain.*

F A B. 84.

F A B. 84.

Of the Ant and the Grasshopper.

THe Grasshopper in Winter feeling want,
 Goes for relief unto the painfull Ant,
 Who answers thus; How comes it that you are
 So needy grown? was not the Summer fair,
 And seasonable too, clothing the ground
 With fruits that did most plentifully abound?
 And couldst thou then neglect to gather store,
 For winter, that thou wantest now, before
 That season half is spent: whom this reply
 The Grasshopper returns, in summer I
 With my shrill voice did pleasant musick make
 For mans delight, when as abroad to take
 The pleasure of the fields they walk; If then
 Answers the Ant, you so could pleasure men
 With your shrill notes and songs in summers prime,
 You best were now to dance in winter time:
 Lest if it chance to freeze, the winters cold
 Upon your half-starv'd carcase take such hold,
 That should you get a cough, your hoarse throat
 Next summer scarcely yield so sweet a note.

The

The Morall.

*Our careless Epicur'ans so
 Not mindfull to prepare
 For future times, but wasting all,
 To begg'ry driven are;
 And pine with hunger, and with want oppress'd,
 When the industrious man, with store is blest.*

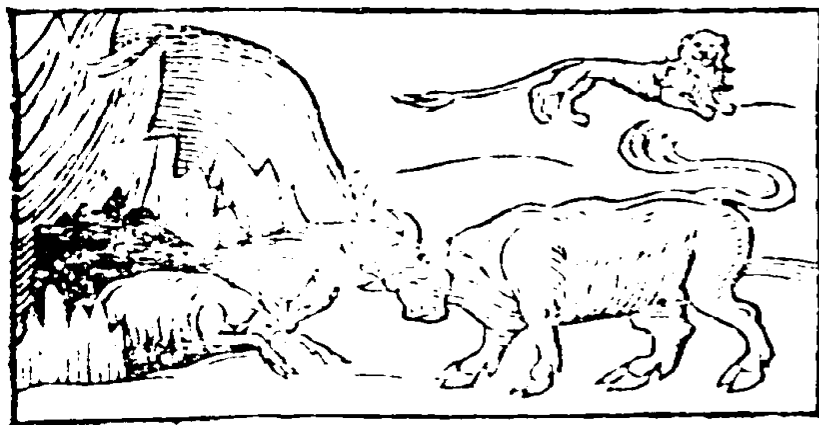
THe winter coming on, the ant drew her corn into the store, to the sunne; the grasshopper seeth it, runneth and asketh for a grain: the ant saith, why do not you after my example, gather to you whatsoever you can in the summer, and add to your heap. She answereth that the time was passed over by her in singing: the ant laughing, if (saith she) you are wont to sing in the summer, deservedly now you must suffer hunger.

Morall. We are admonished by this little Fable, while the strength of the body is present with us, to seek those things, by which our weak old age may be satisfied: By winter understand old age, by summer youth, and the flower of age.

F A B. 85.

F A B. 85.

Of the Lion and the Bull.



Pursu'd b' a Lion, th' Ox his life to save,
Maketh his flight for shelter to a cave :
To whom the Goat an entrance doth deny,
And with her horns withstands him enviously.
For which the angry Bull with bel'wing throat
Thus vents his threats against the shaggy Goat;
Though busily now thou dost oppose my flight,
Were the pursuing Lion out of fight,
Whose rage I shun, and therefore dare not stay,
My fury thou shalt not see thee to give way ;
But time will come, when I reveng'd of thee
Shall punish this thy arrogant scorn of me.

The Morall.

As here the Goat not only all denies,
But seems to add to the Bulls miseries :
So Men of power, who as often seen,
Times charge us, that such have requited been,
When those who were oppress'd, have rais'd their state,
And oppress'd them, fall'n below their hate.

The

THE bull shunne the lion and fell upon a goat, he
with his horns and goat-like forehead threatned
him, unto whom the bull full of anger, said, thy forehead
contracted into wrinkles frighteth me not: but I fear a
great lion, who unlesse he should stick upon my back,
now you should know, that it is no small thing to fight
with a bull, and to follow the blood out of our wound.

Morall. Calamity must not be added to those that are
in calamity, he is sufficiently miserable who is once mis-
erable.

F A B. 86.

Of the Nurse and the Wolf.



A Hungry Wolf walks forth to seek a prey ;
And by meer fortune hears a woman say
(Chiding her froward Child) forbear to cry,
O to the Wolf I'll throw thee presently ;
And of this news, the Wolf expects the Child,
And waiteth at the doore; but strait with mild
hair gentle strokings, and sweet Lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his tear-bedew'd eyes,

And

And fell asleep : which when the *Wolf* perceiv'd,
 And of his expectation quite bereav'd,
 With blazes he returns into the Wood,
 To seek among the Trees some other food.

The Morall.

*The Fable may this use to us afford,
 How little trust is in a woman's word ;
 The various affections of whose mind
 More often change then the inconstant wind.*

THe nurse threatens the crying child, unlesse he hold his peace if she would throw him to the wolf : The wolf accidentally hears that, and in hopes of a prey, carrieth at the doore the child (sleep coming upon him) is presently quiet : the fasting and empty wolf returns to the wood. The fox enquires of him where his prey was : he sighing, answered, I was cheated, the nurse threatned to cast the crying child to me, but deceived me.

Morall. *There's no belief to be given to a woman.*

F A B. 87.

F A B. 87.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.



ON promise that the *Tortoise* should descry Jewells that did upon some Mountain lie, The greedy *Eagle* with the *Tortoise* flew So high ; that neither earth beneath them knew ; But the dull *Tortoise* failing promise, Shee Turning his fleshie part, outrageously Without all pitty kill'd her ; and that houre The vainly-boasting *Tortoise* did devoure.

The Morall.

*He undisturb'd with storms and tempests rides,
 Whose unassuming bark by th' calm shore glides.
 When those who proudly plow the troubled Main,
 Lie ship-wrack'd, and their Anchors cast in vain.
 So Man, who lifts his thoughts 'bove his estate,
 Falls in th' attempt, and hastens his own Fate.*

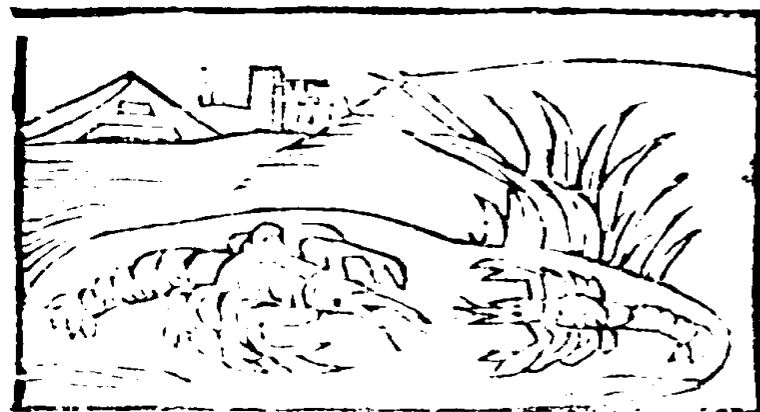
THe tortoise began to be weary with going, and if any one would lift her up into the aire, she promiseth pearls of the red Sea. The Eagle lifts her

her up: requires a reward, she not having any thing, the eagle scratcheth her with her claws, so the tortoise which desired to see the staves, left her life among the staves.

Morall. Be content with thine own condition, some there have been which if they had continued lowly might have been safe; being exalted have fallen into dangers.

F A B. 88.

• Of the two Crabs.



Between two Crabs, the Mother and the Son,
A conference held; the Mother thus begun
To check her young one, that he did not go,
A comely pace, but waddled to and fro;
To whom the Son, reply'd, Mother, I pray,
Mend your gate first, and I shall find the way.

The Morall.

*First set thy self upright, and then
Then boldly mayst check other men.*

THe mother adviseth her sonne that went backwards,
that he would go forwards. The sonne answereth,
Mother, go before and I shall follow after.

Morall.

*Morall. Reprehend no man for his fault, whereof
thy self mayest be reprehended.*

F A B. 89.

The Sun and the Northwind.



THe Sun and Wind in emulation rose,
Which of their Powers were of greater force;
At length with one consent, they do agree,
A Travellers coat should trie the mastery.
The Wind forthwith, his blustering began,
With dreadfull noise assaults the trembling man,
Who still about him casts his coat in folds,
And more the Wind doth struggle, more he holds.
The Wind appeas'd; the Sun his beam applies,
Which in dissolved sweat, the poor man fries;
Fainting with heat, he to the cool shade makes
To rest himself, and there his coat forsakes.
The conqu'ring Sun, so calmly clos'd the day,
While the rash Wind, ashamed, shrunk away.

The Morall.

*So violent threats, and rigour often fail,
Where milder courses, happily prevail.*

The

THe sunne and the northwind contend which is stronger. It is agreed to try their strength upon a traveller: and he should be the conquerour, which fetcht off his cloak. The north-east wind with a horrible blustering sets upon the traveller: He notwithstanding, doth not desist going on and foldeth his garment about him. The sunne makes use of his force; who, (the storm by degrees being overcome,) prepares his beams: the traveller begins to burn, to sweat, and puffe: at length being not able to go forward, takes aire, and casting away his cloak, sat down under the shady grove: so the sunne got the victory.

Morall. Beware diligently with whom you contend: for although thou art strong, yet perhaps another may be stronger, yea and more crafty, with his policy so overcome thy strength.

F A B. 90.
Of the Asse.



THe sordid Asse, had found a Lions skin,
And wraps himself unseemingly therein:

At

At which unusuall sight, the trembling Herd
Of Beasts amaz'd, are with his presence fear'd,
And fly amain; but when his Master came
Into the field, the Asse retires with shame:
For though a Lion he on ev'ry side
Appear'd, the Skin too short his ears to hide;
Displaid him but an Asse; and at the sight
Of's Master, turns his slownesse into flight,
To shun his presence; which beheld, the Man
Cries after him; Friend pray return again,
Thou seemest as thou art to me, though here
Thou dost thy fellow-Beasts with terrour fear;
With that corrects his folly with a blow,
That he no more may so presumptuous grow.

The Morall.

*Seem what thou art, and not with borrow'd shapes,
Adorn thy self like other worldly Apes:
If learn'd dispute; if rich, or nobly born,
So bear thy self, that thou deserve not scorn.*

THe asse comes into the wood, finds the lions skin;
which he puts on and returns to the pastures; as-
sisteth the flocks and herds. He that had lost him,
came and inquired for his asse. The asse seeing his
master runs to meet him; yea, and comes upon him
bowing: But his master perceiving his ears which stood
out; others (quoth he) thou mayest deceive; But (O
my asse) I know thee very well.

*Morall. Seem not to be what thou art not: boast not
thyself to be learned when thou art unlearned; nor rich
and noble when thou art poor and base: for the truth ap-
pearing, thou wilt become a laughing-stock.*

F A B. 91.

F A B. 91.

Of the Frog and the Fox.



FOrsaking quite the Fens, the Frog would dwell
 Among the Beasts, does with ambition swell,
 And boast her skill in physick, with what art
 She help to cure diseases could impart,
 How dangerous sore. Most Beasts believe,
 Except the Fox, who will no credit give
 To her proud words, but questions, How can ye
 Think this vain boasters skill exact to be,
 Whose colour is so pale? First let her try
 To cure her own wan look, ere she apply
 Physick to others; Doctors approv'd we know
 Those are, whose cures, not words, but art, can show.

The Morall.

*As empty Vessels give the greatest sound;
 So Men lest knowing, with most brags abound.*

THe frog going into a fen, he professeth physick to
 the wild beasts in the woods. He saith, that he
 would not give place either to Hippocrates, or Galen.

The

The rest believing him, the fox laughs at them, whether (saith he) shall this frog be accounted skilfull in physick, whose mouth is so pale? Let him cure himself. So the fox laughs at him: for the mouth of the frog is as pale as the skie.

Morall. *It is a foolish and ridiculous thing to professe that which thou hast no skill in.*

F A B. 92.

Of the curst Dog.



A Leering Currc; who sily, unaware
 Oft bit before he bark'd, his Masters care
 Fastned a yoke on him that men might know
 His curriish nature; and prevent him so.
 The Dog grows proud, and thinks his yoke to be
 Some badge of honour, or high dignity,
 Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd,
 But no such favour to his fellows shov'd:
 At whose vain pride, one wiser then the rest,
 Thus checks him; fool, what fancie hath possess'd
 Thy idle brain, with gladnesse to embrace
 That for thy honour, giv'n for thy disgrace.

H

The

The Morall.

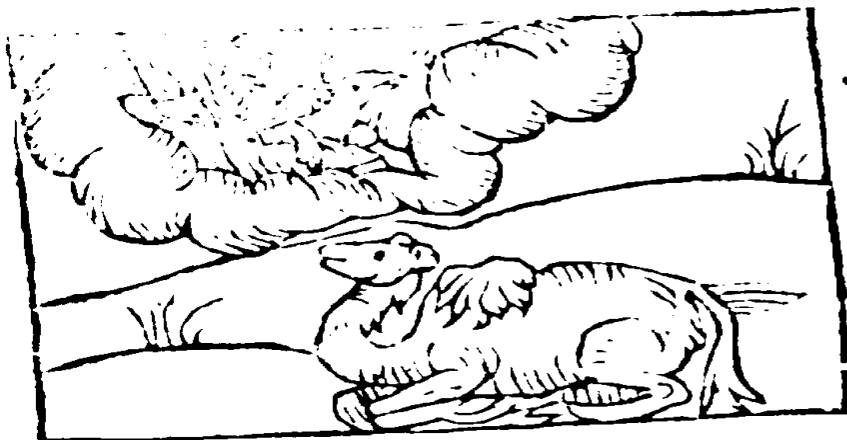
*Such are the bablers of these times, that boast
And in Acts glory them dishonour most.*

THe master bound a bell about the dog, which used to bite men, that they might take heed of him: the dog thinking this bell was hanged about him, as an ornament for his goodnesse, began to contemn his fellows: there came one that was grave in age and authority to the dog, and advised him not to mistake: for, quoth he, that bell is hanged about thee, as a disgrace not for any credit.

*Morall. A boaster many times reputes that to make
for his commendation, which tends to his discredit.*

F A B. 93.

Of the Camel.



THe Camel sadly doth to Jove complain,
That all the Beasts deride him, in disdain,
Because no ornament adorn'd his head;
When th' Ox, and many more were honoured

With

With comely horns their fronts to beautifie:
To whom the angry god gave this reply;
Since fool, thy folly leads thee, to despise
Our gifts, and cover others dignities,
Henceforth wee'l curb thy pride; and thou shalt bear
No horns, nay lesse, upon thy head no care.

The Morall.

*How mean soever thy estate,
Contented rest, nor emulate
Others good; the Pow'r above
Knows best where to dispose his love.*

THe camel grieving within himself, complained that the bulls went with two horns, and that himself unarmed was let forth to other beasts. He prays Jupiter to give him horns. Jupiter laughs at the folly of the camel, and does not onely deny his desire, but shortens the eares of the camel.

Morall. Let every one be content with his lot, for many having pursued a better condition, have met with a worse.

H 2

F A B. 94.

F A B. 94.

Of two Companions and a Bear.

TWO Men together trav'ling met a Bear;
 At sight whereof they much affrighted were,
 And doubtfull what to do; straight one with speed
 Climbes up a tree, and from the danger freed
 Himself, regardlesse of the other quire:
 Yet he not void of shifts, invents a slight
 To save his life, upon the ground did fall
 Flat on his face, holding his breath with all
 The pow'r he had, to whom approach'd the Bear,
 And round about survaid him ev'ry where:
 But still he held his breath: the Bear therefore
 Which seldome feeds on Carrion, forbore
 To search him further, and so onward bends,
 Who gone, the other from the tree descends;
 And thus salutes his fellow; Friend, what cheare?
 What did the wild Beast whisper in thine eare?
 The other answers; he forewarned me
 To travell more with one so false as thee.

The Morall.

*Upon the Earth true friends we find as rare
 As black Swans in the silver rivers are.*

Two

TWO friends take a journey, a bear meets them: one
 of them, climbing up a tree, avoids the danger: the
 other, seeing there was no hope of escaping, falls to
 the ground: the beast comes to him, and touches him
 as he lay, feels his mouth and his ears: The man hold-
 ing his breath and motion, the bear (which spares the
 dead) thinking it to have been a dead carcase, inno-
 cently departs. His companion afterward demanding
 what the bear spake to him in his eare. He adviseth
 me this (quoth he) that I never travell with such
 friends as you again.

Morall. *Honesty is a rare bird in the world, and like
 a black swan: Adversity and danger evidence a true
 friend.*

F A B. 95.

Of the bald Horseman.

A Bald Horseman, through age or accident,
 With art suppl'd that fleeting ornament;
 And wore a Perruque, walking, he beheld
 A troop of youths, were sporting in a field:

H 3

Ap-

Approching them, to view their harmlesse play,
His cap of hair forthwith was blown away.

This mov'd the youths to laughter, whereat he
Was tickled too, and laught for company.

Saying, no wonder, strange hairs off are blown,
Since they could not keep on, which were my own.

The Morall.

*When men are jeer'd, it is the wisest way,
To jest it off; not to commence a fray.*

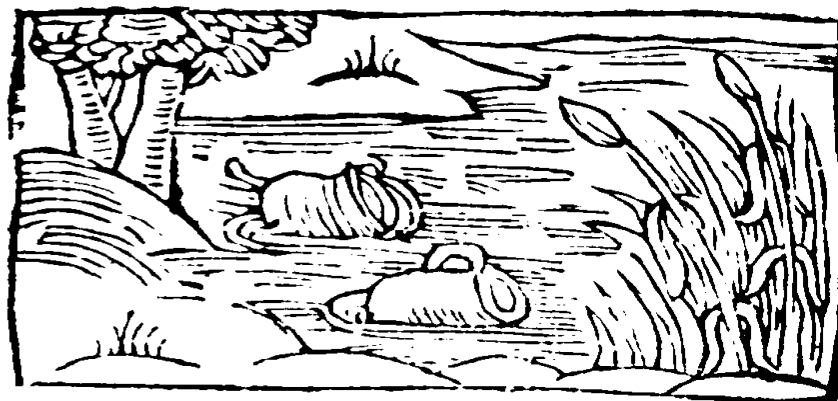
THe balld horseman tied false hair to his bonnet; he comes into the field, while the sharp northwind blew, and taking ill notice of his perriwig, on a sudden his baldness appears: the company loudly cry out, as also he himself laughs: what a matter is it, quoth he, that borrowed hair flies away, whereas heretofore my own hair is blown.

Morall. The horseman did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed: Socrates when he had taken a cuff on the ear in the open market, answers thus, It is a troublesome business not to know men, when they ought to walk forth with their helmets.

F A B. 96.

F A B. 96.

Of two Pots.



Within a Pool two Pots together meet,
One Earthen, the other Brasse, but th' Earthen soon fleet
For the slow Brasse, is swiftly born away;
The Brasse Pot calls, and prays the Earthen stay,
That they may ride together. No, replies
The Earthen Pot, great danger in it lies,
For should I float near thee, thy harder side
Justled 'gainst mine by the unconstant tide,
Would crush my brittle ribs; and therefore I
At distance hold the most security.

The Morall.

*Scorn not thy equals, to associate
Thyself with those, whose pow'r exceeds thy state:
For if thou chance with such to disagree,
Thou canst not them, but they may injure thee,*

Two pots stood on the bank, the one was of clay, the other of brasse, the force of the stream carries both away: the clay pot fearing to be broken, the brasse pot
H 4 bid

bid it not fear, he would take sufficient care that they should not be broken. Then the other answered, whether the river dath me against thee, or thee against me; which way soever I shall be in the danger: wherefore most certainly I will divide from thee.

Morall. Its better living with an equall companion, then with one that is more potent: for by the more potent thou mayest be prejudiced, but not he by thee.

F A B. 97.

Of the Countrey-man and Fortune.



A Man whose plough-share had encountered
A pot of Gold, thanksgiving offered
Unto the Goddess of the earth and rears,
A Green-turtle-altar, which her Image bears.
Returns to plough without devotion paid
To Fortune, whereat she offended, said,
I have no thanks, by whom this treasure came
But when 'tis lost, I shall bear all the blame.

The Morall.

*To those who thanks deserve still thankfull be,
Left you want help, in woful extremitie.*

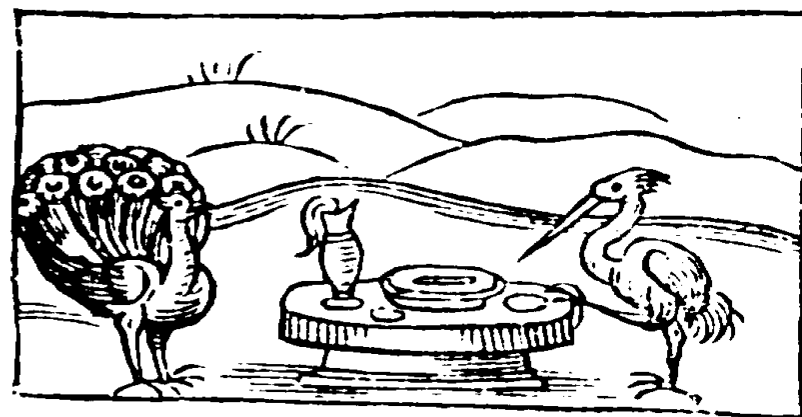
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THE countrey-man, while he plowed, found a treasure in the furrows: he gives thanks to the ground which had brought it forth. Fortune perceiving that no worship was given to her, thus speaks to her self: This fool having found a treasure, is not thankfull at all, but when he hath once lost it, he will with cries and prayers sollicite me first of all.

Morall. For a good turn received we are thankfull to him that merits well of us: but ingratitude deserves to be deprived of that good she hath received.

F A B. 98.

Of the Peacock and the Crane.



THE gay-plum'd Peacock with a coy disdain
Slights the mean clothing of the long-beak'd Crane,
And tells her she much of her state did want,
And costly rayment; Quoth the Crane, I grant
Thy outside's fairer; but what use I pray
Serve thy fine plumes for? Mine inforce a way
Therow the purer air; when thou alone
Stalk'st on the earth for boyes to gaze upon.

H 5

The

The Morall.

*Despise not thy Inferiours, because they
Walk in a homely black, or countrey gray ;
While thou art clad in silks : Their Minds may be
Richer then all thy golden pedigree.*

THe peacock and the crane sup together, the peacock boasts of himself, spreads his tail, flights the cranes; the crane confesseth the peacock was gay in feathers: but that he (while the peacock could scarcely fly up to the house top) with an hearty flight could pierce the clouds.

Morall. *Let no man undervalue another : every one hath his lot, every one his virtue : He that wants what virtue thou enjoyest, possibly may have what thou wantest.*

F A B. 99.

Of the Oak and the Reed.



A Fierce strong wind an Oak top heavy blew
Into a river on whose bank it grew ;
Which floating spies a plot of Reeds that stood,
And grew, in despite of the wind or flood ;

The

The Oak then wondring at it, doth demand,
How a weak Reed 'gainst wind and stream could stand,
The Reed returns an answer, brief but plain,
By moving, I thus unremov'd remain.

And I admire not, that your hold you mist,
Since you refus'd to yield, and would resist.

The Morall.

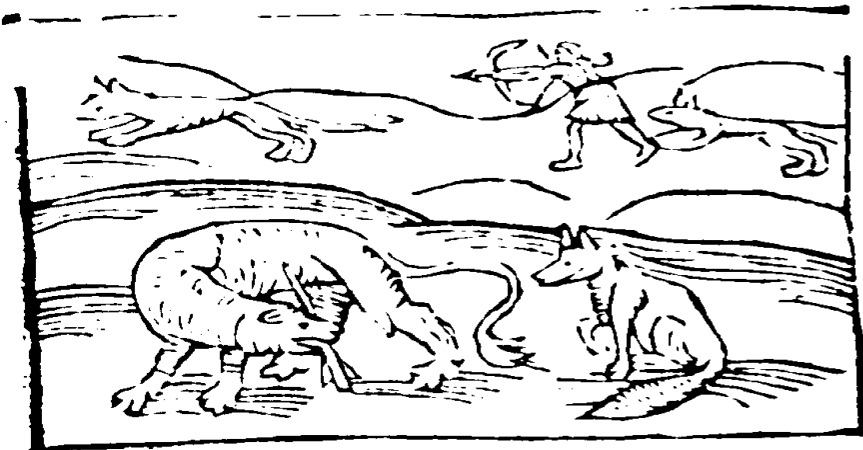
*Contend not with the Potent, but give way,
Their rage and fury, will in time decay.*

BY a strong southwind the oak is shattered and cast into the river : and while it floated, some of the bows hang upon the reed : wondering that the reed in so great a wind stood safe. She answers, by yielding and giving way, I rest secure : I bend to the south and northwind, yea to every wind : and no wonder that the oak goes down which is ambitious to oppose and resist.

Morall. *Resist not him that is more potent, but overcome him by giving way, and yielding.*

F A B. 100

F A B. 100.

Of the Tiger and the Fox.

AN Archer wounding many *Beasts*, the fierce
 And rav'nous *Tiger* thinks no shaft can pierce
 His speckled skin; and bids them no more fear,
 He'd guard them safe from any danger neare;
 Which scarcely spoke, the *Archer* him espide,
 And lodg'd a deadly arrow in his side;
 Whereat am'z'd, the *Tiger* 'gins to start,
 And flying breaks in two the wounding Dart:
 Whom the *Fox* meeting in his flight, requests
 That he would tell him, among all the *Beasts*,
 Which gave him that sore wound; the *Tiger* cries
 With fainting voice, his secret enemies
 He not descri'd when he receiv'd the same,
 But surely thought it from some *Archer* came.

The Morall.

*Some rashly so with valour spur'd, pursue
 Their fatall ends, which policy might eschew.*

THe huntsman pursues the wild-beasts with arrows;
 the tiger bids all the beasts stand to it, he alone
 would

would maintain the warre: the huntsman goes on to
 shoot: by and by the tiger is wounded; the fox seeing
 him draw out the dart, asked him who had so cruelly
 wounded so stout a beast. He answers, he knew not the
 authour of his wound, but from the largeness of the
 wound, he guessed it was some man.

*Morall. Valiant men are most commonly rash; where-
 as art overcomes strength, and policy fortitude.*

F A B. 101.

Of the Bulls and the Lion.

FOUR *Bulls* at pasture undisturbed feed,
 By *Beasts* of prey, while they within the *Mead*
 Together keep, nor did the *Lion* dare
 Seize upon them; till they divided were,
 And by his policie asunder lead;
 Then one by one upon each single Head
 He violently flew, and piece-meal tore
 Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The Morall.

*Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break
 That knot, the strongest Kingdomes become weak.*

There

THere were foure bulls, who will'd their own common safety, and their common danger: the lion saw them feeding; and although he was an hungry, yet while they were united he was afraid to set upon them: first he endeavours to divide them, then he tears them, once divided in pieces.

Morall. Nothing more firm then concord, discord renders even those that are valiant feeble.

F A B. 102.

Of the Firre-tree and the Bush.



A Stately Tree; with tall aspiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little Bush to flight,
With these disdainfull words, dost thou not see
Deformed Shrub, my state exceeding thee,
How usefull still I am, and can support
The stately Pallace of a Princes Court?
When uselesse thou rejected standst; of none
Regarded, but to feed the fire alone?
This said, a Labourer with his keen bill
Cuts down the Tree, the Bush stood growing still,

Who

Who answers thus in scoffes, If this be all
Thy state rare Tree, so suddenly to fall,
I thank dame Nature, who hath made me low,
And after you to let me stand and grow.

The Morall.

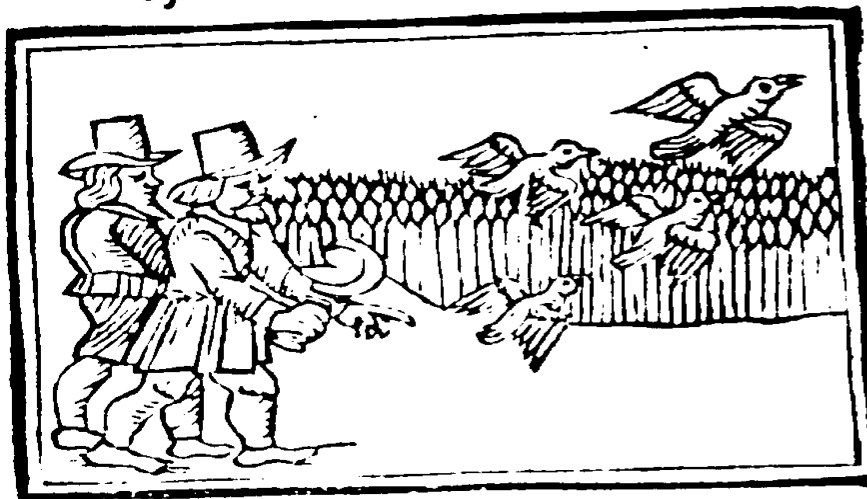
*Ambition here described by the Tree,
Shews how unconstant worldly honours be:
The Bush declares a mean estate, content
Still with its own, not t'envy others bent.
The Labourer true justice, which plucks down
Ambitious pride, ere to full height 'tis grown.*

IT is reported that in time past the firre-tree despised the shrubs, she boasts that she was tall, and was placed in buildings, and stood with a sail in ships, and that the shrubs were low, base, and uselesse: of whom, this was the answer, Thou indeed, O firre-tree, boastest of thy goodnesse, and insultest over our unhappiness: But withall neither dost thou relate thy own mishap, and omittest our benefit: when thou shalt be cut down with a sounding ax, how wouldest thou wish to be like to us, which are secure?

Morall. The most happy condition hath its unhappiness, and the lowest condition its benefit: To say no more, this state is secure and safe, that not without fear nor danger.

F A B. 103.

Of the Lark and her young ones.



A Lark in standing corn had hatcht a brood,
Which she commands (flying abroad for food)
To be attentive, what the owner said
Of the fields reaping; they poore *Birds* afraid,
Tell her, the neighbours were to come next day,
To reap the corn, and with themselves away;
Fear not, my little *Birds*, repli'd the *Damme*;
They will not come; 'twas true, no neighbours came,
Next time the *Damme* came to her young with food,
Shee was informed by her fearfull brood,
The owners friends were bid next day to come
To reap the field, and then would be their doom:
Cheer up my *Birds*, said she, we fear no friends;
Next day they tell her, the owner intends
To reap the corn, next morning with his sonne,
Nay, then said she, 'tis time that we were gone.

The Morall.

Neighbours and friends are backward; who intends
To have things soon done, must make his hands his
friends.

The

THe lark having laid her young ones among the
standing corn, charges them in her absence, that
they diligently give heed, whether there be any speech
of the season: the anxious young ones declare to their
damme coming from feeding, that the lord of the field
had let out the work to his neighbours: there's no dan-
ger, quoth the damme: on another day the young ones
tell her that the friends of the lord were intreated to
reap: again the damme charges them to rest secure:
the third time as she heard the lord himself, with his
sonne, determine the next morning to enter the harvest
with a sithe. Now (quoth the damme,) 'tis high time
for us to be gone: I feared not the neighbours and
friends, because I knew they were not about to come: I
stand in aw of the matter, for the businesse is a delight
to him.

Morall. We are slothfull most of us in other mens
businesses: if thou wouldest have thy businesse carried
right, take care of it thy self, leave it not to another.

Of a Covetous and Envious man.



A Covetous and Envious man require
Jointly that Jove would give them their desire.

Jove

Jove sends *Apollo* to hear their sures, and grant
 To each of them what may supply their want;
 Who bids them speak the full of their demands,
 And what the first ask'd, into th' others hands
 Should doubly be restor'd: The *Covetous man*,
 Whose boundless will no treasure limit can,
 Strives therefore to be last, by his delay
 Hoping to bear a double summe away:
Apollo then commands the other speak,
 Who willingly doth thus his silence break,
 And of the god maliciously request
 To lose one eye, contented so to rest,
 That th' other might lose both. A wretched mind,
 Would harm itself to make another blind!

The Morall.

*What's more insatiate then the boundlesse mind
 Of Nature to pursue wealth insatiate?*

*Unhappy is Envy equaliz'd: whose will
 Would wound it self to work anothers ill.*

TWO men prayed to *Jupiter*, a covetous and an envious man: *Jupiter* sends *Apollo*, that by him, he may satisfie their desires, he gives them free leave to wish for what they would, on this condition, that whatsoever one desired, the other might receive double; The covetous miser is at a long stand, deeming nothing enough; at last he desires not a few things, his fellow receives double: moreover the envious man asked this, that he might loose one of his eyes, jocund that his fellow should be punished with the losse of both.

Morall. *What can satisfie covetousnesse? nothing more mad then envy: which if it may hurt another, cares not what mischief it doth to it self.*

F A B. 105.

F A B. 105.

Of the Crow and the Pot.



A Crow to quench her thirst, seeks far and near
 For *Water*, but can find none any where,
 Save what ith' bottome of a *Vessell* lay,
 Too deep to reach, which seen, she did assay
 To overthrow the *Vessell*, but in vain
 She strove, and could not her desire attain:
 Who therefore now perceiving strength to fail,
 Resolves to try if pol'cie can prevail;
 And gathering many Pebbles, dropp'd them in
 Untill the bubbling *Water* did begin
 To ascend the top, so she with ease obtain'd
 That, which had else been from her reach restrain'd.

The Morall.

*Force is not alwayes prevalent, but wit
 And policie oft-times the Conquest get;
 By that th' Epirian Scanderbeg withstood
 The Turk, and all his trebled multitude.*

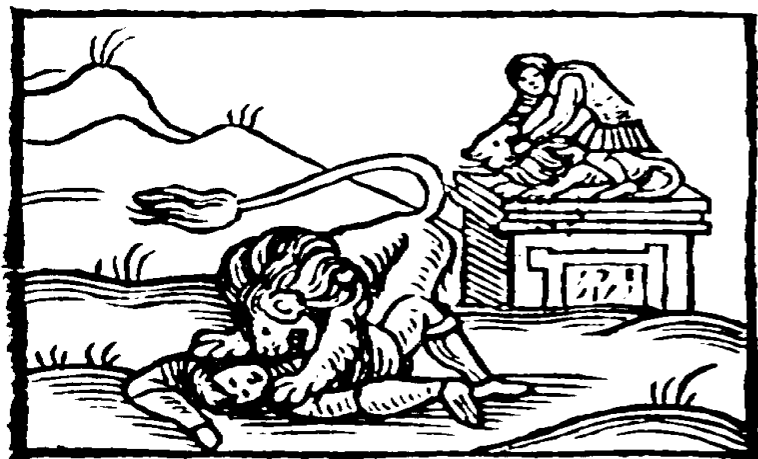
THe thirsty crow finds a pot of water, but the pot was deeper then that the crow could come
 at

at the water ; the endeavours to poure out the water, but cannot : forthwith gathering little pebbles out of the sand casts them into the pot ; by this means the water is raised, and the crow drinks.

Morall. That which sometimes thou canst not do by strength, thou shalt effect by wisdom and policy.

F A B. 106.

Of the Lion and Huntsman.



A Man and Lion walking, in their way
 Espi'd a stony Pillar to display
 Graven thereon, the Image of a man,
 Which had a Lion conquer'd; so began
 A while to gaze, then some discourses hold,
 While thus the Man that Emblem did unfold:
 See mighty Beast how strong and stout we are,
 When one like Me's become a conquerer
 And masters one of you: To whom agen
 The Lion answers, could Beasts paint like Men,
 You'd find that Lions on more Men have fed,
 Than by Men ever have been vanquished.

The

The Morall.

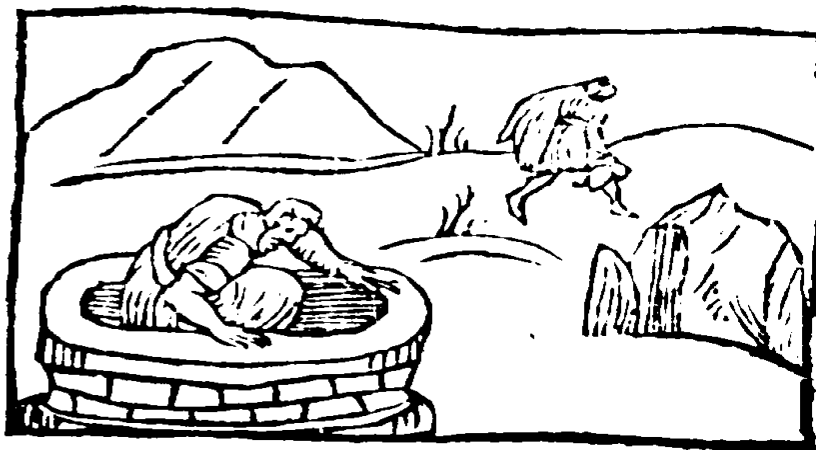
*Vain Boasters here are shown who brag t' have done
 Acts, which they never durst adventure on.*

THe lion wrangled with the huntsman, and prefers his valour before the strength of man; after a long contention, the hunter led him to *Mausolus*, whereupon was engraven a lion laying his head in the lap of a man: The lion denies that to be a sufficient evidence, saying, men may carve what they please, if lions were artificers, they would carve a man under the feet of the lion.

Morall. Every one to his ability speaks and does what may be most advantageous to his party and cause.

F A B. 107.

Of the Boy and the Thief.



AS a young Boy sat weeping by a Well,
 A Thief repairs to him, and bade him tell
 The causes of his grief; the crafty Child
 Replies, Oh Sir, this Rope hath me beguil'd;
 Which, when I thought to draw a pot of gold,
 Too weak so great and rich a weight to hold,

Asunder

A funder broke ; The *Thief* believes the *Boy*
 And leaving 's Cloke descends the Well with joy ;
 But finds no gold ; his labour was as vain
 As his desire of unlawfull gain :
 So back he comes, but neither could he find
 The *Boy*, nor yet the Cloke he left behind ;
 For while the *Thief* in hope to get a prey,
 Went down, the *Boy* with it was fled away.

The Morall.

*So craft oft-times the craftiest deceives,
 And nets for thieves in their own cunning weaves.*

A Boy sat over the well weeping, the thief asked
 the cause why he cried ? the boy answers, that the
 string breaking, he had let fall a pot of gold into the
 water ; the man puts off his clothes, leaps into the well,
 seeks it : not finding the pot, he comes up out of the
 well, and there finds neither the boy nor his coat ; for
 the boy had taken the coat and runne away.

Morall. *They are sometimes deceived, who use to de-
 ceive.*

F A B. 108.

F A B. 108.

Of the Countrey man and the Ox.



A N Ox impatient to bear the Yoke,
 Could not be tam'd, though many a fur'ous stroke
 His Master lent him oft ; but in proud scorns
 Would still oppose his Keeper with his Horns ;
 Who therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
 To curb him, and his stubbornesse allay,
 But that prevail'd not ; when the Ox did feel
 The want of Horns, he finds as light a Heel,
 Which, when his Master saw that he could find
 No means that might him to subjection bind,
 He sells him to the Slaughter ; for Death can
 Prevail above the strength of any Man.

The Morall.

*Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox must be
 chastised so by powerfull Majesty,
 And if in disobedience still they stand,
 Feel the sharp rigour of the Lawes command.*

The countrey-man had an ox, which could not en-
 dure to be tied or yoked : the man being cunning,
 cut

cut off his horns, (for with his horns he pushed) then he yokes him, not to the waggon , but to the plough, that (as he was wont) he might not kick his master with his heels. He held the plough, glad that by his industry he had brought it to passe, that he might now be safe both from his horns and heels. But how does it fall out ? the ox forthwith, resisting, and by scraping with his heels, covers the face and head of the countrey-man with sand.

Morall. *There are some so untractable, that can neither by art nor advice be tamed.*

F A B. 109.

Of the Satyr and the Traveller.



A satyr (such for gods the Ancients held
To guard the Woods) within a Desert dwell'd,
And out of pitty to a Traveller gave
Kind entertainment ; led him to his Cave,
And bids him welcome ; where with cold the Man
Benumm'd, to blow his fingers ends began ;
The Satyr asks the cause, the Man replies
His breath did cause a warmth thereon to rise ;

This

This past ; the Satyr gives him pottage hot
And scalding, newly taken from the Pot,
Into the which, again the Man doth blow,
Of whom the Satyr asks, why he did so ?
The Man replies to cool them ; canst thou then
(Says the old Satyr) heat and cool agen
All with one breath ? None shall remain with me
Within whose mouth is such variety.

The Morall.

*By Breath is here express a double tongue, (wrong.
That can speak fair, when th' heart intends most
And to thy face though golden words it feigne,
Behind thy back will slander thee again.*

The Satyr (which in times past was held for god of
the groves) taking pitty of a traveller, covered with
snow, and almost dead with cold, brings him into his
Cave, refreshes him with fire ; asked him the reason
why he blowed his hands ? that they may be warm
(quoth he) afterwards when they sate down to meat,
the traveller blows his pancake, being asked why he did
that it might cool (quoth he) forthwith the satyr
turning him out of doors, says, I will not lodge any
man in my cave, that hath such variety in his mouth.

Morall. *Beware thou entertain not a man to live with
one, who hath a double tongue, and who is a Pretence in
his language.*

I

F A B. 110.

Of the Bore and the Countrey-man.



A Clown cuts off an eare of a wild Bore,
 That spoil'd his corn, and bids him come no more;
 The Bore again is taken there, the Man
 Lops off his other eare, but neither can
 That keep the Bore away: who comes again,
 And for his folly, is (the third time) slain :
 Which as a Present to his Land-lord sent,
 Who him, for it, abates a quarters rent.
 The Bore is drest, and to the Lords board brought,
 But when in vain, he for the heart long sought,
 And found it not, he chafes, and chides the Cook,
 Saying that he, base knave, the Bores heart took.
 Sir, under favour, quoth the Clown, the Beast
 Was never sure of heart or brains posselt,
 For had he either had, he had forborn,
 To urge his death, the third time, in my corn.

The Morall.

Some men so live, that scarce can any know,
 Whether they have or hearts or brains or no.

THE bore spoiling the corn, the countrey-man cut off his eare ; taking him the second time, cut off the other : but the bore coming again , he takes him, and carries him into the city, designed him for the dainties of his master : the bore being carved at dinner, there's no heart to be found : the master being angry, required it of the cook, the countrey-man made answer, master, it is no wonder you find no heart, I believe the foolish bore had none : for if he had had an heart, at his penalty, he would not have come again into my corn. This said the countrey-man. But all the guesse laugh-ed themselves almost to death , and cryed out of the countreymans folly.

Morall. The life of many men is so heartlesse, that you may question whether they have an heart or no.

Of the Ox and the Rat.



AN Ox the little Rat had spurn'd,
 For which the angry vermine turn'd ,

And

And by the heel the Ox did bite,
Toward her hole then takes her flight.
The Ox pursues but cannot spie
The vermine, the so close did lie.
Whereat the Rat thus scoffs the great
And burly Beast, my friend retreat,
You vainly stay, I'm here secure,
And can thy hate or threats endure.
Learn therefore hence, let me advise,
No more small creatures to despise;
For now you see a little Rat
Can be reveng'd if kicked at.

The Morall.

*Grow not secure, because you know
Your power stronger then your foe,
For watchfull foes, though weak, may be
Revenged of an Enemy.*

THE rat bit the oxes heel, and ran into his hole; the ox shakes his horns, enquires for his enemy, sees him not: the rat laughs at him: Because thou art strong and huge (quoth the rat) therefore thou wilt not disdain any one: now even the little rat, in spite of thy teeth, hath hurt thee.

Morall. *Its an old saying, Let no man be too heedless of his enemy.*

F A B. 112.

F A B. 112.

Of the Country-man and Hercules.



A Countryman whose cart stuck fast in dirty way,
Lying along, to Hercules did pray
For aid; a voice in thunder straight replies
From Heav'n; thou Lout, thou unform'd lump, arise,
And lay thy helping hand unto some spoke,
So drive thy horse, and then the God invoke,
Who will not fail to help thee in thy need,
When as thy Prayer is second to thy Deed.

The Morall.

*Mens lasie prayers ne're reach so high,
As th' acceptance of the Deitie:
Let thine indeavour with thy vote still cleave
To ask in faith, and thou shalt sure receive.*

THE country-mans waggon sticks in the deep mire; the country-man forthwith carelesse, implores the help of Hercules: a voice thunders from heaven; fool (saith it) whip thy horses, and set to the wheels, and then call upon Hercules; for then invocated he will be present.

1 3

Morall.

Morall. *Lazy wishes come to nothing, which truly God hears not: Help thy self (as they say) and then God will afford thee assistance.*

F A B. 113.
Of the Goose.



O Ne had a Goose, that every day
Egges of the purest gold did lay;
Yet not content with that, her lord
Thought the more profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich, if he
Should rip her, and possessed be
Of all her store, not waiting still
For single Egges, as pleas'd her will
To bring them forth: which he effected;
But nill the treasure he expected.
For the being dead the Egges were gone,
And in her pouch he found not one;
But sighs that he had lost both store,
And hopes of ever having more.

The Morall.

*Would'st thou grow rich, then limit thy desire,
And strive not in one moment to acquire*

The

*The summe of all thy hopes, lest seeking all
Thou all do lose, and into ruine fall.*

There was a goose which layed golden egges, every day one: her master, (that on a sudden he might be rich) kills the goose, hoping to find a treasure within her: but finding the goose empty, the poore man is amazed, and anxiously laments and takes on that he had lost the thing he looked for, and also his hope.

Morall. *Desires are to be moderated: we must take heed that we be not over-hasty and rash; for too much haste is hurtfull, and he that hunts after more then is fitting, sometimes gets nothing.*

F A B. 114.
Of the Ape and her two young ones.



AN Ape produced twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite reject;
Whom as the Hunters one day did pursue,
While with all speed she from their presence flew,
Within her paws her darling close she kept,
The other on her back for safety leapt,

I 4

And

And hung there close, nor hindring her at all,
 When follow'd hard, she let her lov'd one fall;
 (Not daring longer hold it, lest, both they
 And the might so become the Hunters prey)
 And so that which the least affected, bore
 With life away; when Hounds the other tore.

The Morall.

*For the indulgent Parents so
 If they on one too tender grow,
 The less an education takes
 From the hardihood of his youth, and makes
 Him more more subject to mischievous stand,
 Then those they fostered with less coddling hand.*

THE ape (as they say) when she brought forth two young ones, loved the one, and slighted the other: for she brought forth twins; when as she fell into some fright, being about to shun the danger, catches that which she loved in her arms, which (while she flies in all haste) she dashed against a stone and killed: that which was disregarded, cleaved fast to her rough back when her damme fled, and so remained secure.

Morall. It often comes to passe, that the parents, through their too much indulgence, are an occasion of much evil and danger to that child which they affect most dearly: when as he, whom they least love, becomes the most hardy, and brave.

F A B. 115.

F A B. 115.

Of the Ox and the Heifer.



AN idle Calf, whose neck no yoke had worn,
 Did an old Ox, that each day lab'our'd, scorn,
 Boasts his smooth neck, his Pasturage so free,
 Extremely glorying in 's Libertie;
 Then frisking round the field, insults again
 Over the Ox, and twitt's him with his pain,
 And yoke-gald-neck; the patient Ox affords
 The insulting Calf no discontented words.
 Soon after this, the Calf is led away
 For sacrifice, to whom the Ox doth say,
 Such the rewards are of your idle life,
 Those fading Garlands and the Priests keen knife;
 Had you not rather work, and life extend
 Then through dull ease, to make so quick an end?

The Morall.

*Industrious men most often longer live,
 Then who themselves do unto pleasures give.*

THE ox spent with age daily drew the plough: the heifer being idle, skipt about in the neighbour meadows,
 1 5

dows, and at length insults over the condition of the decayed ox. He boasts that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle : but that his (sc. the old ox) neck was worn with work : But lastly, that he was slick and neat ; but that he (sc. the old ox) was rough and dirty. The old ox answers him nothing : shortly after he saw this boaster led to sacrifice, and then after this manner he speaks to him ; To what is your easie life now come ? Your secure idlenesse hath brought you to the slaughter. Now (as I suppose) you would rather advise me to labour , which guards me, then to idlenesse, which hath brought thee to thy death.

Morall. *Work and watchfulness is requisite to the right ordering of our lives. Sluggish and voluptuous ones, shall see an unexpected issue of their affairs.*

F A B. 116.

Of the Dog and the Lion.



A Well-fed Dog did with a Lion meet,
Was lean and wandring, whom he thus did greet,
Why do you alwayes traaverse field and wood,
Half-hunger-sterv'd, to seek a little food ?
Behold, how plump, and slick I am, and yet,
I neither labour for my food, nor sweat ;

But

But live in ease ; Come then near dread a chain,
A clog or whip, like dainty fare to gain.

The *Royall Brute* replies, that he will serve,
Before that he, for bits, and knocks will serve.

The Morall.

*They are not men, but servish Curres that shall
For Belly-chear, their free-born souls inbrall.*

THe dog meets the lion, jeers at him ; Alas poor wretch ! almost famished, why dost thou coast over the woods, and every way ? Look here, I am fat and fair-looking ; and this I get not by toil, but ease. Then the lion : Thou hast indeed thy dainties, but withall thy chains : Be thou a slave, who canst live so ; I am free, neither will I be a slave.

Morall. *The Lion answered handsomely : Liberty is better, then any other things whatsoever.*

F A B. 117.

Of the Fishes.



A River-fish was by the stream convey'd
Into the Sea, where he began t'upbraid

The

The *Sea-fish* as ignoble, and to slight
 Them, as but vile in his more noble sight;
 The *Sea-calf* brooks not this; but doth reply,
 Their worths best triall, is in them that buy:
 Then it appears, when both are took, and brought
 Into the market; from whence we are bought
 By Peers and Gentry; whereas thou poore fish,
 No higher swimmes, then to a mean mans dish.

The Morall.

*Mens praises out of other mouths are known,
 And sound much better, then out of our own.*

THE river-fish is carried by force of the stream into the sea, where boasting of her nobility, scorns all the sea-kind: the sea-calf would not endure this, but said, Then will thy nobility appear, if thou beest taken with the sea-calf and carried to the market: I am bought up of nobles, and thou of the vulgar.

Morall. *Many are so inflamed with appetite to glory, that they set out and boast themselves. The commendation that comes from a mans self is no commendation, but received with laughter from the bearers.*

F A B. 118.

F A B. 118.

Of the Leopard and the Fox.



THE Leopard looking on his spotted skin,
 Swells big with scornfull pride, and doth begin
 All the wild beasts to slight, the *Lions* too
 Deformed in his pufft up fancie shew:
 Whom the *Fox* meeting, counsell's to lay by
 That unbeseeming pride, for outwardly,
 Though fair he seem'd to be, yet he should find
 Others excell in virtues of the mind,
 Which was the noblest treasure, and will raise
 To blisse, when all this earthly pomp decays:

The Morall.

*As th' health of bodie's more prefer'd, then are
 All gifts of Fortune, howsoever fair
 So 'bove both these that health esteem'd should be
 That keeps the mind and understanding free,
 From apprehending fancies proud and vain,
 Or other fond diseases of the brain.*

THE leopard, whose skin is spotted, began to look big, contemning the lion and other beasts; the fox comes to him, adviseth him not to be so proud, telling

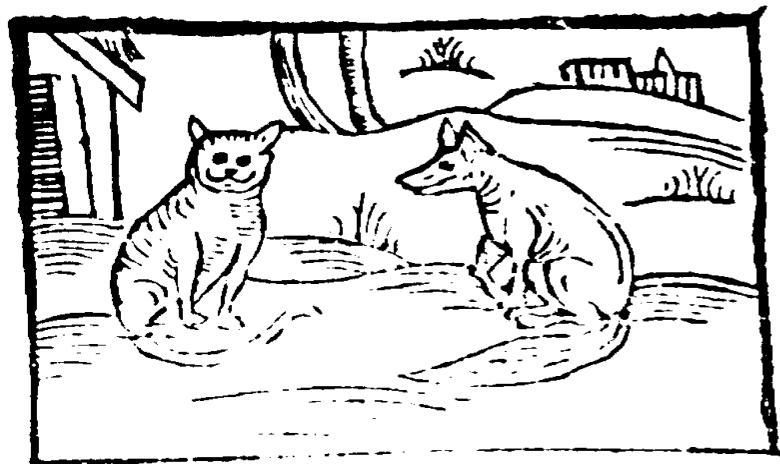
ling him, he had indeed a specious skin, but that himself had a specious mind.

Mor. *There is a difference and order of good things; the goods of the body exceed those of fortune; its fit the good things of the mind should be preferr'd to both.*

The end of the Prose.

F A B. 119.

The Fox and the Cat.



Reinard sits boasting to th' ingenious Cat,
Whath sev'ral shifts he had, first this, then that
When he intends his Hunters to delude:
I must confesse (quoth Pussie) they seem full good,
And safe withall; yet I alas! have none,
Except it be one filly scape alone;
Which failing, I've no more: With that a cry
Of full-mouth'd Hounds approach them suddenly:
Forcing th' affrighted Fox away to flee;
The nimble Cat skips up into a tree,
And sits there safe; while the Dogs by her went
Unseen but follow Reinard by the sent;
Whose hundred shifts avail'd not now at all,
The Hounds pursu'd him to his funerall.

The

The Morall.

*'Tis not a multitude of shallow drifts,
Which shunno eminent danger; for such shifts
Are not half so much prevalent as one
With deep and solid wit consulted on.*

F A B. 120.

The Travellers and the Ass.



Through a Desert as two Travellers passe,
They chance to see a strange and stragling Ass
Without an owner: wherefore they contest
Between themselves who shall possess the Beast;
They'll not be sharers; one of them alone
Vows to be master of it all, or none.
And so to blows they fall. The Ass perceives
The strife; and swiftly from them flying, leaves
The place where they contend: who being gone,
In stead of all; the wranglers purchac'd none.

The Morall.

*The Travellers two wrangling neighbours are,
Who for small trifles frivolously jarre;
With vain dissention and too oft debate,
Enriching some, themselves they ruinate.*

F A B. 121.

Of the Beetle and the Eagle.



A Beetle by the Eagle vilifi'd,
 Would be reveng'd what ever did betide;
 He having learn'd the Eagles nest he flew
 Thither, and all the Eagles egges down threw,
 And brake them all against the ground; and still
 As th' Eagle shifts her nest, he thither will,
 And doth the like. At last the Eagle moves
 Her Patron Jove: Jove her intirely loves,
 And grants his lap to lay her Egges in; there
 Her Egges might be secur'd, if any where.
 But the still-sprightfull Beetle thither flies,
 And undiscern'd in Jove's lapps bottom lies;
 Till seeing the Egger mov'd, he knew not how,
 Jove shook his lap, and all to th' ground did throw.

The Morall.

Trust not in might, to wrong or slight the weak,
 The meanest wretch his might may fully break.

The Fowler, the Hawk and Nightingale.



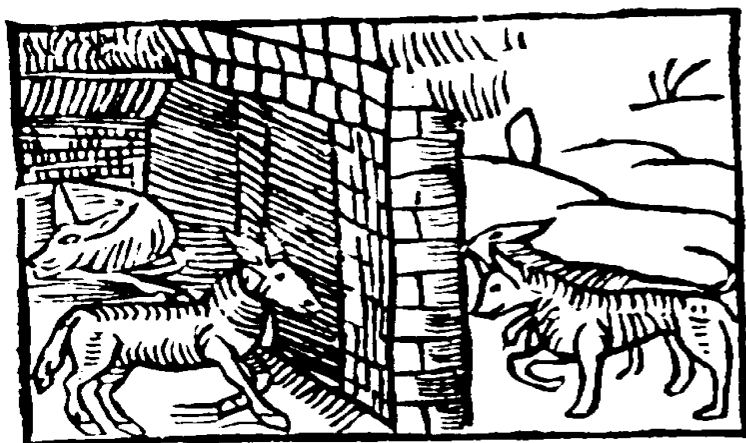
SWiftly a Hawk pursues the small
 And sweetly singing Nightingale:
 But before she her prey had made,
 Is in a Net b' a Fowler staid:
 Whereat amaz'd, the Hawk began,
 Whence springs this malice, envious man?
 I ne're was bent to injure thee;
 Why dost thou then injuriouſlie
 Thus me oppose? My onely flight
 Was to suppress my appetite,
 A custome frequent every day,
 And most in use with Birds of prey;
 If, quoth the Man, your hate be so,
 And 'gainst small Birds so potent grow,
 That they for no offence must die,
 Except to glut your cruelty:
 The harm 'gainst them which you intend,
 It falls upon your selves in th' end.

The Morall.

*All deeds have ill success; and those who strive
By unjust oppression others to deprive
Of life or fortunes; in the end receive
The like reward in the same plots they weave.*

F A B 123.

The Wolf and the Sick Ass.



Sick of a strong disease, th' Ass keeps his bed,
And by his neighb'ring Beasts is visited;
'Mongst whom the Wolf seems chiefly to deplore
The Asses grief, and faintly at the doore
Asks of the young Ass how his Father sped?
'T would joy him to hear that he recovered:
To whom the Ass repli'd, he's better farre
Then towards him your faigned wishes are.

The Morall.

*So many men seem pensive oft, and sad
For others harms, whereof they most are glad.*

F A B. 124.

F A B 125.

The Dog that loves his Masters Sheep.



A Shepherd had a num'rous flock of Sheep,
For whose protection he a Dog did keep;
And fed him highly, that the Curie might be
More carefull, and with safer Custodie
Look to his Charge, yet the insatiate Curie,
Seeking variety, did more preferre
The bloud of tender Lambs, than all the fare
His Master fed him with; and would not spare
The best in all the flock, if the delight
Of fresh warm meat incens'd his appetite;
The which his master finding out, with rage,
For patience could not such a wrong asswage),
Threatens his death. The guilty Dog replies,
Why must I die? farre greater enemies
Daily infest the flock; the Wolves; let those
Begin to death, who are protested toes.

Nay (quoth his Master) rather you must die,
Who under friendship use hostilitie.

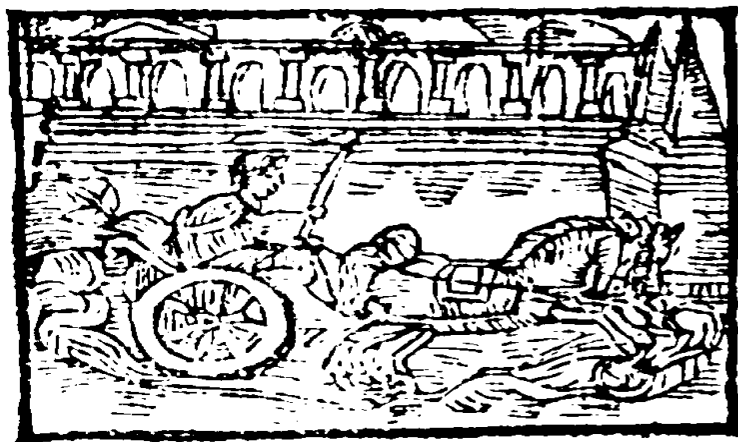
The Morall.

*This Fable shows the danger which attends
A man too confident in homebred friends.*

F A B. 125.

F A B. 15.

The Coachman, and his creaking Wheels.



A Coach-man driving in a full cariere,
Amidst his speed a creaking Wheel did heare
More loud then all the rest; who asking why,
Or where the causes lay? straight this reply
His Chariot made.

The Morall.

*Of crazy folk do so,
And groan when they the pains of sickness show.*

F A B. 126.

F A B. 126.

The Fox and Goat.



The Fox and Goat go to a Well to drink,
Which being so deep, that standing on the brink,
They could not reach the water, they descend
Both in the Bucket, and obtain their end :
So having quench'd their thirst, when they desire
To wind the Bucket upward, and retire,
Their strength and wit both fail'd them, that they stand
Doubtfull what course is best to take in hand :
But crafty Reynard (for the Goat too wise)
For his escape, this project did devise.
Willing the Goat himself upright to raise,
And 'gainst the wall his foremost feet to place,
That so his body to full length extending,
The Fox might, on his shoulders straight ascending,
Get forth and hale out him : they both agree ;
And by this means, the Fox gets libertie :
Which he no sooner had, but he derides
The silly Goat, who still i'th' Well abides,
Railing that Reynard had unjustly done,
To break his word, and leave him there alone.

Yet

Yet all his passion was but spent in vain,
 Onely the Fox retorteth thus again :
 My friend, did you but half that wisdom bear,
 As in your face does gravity appear :
 By your long beard, you first would learn to shun
 A danger ere you headlong on it run.

The Morall.

Consult before you undertake
 A perillous attempt ; or make
 Choice of a Friend ; lest that he
 (Working on thy facilitie,
 To gain his purpose) Fox-like scorn
 And leave thee in distresse forlorn.

F A B. 127.

The Cocks and the Partridge.



ONE having a tame Partridge, let her feed
 Among his Cocks, which such a hate did breed
 That the bold Birds would never let her rest,
 But with their scurres did strike and still infest
 The harmlesse Partridge ; who impatient bears
 Their injuries, and wails them with sad tears,

The

The more, because a stranger : but ere long
 Diverting their fell hate from her, among
 Themselves the Cocks at variance fall, and turn
 To mutuall discord : leaving then to mourn,
 The Partridge cries, if 'twixt themselves they be.
 So crosse, I cannot blame their hate to me.

The Morall.

No wrongs unto a wise Man should appear
 Injurious, or hurtfull, when they are
 Offerd by such whose discords hourly raise
 Mutuall sedition and domestic frays.

F A B. 128.

The Boasting Traveller.



MORE Travellers (I know not by what Fate)
 Their virtues boasting, seek to elevate ;
 What rare exploits they did in Forraigne parts,
 How grac'd in manners, and how skild in Arts,
 When they as empty, and as frothie are,
 As if but lately from their Nurses care ;

Such

Such a New-nothing bragg'd what he had done
 How many famous Praises he had wonne
 By his Activitie abroad; doth tell
 That he all Rhodes at leaping did excell,
 To which those Rhodians which were present there,
 Without Record, still living, witness were.
 With that a nimble youth, of costive faith,
 Set him a leap, and then replying, faith,
 If this be true you say, what need you cite
 The men of Rhodes for witnesses? our fight
 Shall testifie; we'll give you praises due,
 If by your deeds you prove your words are true.
 Here's equall ground to that of Rhodes, lo here,
 I leap, let your activity appear.

The Morall.

If here proofs are wanting, words are vain; nor can
 They credit get; but with a simple man.

F A B. 129.

The triall of the Delphick Oracle.



AN unbelieving crafty knave, would try
 The Oracle of the Delphick Deity;

Whether

Whether, thence truth, or error issued;
 In his right hand, which his cloak covered,
 He held a little Sparrow, with which he,
 Approach'd the Image of the Deitie;
 And thus demands, what in my hand I have,
 Is it alive or dead? the subtil knave,
 Had the God answered, dead, meant to produce
 The Bird alive, Apollo to abuse;
 And if the God, it were alive, had said,
 The knave would quickly her have squeezed dead,
 And shew'd it; but the God espi'd
 The villains craft, to which he thus repli'd;
 Whether thou wilt, it is at thy dispose,
 To kill, or save, the Bird, thy hand doth close.
 The Morall.

Naught can lie hid from Gods all-seeing eye,
 Nor any craft delude the Deitie.

F A B. 130.

The Woman and her Hen.



Widdow-woman, had a Hen did lay,
 (Not intermitting) one egge ev'ry day,

R

But

But yet the greedy *Woman* not content,
To have of her that fair emolument,
Simply conceiteth, that her *Hen* would lay,
If she were better fed, two *egges* a day;
And cramm'd her, till the *Hen* so fat was grown,
In stead of two *egges*, she could lay not one.

The Morall.

*Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits
Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.*

F A B. 131.

A Man bitten by a Dog.



One bitten by a *Curre*, inquires (what cure,
Or what assuage the pain he did endure?)
Of one that came to visit him; who said,
Dip in the bloody wound a piece of bread,
And feed the *Dog* therewith: Not I, quoth he,
For then from wounds I never should be free:
Were such an act once bruited up and down,
I should be bit by every *Dog* in town.

The Morall.

*Some curvish natures benefits requite;
Wish wrongs and slanders, injuries and spite.*

F A B. 132.

The Beaver.



Naturalists say, *Beavers* most frequent
(As *Ossers* do) the liquid element:
His Genitalls a Sov'raigne medicine are,
For which respect, *Hunters* no labour spare
Him to attach; but, by *Natures* foresight,
To save himself, he off his stones doth bite,
In view of his pursuers, wherewith they
(The purchase made) desist: he scapes away.

The Morall.

*Thus wisemen save their lives with their wealths losse,
To keep his Gold, who would not part with drosse.*

K 2

F A B. 133.

The Tunie and the Dolphin.

A Tunie by a Dolphin chas'd too close,
 To make escape, above the waters rose;
 And shot himself upon a hollow clift,
 His Foe avoiding, by a desp'rate shift,
 But not his death; for the clift being high,
 Could not with water her again supplie,
 For want of which, she ready to expire,
 Beholds the Dolphin fetter'd in the mire,
 Through his o're violent pursuit, whereat cries;
 O welcome object to my dying eyes!
 Now death's not grievous; since I him deſcry
 Expiring too, who caused me to die.

The Morall.

*Thus wronged men are something eas'd to see,
 Their persecuters in adversity.*

The Fortune-teller.

A Fortune-teller in the Market ſate,
 Telling the People their enſuing Fate:
 Till one, with haſte, ev'n breathleſſe, ruſheth in,
 And to the Wizzard this ſad news doth bring;
 Your houſe is rob'd, this made the Wizzard ſtart,
 And haſten homeward: But to ſhame his Art,
 One ſcoffing ſays, can he our Fates foretell,
 Who knew not what at his own houſe beſell?

The Morall.

*Here their Unſuiting cark is fitly ſhown,
 Who care for ſtrangers good, neglect their own.*



A Doctour having undertook to heal
 A Patients disease, his pulse doth feel,
 And asks him how he far'd? the Man replies,
 A burning heat ore all his body lies :
 A signe of health the Doctour answers then,
 So parts, and the next day returns agen
 Propounding the same question : the sick Man
 Cries a cold humour through his body ran ;
 The Doctour likes that too : the third time he
 Demands, but then his Patient mournfully
 Answers, extreemly weak; all this still pleas'd
 The Doctour well : But when of the diseas'd
 A friend more sadly question'd, how he sped ?
 The sick Man faintly to him answered,
 He shortly hop'd for health; since death his Cure
 Had finish'd now : nor should he more endure
 The pains already past : which said, he dies,
 And his friends celebrate his exsequies.

The Morall.

Here is express simplicity of those,
 Who skill'd in nothing are, but outward shew
 Of seeming Art; And when they most professe,
 Know least, to help or cure our distresse. F A B.



A Lame Ass thus bespake a Wolf of old,
 The Crows or Vultures prey, or yours, behold
 I die through pain ; this favour onely I
 Request from your renowned clemency,
 Pull out this stump from out my gangren'd foot,
 That I may die lesse pain'd : the Wolf set too't
 His grinders, and extracts both stump and pain:
 But th' Ass to give the Wolf cause to complain
 Of having stumps, forgetfull of his late
 And grievous pain, discharcheth on his pate
 His fro'nailld heels, and having broke his nose
 And teeth withall, braying away he goes.
 The Wolf, as justly serv'd, himself doth blame,
 That of a Butcher he a Leech became.

The Morall.

They that desert their callings thus incur
 Great dangers often, but alwayes some blurre.

The Fowler and the Black Owself.

Placing his Nets, the *Fowler* is espied
 By the black *Owself*; which on every side
 Viewing him round, demandeth of the man,
 What he intended there, or what began?
 The *Fowler* answers, he resolv'd to lay
 Foundation for a City: so away
 Closely departs to hide him from her sight;
 Who being gone the *Owself* takes her flight
 To view the structure; catches at the bait,
 Not mindfull of the *Fowlers* close deceit,
 And with it is intrapt; whereat the man
 To seize on the insnared *Owself* ran;
 Which thus cries out; Friend, if you often build
 Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The Morall.

*This Fable shews, that greatest ruines rise
 In common-wealths, when private Enemies
 With their familiar flatteries delude,
 And seek to insnare the casie Multitude.*

The lying Traveller.

ONe going a long journey made a vow
 His foundells half to *Jupiter* to allow
 For sacrifice; now having gone some ground,
 A bagge of dates and almonds full he found,
 And ate them all; but left the stones and peels,
 And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels,
 And thus he speaks, Behold great *Jove* I bring
 My foundells half, a vowed offering.

The Morall.

*Thus covetise doth oft tempt men so ly,
 Not to men onely, but the Deitie.*

F A B. 139.

The Thief and his Mother.

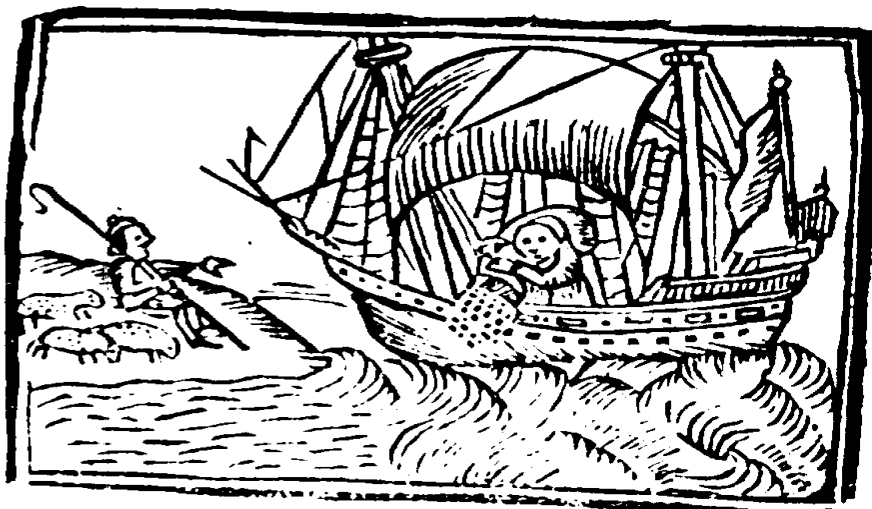
A Knaveish boy, at schoole had stole a book,
 Brings it to his Mother; who with smiling look
 Seems more the Boy to cherish, then chastise,
 Or check him for his childish knaveries.
 Whereat the Boy grew expert in his trade,
 And theft of something, his day labour made;
 She still the same upholding; till grown man,
 Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
 To catch at greater baits; for which at last,
 Being attach'd, he is arraign'd, and cast
 At Sessions for his death; (the *Thief's* reward,)
 Then drawn to execution. She that shar'd
 Both in his birth and fall, with grief and shame,
 Walks weeping by him; till in sight he came
 Of the sad fatall Gallows, where with tears
 He begs one whisper in his Mothers ears.
 'Tis granted, and his Mother lends her head
 To hear his last request; but he in stead
 Of whispering to her, fastneth in her eare
 His teeth, and doth the flesh with anger tear:

For which unnat'rall act reprov'd, by some,
 That to his execution did come,
 He cries, Oh friends, had the chastiz'd at first,
 And not my childish theft so fondly nurs'd,
 As if the well allow'd it, I had bin
 Free from this shamefull end, and horrid sin.

The Morall.

Too many Children so, are bound to curse
 Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurse,
 That lulls them in their mischief, till they run
 Headlong upon their own confusion;
 Not able to retire; but being brought up
 In pleasure, poste to taste of sorrows Cup.

F A B. 140.

The Shipwreck'd Shepherd.

A Wanton Swain kept sheep hard by the shore;
 And never heard the then calme Sea to roar.
 Seeing the surface smooth; with itch posses'd,
 To turn Advent'rer, he could take no rest,

Till he had sold his sheep, and with the price,
 Ladeth a ship with dates for Merchandise :
 The fool aboards not many leagues had saild
 Into the Main, but that the skie was vaild
 In dismall black ; a tempest rose so great,
 And on his ship of dates so fiercely beat ;
 That lest it sink, he empties out of hand,
 His dates, and hardly so escapes to land :
 Who still, as oft, as the sea calme he spies ;
 Ne're flatter, I have no more dates he cries.

The Morall.

*Dangers and losses make men wise; 'tis thought
 That wit is never good, till it be bought.*

F A B. 141.

The Youth and the Painted Lion.



A Doting Knight had fanci'd in a dream,
 His Sonne, (a Gallant, given to th' extream
 Of Hunting) was by a Lion slain : he
 Immures his Sonne within a gallerie,

Let

(Lest chance should act his vision) where he sets
 Of the Youths sports, the painted Counterfeits,
 His passion to divert : Among the rest,
 A Lion was, to which the Youth address'd,
 (His Guardian gone) must I be in a cage,
 To shun the formlesse fancy of thy rage ?
 Herewith essayes to scratch the Lions eyes ;
 But meets a rustie nail there, scarifies
 His hand (though slightly) it so festereth ;
 This brought a Feaver, and that Feaver death.

The Morall.

*Thus while men think themselves to save,
 From death, they fall into the grave.*

F A B. 142.

The Fox and the Eagle.



THe Eagle and the Fox (no longer foes)
 Kindly each other greet, till friendship grows
 So strong 'twixt them, that they will neighbours be ;
 And better to confirm their amitie,

One

One Tree must harbour both. The *Eagle* makes
 Her Nest aloft: the *Fox* her dwelling takes
 At the same root, and each bring forth their young;
 But this true love continued not long:
 For once it chanc'd the *Fox* forsook her hole,
 To fetch in food, who gone, the *Eagle* stole
 Into the *Foxes* Den, and to her Nest
 Bore the young *Foxes*, with their flesh to feast
 Her little *Eaglets*; so by this agen
 The *Fox* returns, who entering her Den,
 Finds all her young ones gone, their losse laments
 And 'gainst the *Eagle* fearfull curplings vents,
 And direfull imprecations; praying *Jove*
 To send revenge for such infringed love.
 And so it hapned, after some few dayes
 The Priest a Goat upon the Altar layes
 For sacrifice; which when the *Eagle* knew,
 With winged speed she nimbly thither flew,
 Part of the victime snatching, with it bore
 A fiery brand, so to her nest doth soar:
 Where the wind rising so incens'd the flame,
 It fired all the Nest; but when the same
 Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to thun the heat,
 With all their speed out of the nest they get,
 Attempting flight, but wanting feathers fall
 Straight to the earth, and on their Mother call
 For help; when she too weak t' assist them, they
 Poore Birds become the injur'd *Foxes* prey.

The Morall.

So those who's friendship break,
 (Though to many a Parties seem a while too weak
 To right themselves from Heav'n receive their due,
 Yet doth just Gods with vengeance still pursue.

F A B. 143.

F A B. 143.

The Hawk and Nightingale.



Sweet *Phylomel*, to whom no bird comes nigh
 For various Notes, and pleasing Harmonie,
 On a tall Oak warbles her charming Strains;
 Till the *Hawk* scis'd her to repleat his veins:
 The trembling prey implores for her reprieve;
 Imperting, that her carcase could relieve
 No such vast appetite, and she would pray,
 He might be fitted with a better prey.
 The *Hawk* replies; I have more wit then so;
 To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
 Never tell me you are but little; nuth;
 One bird in hand's better then two i'th bush.

The Morall.

This Fable shews it is not good to part
 With that thou hast obtain'd with pains and art;
 And though but small, be sure thou do it keep;
 Lest when 'tis gone, thy folly cause thee weep.
 F A B. 144.

F A B. 144.
The taylelesse Fox

A Fox intrapt, gets out, by much ado,
With his tayles losse ; and glad he scap't so too :
But, when he mist his Train, his Joy did melt
To tears of grief ; so great a shame he felt.
He thinks life dearly purchas'd with disgrace,
And by invention would that stain deface.
Which thus was acted : Heintreats a Court
Of Foxes, still pretending to report,
Somewhat concer'nd the Publick, which being met,
Bob thus began to play the counterfeit.
Sirs, I have found our tayles superfluous fraight
Hinders our flight, o'recharged with the weight,
And by the long extent, doth oft expose
Us, to more easie pursuite of our foes.
Which to avoyd ; let my example move ;
Cut off your tayles, if you your safety love.
Brother, sayes one, your plot to shame us sayles,
Cause you have none, should none of us have tayles?

The Morall.

'Tis good to sift all counsell ; most mens tend
Unto their own, when they your good pretend.

F A B. 145

F A B. 145.
The Fox and Bush.

Pursu'd with danger upon every side,
The Fox flies to a Bush himself to bide,
Which entred, by ill chance a thorn did stick
Upright, and the poor Foxes tramlers prick,
Who sorely pain'd, laments, O envious Tree,
That while I seek for refuge unto thee,
Torments me thus ; the Bush replies, My friend,
Y're much deceiv'd, for know you did intend
Me to intrap, as oft you others do,
For which deceit I have rewarded you.

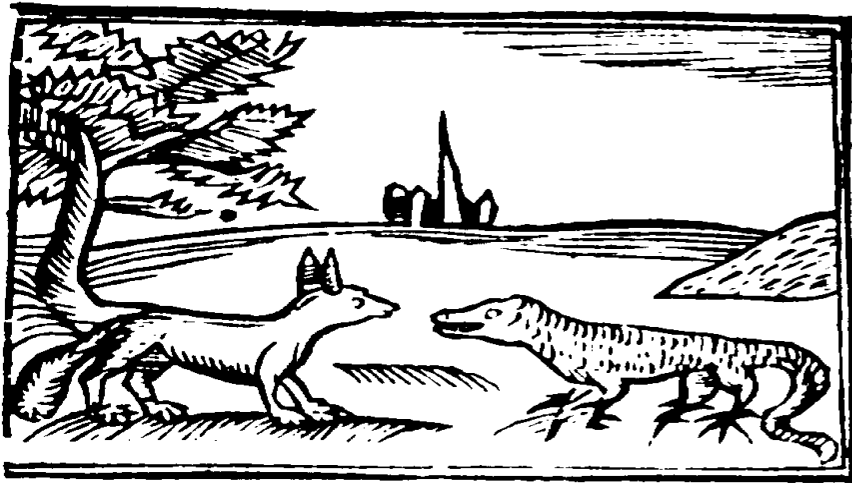
The Morall.

If help of any man thou wouldst implore,
First be advis'd, and know him well before
You trust too farre ; for many are so prone
To mischief, that they can do good to none.

F A B. 146.

FAB. 146.

The Fox and Crocodile-



THe Fox and Crocodile discours'd a vye,
 Anent their noblenesse; and when the slye
 Crocodile boasts the splendour of her kinne,
 Naming how many ages they had been
 In good esteem; and many things brought forth
 To plead her Kinne's antiquity and worth;
 Reynard then fleeing, now no more affords
 A patient ear, but, thus, retorts his words;
 Concerning your antiquity, my friend,
 I strive not; but, what ever you pretend,
 For your illustrious splendour, 'tis well seen,
 That's lost of old, by that your dusky skinne.

The Morall.

Some never blush such flat untruths to tell,
 That ev'n their very telling doth resell.

FAB. 147

FAB. 147.

The Fox and Hunters.



Reinard pursu'd leaves all the Dogs behind,
 And takes the wood for safety, yet could find
 Small shelter there, untill at length he spies,
 A Wood-man cleaving logs, to whom he cries,
 My friend, if thou a secret place canst show,
 Where closely layd I may escape my foe,
 I much shall stand engag'd to thee; the man
 Tells him, and in poor Reinard swiftly ran.
 The Hunters so approach, but lost the sent;
 Who ask the man, if the Fox that way went,
 While he there wrought, the Woodman answers no,
 Yet points to th' place wherein the Fox did go,
 To hide himself; the unbelieving men
 Call off their Dogs, and so return agen;
 Who being gone, the Fox in secret peeps
 Out of his hole, seeing all quiet, creeps
 And steals away; to whom the Woodman cries,
 Friend, you may thank me for my courtesies,
 I sav'd your life; 'Tis true, quoth Reinard, then,
 Your hands quiet as your tongue had been,

Full

Full many thanks you had deserv'd as due,
And I as many would have rendred you.

The Morall.

*This Fable here displaies the falacie
Of those, whose words and actions disagree,
But fairly seem to promise unto all,
Yet fail when any to performance call.*

F A B. 148.

The Man and his wooden Image.



AN Image carv'd in wood (such men of old
Esteem'd as gods) and inly lin'd with gold,
One too prophawely often had ador'd,
As often too its vainer help implor'd,
When need compell'd; yet could it yield him none
Untill the Man with begging weary growne,
Changes his strong devotion into rage,
Which his fine god could not withstand, or swage,
And 'gainst the ground the carved Image throwes,
From whose interiour parts abundance flowes
Of purest gold: whereat the joyfull Man,
Breaking to open passion, thus began;

Vain

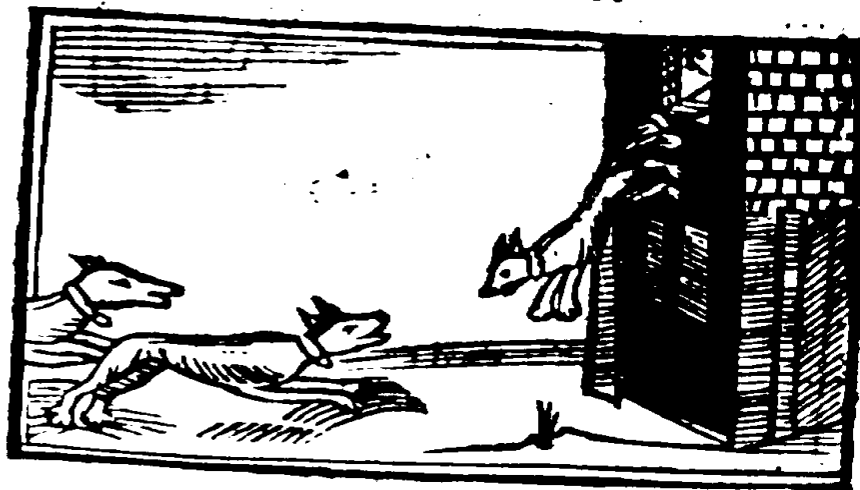
Vain thing, how long hast thou deluded me?
That while with worship I did reverence thee,
Thou could'st no help afford? yet for one blow
In my just anger, dost this wealth bestow?

The Morall.

*Most men are so inclin'd to private gains,
That till the power of Justice them constrains,
They'l rather uselesse board, then part with, what
May beneficiall prove to th publike state.*

F A B. 149.

The Dog invited to Supper.



A Dog, whose owner had invited home
A Friend to sup, invites his Dog to come
And sup there too, now when this new-come guest
Saw such good cheer provided for the Feast,
Full glad at heart, he so resolves to eat
His fill, that he next day, shall need no meat;
So said, he frisks his tayle, but when the Cook
Saw him so busy, by the tayle he took
My fawning Dog, then whirles him round about,
And lastly, through the window throwes him out.

The

The neighbour-Curres seeing him run and cry,
 (Well-neer amaz'd) ask of him merrily,
 How well he sped? quoth he, full sad, so well,
 That which way I came out I cannot tell.

The Morall.

*Presume not of the future: and beware,
 That your lusts draw you not into a snare.*

F A B. 150.

The Man and the Eagle.



AN Eagle caught, was rifled of some pens,
 The rest clapt close, and turnd among the hens
 To feed i'th yard; at last she's by one bought,
 Who arms her pinnions with new wings; thus fraught
 She flies abroad, and lighting on a Hare,
 She brings it to her owner, for his care
 And love to her. But Reinard, that did fear
 The Eagle might some of his young Cubs tear,
 He swades the Man, the Eagle would not spare
 To tear his Children, as she did the Hare,

If

If she enjoy those wings: for fear of this,
 The Eagle of her Wings denuded is.

The Morall.

*Requitall to good turns is due, but see
 You be not over-reach'd with flatterie.*

F A B. 151.

The Husbandman, and his Three Sons.



A Husband-man, whose life was full of care,
 To gather wealth, and against want prepare,
 Grown rich, and having spent his best of dayes,
 Feeling his body subject to decayes
 Of humane frailty; when his death drew nie,
 Among his Sonnes divideth equally
 His wealth: and told them, in his Vine-yard they
 Should find in what estate their portions lay;
 So he departs; his Sonnes dig up the ground,
 And carefully survey the Vine-yard round,
 Expecting hidden treasure; but find none,
 Till to maturity the Vines were grown;
 Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more,
 And larger Grapes, then many years before,

The

The Morall.

*By industrie true labour wealth shall find,
When Sloth lies in her hungry wishes pin'd.*

F A B. 152.

The Fisher and the dancing Fishes.



A N artlesse Fisher with his bag-pipe goes
To catch the sportive Fishes; in he throwes
His Net; and on his Pipe begins to play;
But that strange noise drives all the Fish away;
That when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught,
And drew the same, just nothing was his draught.
Whereat abash'd, he laid his Bag-pipe by,
Going again to work more silently;
And with short expectation meets his wish,
And draws the laden Net with well-grown Fish;
Which feeling the dry earth, and wanting now
What water should for sustenance allow,
As it were striving with a strong desire;
To their proper element to retire,
They leap and dance upon the grassie shore;
Which sight unusuall to the Man before,

He

He thus exclaims; Dull fools, that sport and play,
And dance, I having laid my pipe away,
Yet when I plaid unto you, would not shew
Least signe of mirth, but from my musick flew.

The Morall.

*Things seasonably done, move our respects,
But else produce ridiculous effects.*

F A B. 153.

The Fisherman.



SOME Fishers long had fish'd, and nothing caught,
And therefore sad, and hunger-bit, they thought
It best to make home, when behold a Fish
Of goodly size, fit for a Princes dish,
Pursued by a greater, to eschew
His Foe, himself into their Fishboat threw.
Which they took, brought to town, & sold full dear,
And with his price, made merry with good chear.

The Morall.

*Never despair; rely on God; and he
Will send thee help, though it seem chance to thee.*

L

F A B. 154.



A Sick man vows (a stranger unto wealth)
 An Hundred bieves, to offer for his health ,
 If some God would restore it : Jove, to try
 His thankfulnessse and vows sincerity,
 Recovers him : the poore man, well, (behind-
 Hand was, so could not pay his vow in kind)
 Resolves an heap of Bief-bones should suffice,
 And offers them to Jove for sacrifice.
 Jove thus deluded, doth a dream convey
 To shew the false vow-breaker, that there lay
 An hundred pound in gold, in such a place,
 At the Sea side : but as he hies apace
 To seek his gold, by Joves Decree, thieves do
 Surprize him ; he, so they will let him go,
 An hundred pound doth promise ; they relie
 Upon his word ; he freed is by his ly.

The Morall.

They never scruple unto men to ly,
 Who have broke promise with the Deity.

F A B. 1



Some Fishermen were glad, because the Net
 They drew was sad, hoping therein to get
 Good store of Fish ; but finding a great stone
 Within the Net, and Fishes few or none,
 Then they let go their Net, and much bemoan
 As heavinessse, which caused theirs : but one
 Of grave content among them, cheers the rest ;
 Let not this unexpected draught molest
 Our minds due temper ; for my mates, ye ought
 To have foreseen this chance, and to have thought
 It possible, that such a chance might come,
 So had it been nor sad nor burdensome.

The Morall.

He that would not be broken with the weight
 Of adverse bapps, must ease them with foresight.

L 2

F A B. 156

F A B. 156.

The old Man and Death.

AN old old *Man*, whose aged shoulders bore
Of Wood a burden homewards, wear'd sore
 Threw down his *burden*, and began to grieve
 That he in such eternall pains did live.
 Then doth he wish and call for *Death*: and lo
Death comes, and asks my grandfire, what to do?
 Then *he*, his call recalling, and now more
 Weary of 's wish, then of his pain before,
 Said, he call'd *Death* to heave his wood again
 Upon his back, not ease him of his pain.

The Morall.

*Though prest with thousand torments, life doth please
 Still more then Death, though Death all torments ease.*

F A B.

F A B. 157.

The purblind Woman.

A Woman tronbled with sore eyes, did call
 For an *Hedge Doctors* help, whose worship shall
 Have, if he cure her, a round summe, but gain,
 If he do fail, *his labour for his pain*.
 Agreed; the cure is tedious, and the wretch
 When ere he comes to dresse her, still doth fetch
 And carry somewhat of her goods away,
 Till her whole householdstuffe was gone astray.
 Her eyes are cur'd at last, but when she spies
 That all her goods were gone, she then denies
 The *Leech* his money; he for's debt doth sue
 His patient, she at *Barre*, sayes 'tis not due;
 The cure is not effected, for, when sore,
 He was but pur-, now she's pure-blind; before
 She saw her house well furnish'd, now, when *He*
 Sayes she is cur'd, she there no goods can see.

The Morall.

*Covetous men, for gain, full oft belie,
 And contradict themselves most shamefully.*

L 3

F A B. 158.



TWO deadly Foes, who mortall hatred bare
 To other each, together shipped are
 And sail together in one ship, but see,
 As erst by land, by sea they disagree :
 The Master of the ship, lest they might wreak
 Their selves *aboard*, doth lodge one in the beak,
 The other in the poop : anon behold
 A tempest risen frighteth the most bold
 and weather-beaten sailers, every wave
 Threatneth the gasping *Vessel* with a grave.
 Then *he*, that in the ships fore-castle sate,
 With the *Ship-master* doth expostulate,
 Whether the *poop* or *beak* would sooner be
 Sunk, if the waves prevaild ? the *poop*, quoth *he*;
 Then quoth the *sightfull man*, I shall not grieve
 To die, since that my *Foe* I shall out-live.

The Morall.

*Thus desp'rate castaways spare not to spill
 Their souls, through hate and lust, their foes to kill*
 F A B. 159

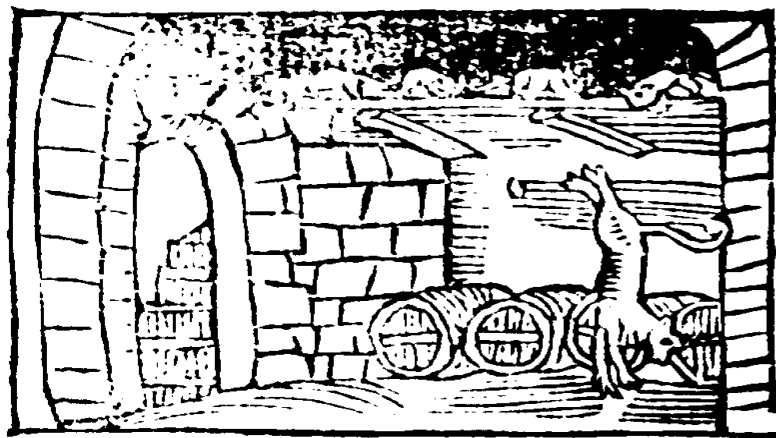


ONce on a time, a certain *Boy* did sleep
 At a pits brink with water very deep,
 Whom *Fortune* wakes, good *Boy*, quoth she, arise
 And get thee hence, for if by precipice
 Thou shouldst miscarry, no man for the same,
 Thy want of heed, but all will *Fortune* blame.

The Morall.

*Men still cry out on Fortune, though they fall,
 Through their own faults, into their dangers all.*

F A B. 160.

The Cat and the Mice.

A Cat too pow'rful for the little *Mice*,
 Assaults them single, and by that device
 Devours a multitude; till at the last,
 (When the *Mice* saw their number daily waste)
 They call a gen'rall councill, and decree
 That thenceforth none should so advent'rous be
 To straggle down, but closely to remain
 Above, and in those bounds themselves contain,
 Whither the *Cat* by no means could ascend:
 To this command all glad attention lend,
 And not a *Mouse* preps forth. The *Cat* at length
 Suspects the plot; and thinks new wit, not strength,
 Must work her ends; who feigning her self dead,
 Upon a pale her hind-legs fastened,
 And downward hangs, by that means to deceive
 The *Mice*; yet they her falshood not believe,
 But feeling ere, this is too weak a bait
 T' intrap us now; Go practise thy deceit
 With those who never thy delusions knew;
 Perchance such easie fools may credit you.

The

The Morall.

*Burnt Children dread the fire: ev'n so by one
 Mischance instructed, Wise men future shun.*

F A B. 161.

The Ape and the Fox.

Among the Beasts a gen'rall Councell held;
 The *Ape* fantastick (with Ambition swell'd)
 Requesteth that she should by consent of them
 Be King and wear the regall Diadem:
 Which the *Fox* envying, when he had found
 A secret Trap plac'd underneath the ground,
 And baited with raw flesh, by sly deceit,
 He draws the *Ape* along, shews her the bait,
 And tells her there some hidden treasure lay,
 Which but the hand of Kings might bear away.
 So wills the *Ape* to enter and receive
 Her right; the *Ape* did easily believe
 The crafty *Fox*, and ventures on the trap,
 Which she no sooner touch'd, but the poor *Ape*
 Was fast inclos'd; where having staid a while,
 She railleth at the *Fox*, who with a smile

L. 5

This :

This answer gives; fond *Ape*, why dost complain
In that strong Kingdome thou maist solely raigne.

The Morall.

Who rashly so to place of rule aspire,
And crown themselves in their own fond desire,
Ere they have reach'd their wish, fall in some snare,
And by the common people scoffed are.

F A B. 162.
Jupiter and the Crow.



Great *Jove*, designing to the Fowles of th' *Aire*
The fairest for a King, bids them repair,
At a set day, to Him: th' aspiring *Crow*,
Which did his own deformity well know,
With others plumes adorns it self most gay:
But now when *Jove* at the appointed day
Would have design'd him King for *Beauties* sake:
The rest of *Birds* that in great dudgeon take,
And pluck their plumes from the aspiring *Crow*,
Crossing all hopes of his advancement so.

The

The Morall.

Such Issues commonly their suits attend,
Whose Hopes on others not themselves depend.

F A B. 163.
The Smith and his Dog.



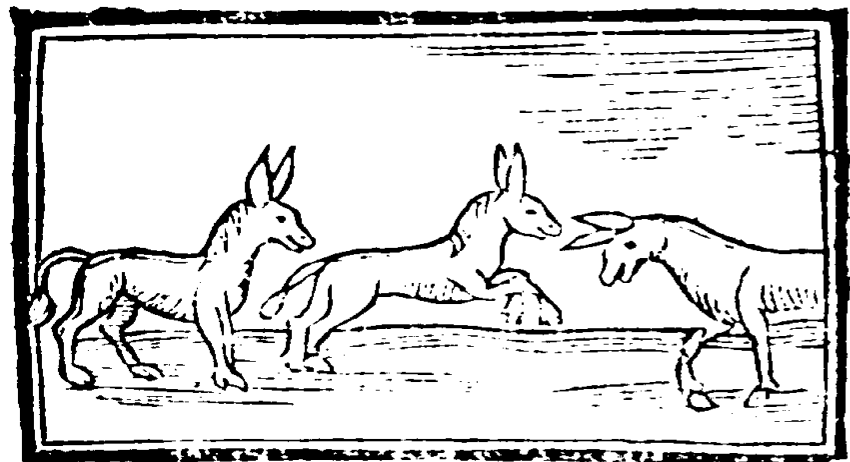
A *Curre* of old, that by a *Smith* was kept,
While that the *Smith* sweat at his forge, still slept;
But whensoever the *Smith* sat at meat,
The *Curre* would forthwith rise, and fall to eat
The *Bones* and scraps, which fell the board besides.
But when the *Smith* observ'd his tricks, he chides,
Rates and doth bang his *Dog*, b'ing very wroth
For his ill-tim'd attendance, and worse sloth:
Hah lazy *Curre*, quoth he, what torments square
With thy deserts, which so ill-shapen are?
Thou still dost wake, fawn, wait, to fill thy gorge,
But sleepest still, while I toil at my forge.

The Morall.

Those lazy knaves a sharp reproof deserve,
Who live on that, for which they do not serve.

F A B. 164.

The pampered Mule.



A Pamper'd Mule, through fat and ease grew proud
 And wanton, boasting to her self aloud,
 How like the gallant piced, her fire, she was
 In worth and fleetness: but, it came to passe,
 Soon after this the Mule was forc'd to runne!
 A tedious way: now when her course was done,
 Well tir'd and out of breath, ah wretch! quoth she,
 I thought my fire a horse, but now I see,
 Some full Age me began upon a mare,
 My feet and breath, to flow, so shortned are.

The Morall.

Fools, in prosperity, take care not to know
 Themselves, but see their errours once brought low.

The Physician and Dead man.



A Leech, of whom, and pain, his patient di'd,
 Thus, to the bearers of the corps, repli'd:
 'This man had liv'd yet, had he glister us'd,
 And mine restrain'd; both which since he refus'd,
 He now is dead: one of the standers-by
 Thus twitted the Physician wittily;
 'This counsell had been fit for you to give,
 When your unhappy Patient yet did live:
 For your advice and Recipe's are vain
 Now he is dead; nay worse, they bring no gain.

The Morall.

If he lets occasion slip, and then pretends,
 To love, by a secret-Counsells, mocks his friends.

FAB. 166.

The Wolf and the Dog.

Sleeping without a doore a Dog did ly,
 On whom the *Wolf* did scife unwarily,
 And would have slayn him, till with speeches fair
 The *Dog* intreats him yet his life to spare,
 Till he could fatter grow, as yet he saw
 His skin stuck to his ribs, his flesh but raw,
 And little worth but if he pleas'd to stay
 A while for him; his Master the next day
 His Nuptialls kept, providing sumptuous feasts
 For entertainment of invited Gaeſts,
 And there should he have happy time to feed,
 And gather flesh; then if the *Wolf* had need,
 His life he would into his hands commit,
 And he at pleasure should dispose of it.
 Whereat the *Wolf* diſmiſt him; Homeward ſtals
 The *Dog*; the *Wolf* into the Forreſt walks.
 But ere long time was ſpent the *Wolf* retires,
 And full performance of the *Dog* requires
 Of his laſt promiſ; but the *Dog* within,
 Then ſleeping ſafe enough, repli d agin;

Yea,

Yea, *Wolf*, when next I nod without the door,
 Take me, and truſt to Nuptialls no more.

The Morall.

'Tis wiſdome, when you once a danger ſhun,
 Never again in the like hazard run.

FAB. 167.

The Lyon and Bull.

A *Lyon*, loth to enter a pitch field,
 To take a mighty *Bull*, about him wheel'd
 Some while at diſtance; then approaching neer
 Invites the *Bull* to Supper, for whoſe cheer
 He ſaid, he kill'd a *Sheep*: the *Bull* agrees,
 Attends him to his Denne, but when he ſees
 There many *Spits* and many *Caldrons* deep
 And *Pots* good ſtore, yet can deſcry no *Sheep*,
 He ruſheth out in haſte, and gets away:
 And when his Hoſte ask'd why he would not ſtay?
 Becauſe, quoth he, your tools more ſit do ſeem
 To dreſſe a *Bull* then *Sheep* in my eſteem.

The Morall.

Pretences are tranſparent to the wiſe,
 Who kenn the drift of gilded ſubtilties.

FAB. 168.

F A B. 168.

The Lyon in Love.

A *Lyon*, once, a *Country-Lasse* did love,
 When to obtain, he did resolve to move
 The *Clown* her Father, that he would give way
 Unto their Marriage: the *Clown* sayes nay,
Jugg shall not wed a *Beast*, thee from; but when
 He saw, how sterne the *Lyon* look't him, then
 Having bethought him better, hee's content,
 But that his Daughter's fearfull to be rent
 In pieces by his clawes & teeth; if he
 Will quit himself of those, his daughter's free,
 And wed her when he please; the *Lover* then
 Sticks not to quit his clawes and teeth; but when
 Unarm'd his Sweet-heart he demands, the *Clown*
 Pursues him with a *Club* to knock him down.

The Morall.

*I*ove fols his captives: they with ease are ta'n,
 Who in their foe confide, and brought to vanc.

F A B. 169.

F A B. 169.

The Lyonesse and the Fox.

A *Lyonesse* and *Reynard* strove a vye
 Which of them twayne, were by their progeny
 Ennobled most? the *Fox* her self doth pride
 I th number of her *Cubs*, and doth deride
 The *Lyonesse*, 'cause she but one brought forth,
 The *Lyonesse* replies — her off-spring's worth
 Accrewes not from their number, their renown
 Springs from their noblenesse; whereto the *Crown*
 And Empire of the other *Beutes* was due;
 That the produc'd but one at once, 'twas true,
 But he a *Lyon* is, and shall command
 And rule o're all the *Reynards* in the Land.

The Morall

The worth of things, not in their numerous list
 But, in their nobler *Vertues* doth consist.

F A B. 170.

The Wolf and the Lamb.



A Wolf surpris'd a stragling Lamb, and yet
 Would not use open force; but sought to get
 Occasion 'gainst the Lamb, that it might die
 Not as by wrong, but as deservedly.
 Then doth he charge the Lamb, that she had long
 Heaped upon him Injuries and wrong,
 Devour'd his pasture, drank his waters dry.
 The Harm-lesse trembling Lamb doth then reply:
 Shee but new-yeaned was, so could not eat
 His grasse, nor drink his waters; all her meat
 And drink was her Damme's milk; the Wolf at this:
 In rage replies: Sweet Lamb, although I misse
 To solve your Sophismes, I'll not fail to feed
 On you; and so he ate the Lamb with speed.

The Morall.

Thus Innocence is still oppress'd by force,
 Mens cruell minds b'ing deaf to all remorse.

F A B. 171.

The fighting Cocks.



Two Cocks long fought; at length who had the worst,
 For shame, into a bovill runnes, nor durst
 Come forth again to fight: the Victor proud
 Flyes to the houses top, and crows aloud
 In token of his Victory, mean while
 A rav'ning Eagle doth his crowing spoil,
 Who stooping the triumphant Victor teares,
 And to her nest, him to her Eaglets bears.
 Which when the Craven spies, he marcheth out,
 And Lords it o're the Hens as Victor stout.

The Morall.

They oft are crest, and fall, to quell their pride,
 Who in prosperity too much confide.

F A B. 172.

The Deer and the Fawne.



A Deer, more swift of foot, and large of size,
 And better arm'd with horns against surprize
 Then were the Dogs, was ask'd a reason why,
 By a Young Fawne, he did so dread the cry
 of Hounds? the Deer replies, the reason's all
 That cause my fear, I must confesse, are small,
 Yet though I be so qualify'd as now
 You have declar'd, my heart, I knew not how,
 Is on a sudden so possesst with fear,
 I cannot choose but run, when I them hear.

The Morall.

*Naturall cowards by no Rhetorick can
 Be heightened to the Valour of a man.*

F A B. 173.

Jupiter and the Bee.



Once on a time, a Bee to Jove did bring
 A dole of Honey for an offering :
 Wherefore the pleas'd god bids her demand
 Her litt. and she should have it out of hand.
 Quoth she then, to thy hand-maid grant, great King
 And god of gods, that whosoer'e I sting,
 For rising of my Hive, may forthwith die :
 Jove troubled at her strange request, is thye
 And loth to grant it; then replies, Oh Bee
 Let it suffice, that I do grant to thee,
 That if thou sting such rishers, and there leave
 Thy sting, that sting shall thee of life bereave.

The Morall.

*Gods just decree doth oft heap on us those
 Ills, which we pray, may fall upon our foes.*

F A B. 174.

F A B. 174.

The unfortunate Flie.

A Pot of flesh being seething on the fire,
 A Flie by chance into the same did fall ;
 The heat and steam whereof made her expire ;
 At which the Flie, seeing no help at all
 For her escape, thus speaks, Why should I grieve
 At such a noble death ? for if I die,
 I do not starv'd and pin'd my fate receive,
 Wanting relieve my need to satisfy.

The Morall.

*Death unresisted Wise men never fear,
 But wish an equall mind all sufferings bear.*

F A B. 175.

F A B. 175.

The young Man and the Swallow.

A Youthfull Spendthrift that had wasted all
 His Fathers Legacy, which was not small,
 (His cloathes alone excepted) chanc'd to set
 Eyes on a Swallow flying, (when as yet,
 Mid-winter scarce was past ;) whence he doth think
 Summer at hand, and pawns his cloaths for drink.
 Soon after this, half starv'd with cold, he sees
 That very Swallow, ready for to freeze
 To death, to whom, Unlucky Bird quoth he,
 Thou hast, alike, undone thy self and me.

The Morall.

*Unseasonable acts not long endure ;
 And wanton lavishnesse brings want, be sure.*

F A B. 176.

F A B. 176.

Mercury and the Carpenter



CLOSE by a River side a Coppice stood,
 In which a Carpenter was hewing wood
 To erect a Temple; but in labour cross'd,
 His Ax flew from his hand, and quite was lost
 And buried in the flood, the Man sits down,
 Calls on the Gods, and sadly making moan
 For his mischance, at length kind Mercury
 Hears his request; presenting to his eye
 A golden Ax, demanding if the same
 Belong'd to him? but he doth it disclaim:
 The God the next a silver one did shew;
 But the poor honest man denies that too:
 The third time Mercury produc'd his own,
 At sight whereof the poor Man joyfull grown;
 He gladly takes; which justice when the God
 In him beheld, he not alone bestow'd
 What was his own, but gave him both the other.
 The Man, who such good fortune could not smother,
 Relates all to his fellows: 'mongst which one,
 Hoping the like, with all his speed did run,

And being arrived at that happy place,
 Throws in his Ax, and mourning his sad case,
 He calls on Mercury, who hears his prayer,
 And straight-way comes, presenting to him there
 A golden Ax, demanding if the same
 Were his, the Man falsely to it lays claim,
 And answers yea; whose false delusion when
 The God perceives, he flies from him agen,
 And leaves the silly Cousner all alone,
 Without restoring so much as his own.
 The Morall.
 Gods Justice here is shown, who as he affects
 The Righteous, so the wicked he rejects.

F A B. 177.
 The Man and the Serpent.



Serpent that did near a house reside,
 So bit a Child that struck her, that he di'd;
 With him dies his parents hopes and joy;
 In the sad Father, to revenge his Boy,
 Was the Serpent, with a forest-Bill;
 And wielding it with full intent to kill,

M

Lope

Lops off her tail a piece : this done, he meant
To make peace with the *Serpent*, and so went,
With water, honey, salt, and meal, to see,
If the *Snake* will embrace his amitie.
But the *Snake*, lurking in her hole, hiss'd thus:
In vain you labour for a league 'twixt us :
For while you misse your child and I my tail,
To keep us quiet friends, no leagues avail.

The Morall.

When injuries are fresh in mind, 'tis hard
For men from hostile acts to be debarr'd.

F A B. 178.

The Hen and the Fox.



A Fox crept in a *Henroost* there doth spie,
A sick *Hen* courting on her nest on high,
Then in great seeming love, but reall hate,
Bemoans his cater-couzen's weak estate,
And asks her, how she did ? the *Hen*, with speed,
With thanks replies, that she was sick indeed,
But his sick *Sib* should mend without delay,
If that her *Couzen Reynard* were away.

The Morall.

Their very presence is too great a sore,
That are our Foes, although we aile no more.

F A B. 179.

The Fox and Grapes.



R Reynard walks through a Vineyard, where he spies
Large clusters of fair Grapes, whose greedy eyes,
Extoll on them, inflame his strong desire
To gather some, but when to a low it aspire
The height, poore Reynard saw his reach to be,
And that by no means he could get them, he,
Darts in peace, and onely thus did say,
Till, they are green and tart, not worth my stay.

The Morall.

'Tis better flight, then earnestly desire
Such things as are impossible to acquire.

D1 2

F A B. 180.



ONce on a time, a Sunshin summers day
Invites a Child into the Field to play,
Where his low pitch delight let him on work
To catch Grasshoppers, that now leap, now lark
Beneath the galle, as if to find him play;
Following his game, he came at length where lay
A little Scorpion lurking, which he thought
A Grasshopper, and stooping down he sought
To take it: but the Scorpion, that forswore
The Childs simplicity, bids him withdraw
His hand, and live at quiet, lest he be
Slain by an unexpected destiny.

The Morall.

Men after pleasures, like to children, runne,
Not knowing what to follow, what to shunne.



A Partridge taken, and at point to die,
Bespake the Falconer with pitious cry,
That if he let her free, she will seduce
More Partridges into his nets, and use
Her best endeavour, during life, to give
Him due requitall, if he let her live.
Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee slay,
Because thou wouldst thy Friends to death betray.

The Morall.

They that by treachery would harm their Friends,
Come, justly, oft to sudden evil ends.



ONce on a time, a sunshiny summers day
Invites a Child into the Field to play,
Where his low price delight let him on work
To catch Grasshoppers, that now leap, now lark
Beneath the grass, as it to find him play;
Following his game, he came at length where lay
A little Scorpion lurking, which he thought
A Grasshopper, and stooping down he sought
To take it: but the Scorpion, that foresaw
The Child's simplicity, bids him withdraw
His hand, and live at quiet, lest he be
Slain by an unexpected destiny.

The Morall.

Men after pleasures, like to children, runne,
Not knowing what to follow, what to shunne.



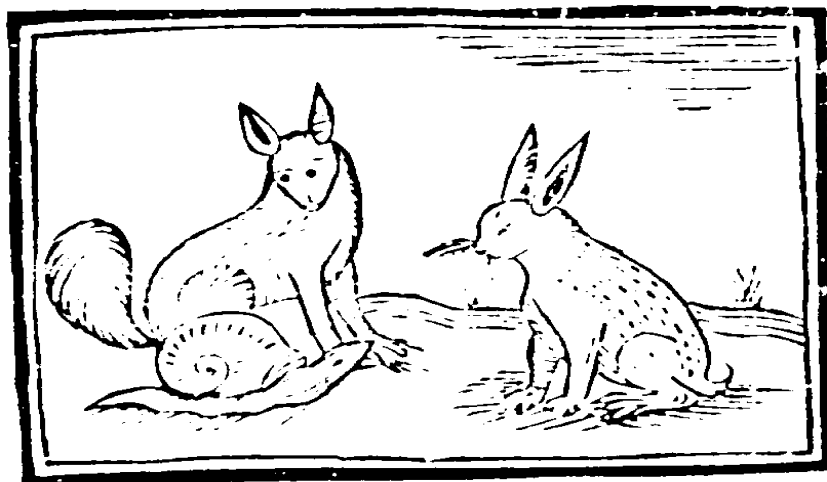
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Her best endeavour, during life, to give
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Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee slay,
Because thou wouldst thy Friends to death betray.

The Morall.

They that by treachery would harm their Friends,
Come, justly, oft to sudden evill ends.

F A B. 182.

The Hare and Snail.



A Hare decides a Snail for her slow feet,
 Who answers, that, the Hare shall know how fleet
 The snail is, if she will but runne a race
 And point an *Empire* to appoint the place,
 And meet it out, and the race runne decide
 Whether hath wonne. Then *Hat*, in scorn repli'd,
 Thou dost not know my speed, but since you dare
 Challenge, we'll try: a match: done: then the Hare
 Points *Keimard* for their Judge, the wisest Brute.
 The snail (the lifts appointed) to confute
Hat's jeering confidence, sets out with speed
 And marcheth forward with indolent heed
 And diligence, thus cooling, till at last
 At the race end: *Hat* lyeseth as fast,
 Confiding in her twinn'd sleep, and then,
 Awakening, rushes to the race end: but when
 She sees the Snail there fast, with shame *Hat* quits
 Her vain conceit and vainer bragging fits.

The Morall.

Mean parts with pains and diligence effect
 Things sooner, then great parts with like neglect.
 F A B. 183.

F A B. 183.

The Willow tree and the Ax.



O Ne that would cleave a Willow he had fell'd,
 Made wedges of it; which when it beheld,
 Prefaging wherefore they were made, it groan'd,
 And thus it's grievous usages bemoan'd:
 The (stranger) Ax I do not grieve alone,
 Wherewith men fell me, but my grief and moan
 Imbitter'd is, because out of my side
 Wedges are made my body to divide.

The Morall.

In mens adversity more grievous blows
 Are given by false friends, then profest foes.

M ●

F A B. 184.

F A B. 184.

The Pomegranate, and Pippin-tree.

THE *Pomegranate* and *Pippin-trees* contend
 For excellence long time, but in the end
 After much contelt, when the greater trees
 Had fought, in vain, to settle their stirr'd lees,
 And to compose their difference, a *Bush*
 From the near hedge among them in doth rest,
 And hearing their debate enough, quoth he,
 Ye have already strove, be rul'd by me,
 Be Friends, and your contention surcease,
 Now ye both pine, but both shall thrive in peace.

This moves the trees :

The Morall.

*thus mean folks oft compose
 The differences of more potent Foes.*

F A B. 185.

F A B. 185.

The Mole and his Damme.

THE *Mole*, a creature blind by Nature is,
 Yet thus he spake once to his *Damme* ; I wis
 Some strange strong-scenting odour I resent ;
 And by and by, ere they much ground had went,
 He sees a mighty *Furnace* ; then he hears
 A Noise of *Anvils* drumming in his ears ;
 To whom his *Damme* in merriment replies,
 He wanted nose and ears as well as eyes.

The Morall.

*Great talkers and great boasters, most of all,
 Professing great things, are convinc'd in small.*

M 5

F A B. 186.

The Wasps, Partridges, and Husbandman.



O Nce on a time the *Partridges* and *Wasps*,
 So pelted with thirst, that each one gasps
 As well for life, as water, jointly tend
 To beg it of a *Farmer*, where they blend,
 And mix their begging with large proffers, say,
 They for his water will due thanks repay.
 The *Partridges* to dig his *Vineyards* proffer,
 That th' *Vines* may bear full clusters: the *Wasps* offer
 As largely, they by compassing it round,
 Secure from *thee*, will guard the *Farmer's* ground,
 To whom, quoth he, my *Oxen* see
 That till my ground, *and* promising, for me.
 Wherefore, is it not fitter, do ye think,
 That they, that earn their *waters*, then you, drink?

The Morall.

*Wise men's benevolence should never flow
 To unjuste idle drones; 'tis wisdom so.*

Jupiter and the Serpent.



J Ove solemnizing with a sumptuous feast
 His nuptials was presented by each *Beast*,
 All *Brutes*, according to their powers, bring,
 Thereto in duty bound, an offering.
 The *Serpent* 'mong the rest a *rose-bud* crops,
 And bearing it in his invenom'd chops,
 Presents *Jove* with it: which when *Jove* beheld
 With great avernesse he the gift repell'd,
 Adding, that though he pleased to accept
 Presents from all, the *Serpent* is except.

The Morall.

*Wise men are well perswaded that the gifts
 Of wicked men have still some evil drifts.*

F A B 188.

The fondling Ape.

THe *Ape* brings forth *two young ones*, but affects
 And nurseth onely one, some say, neglects
 And leaves the other to his shifts and hates ;
 But see the ruling power of the *Fates* :
 The *Brat*, wherein the *Dumme* did so delight,
 Is strangled by her in her sleep at night,
 Or overlaid : and so the *Brat* she hates
 Her darling proves, and thrives, so will the *Fates*.

The Morall.

Mens forecast and devices, oft to nought,
By Gods o're-ruling providence, are brought.

F A B. 189.

F A B. 189.

The Man and the Flea.

THe little *Flea*, whose onely food
 Is gain'd by sucking of the bloud,
 With eager thirst had seiz'd upon
 Ones flesh, and stuck so fast thereon,
 That ere escape by her was made,
 The man his hand upon her laid ;
 And she his prisoner became.
 The *Flea* affrighted at the same,
 Intreats the man he would forgive
 This first offence, and let her live,
 Since she but little harm could do ;
 Besides by nature prone thereto :
 To whom the man this answer gave,
 By so much lesse ought I to save
 Your life, as prone to mischief, you
 Can no deed of virtue shew ;
 But if your strength could equallize
 Your will, in hourly villanies
 Would still persist : which to prevent,
 'Tis fit a sudden punishment
 Should cut you off, lest other men
 Receive like hurt from you agen,

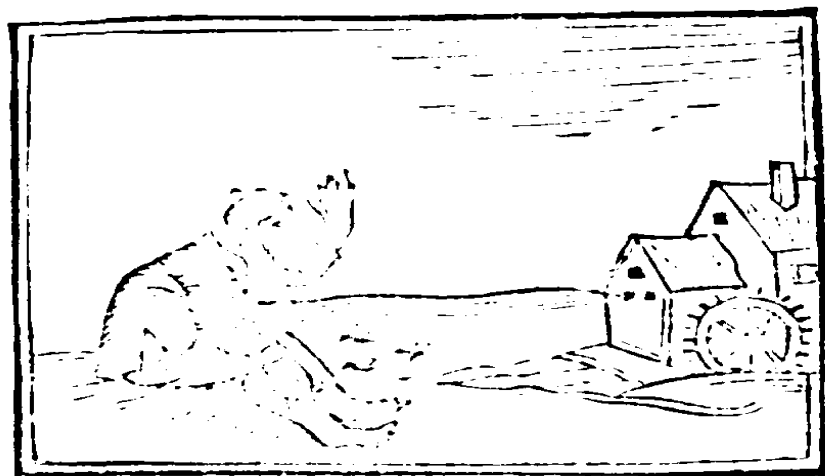
The

The Morall.

Or great or smallib' offence, the Pow'r of Law
And Justice with severity must aw
Offenders, future mischiefs to prevent,
Lest by too frequent pardon, insolent
Presumptuous malefactors, flout in crimes,
With villanous examples fill the times.

F A B. 190.

The Man and the Gnat.



A Gnat, in wonted manner, flies about,
And lighting on the bare foot of a Lowl,
So smartly kilt'd, that he, engag'd with pain,
Would, with his nails, the captive Gnat have slain;
But the Gnat slipping from between his hands,
Avoids her doom: the Lowl then thus demands,
Oh Hercules, that went to death to bring (thing?)
Things harmtall, wouldst not aid me 'gainst this

The Morall.

They deprephane Gods name that on him call,
In co'ry triviall happe, and worthlesse thrall.

F A B. 191.

F A B. 191.

The Old man and his two Wives.



One full o' years, but yet so lusty growne,
With one wife could not rest content alone,
But he must wed again, Contention grew
Betwixt his Wives, his old one, and his new,
Which he should most affect: His first kind wife
Thus plots to gain his love, and end the strife;
She from his grizzled head and beard doth cull
All the black hairs; his Second gray doth pull;
That he, or old or youthfull, might appear,
And whom he most resembled, so to steer
His love to them; but they so often striv'd
That through their emulation they depriv'd
The poor man of his ornament in hair,
And make his head quite bald, his face quite bare.

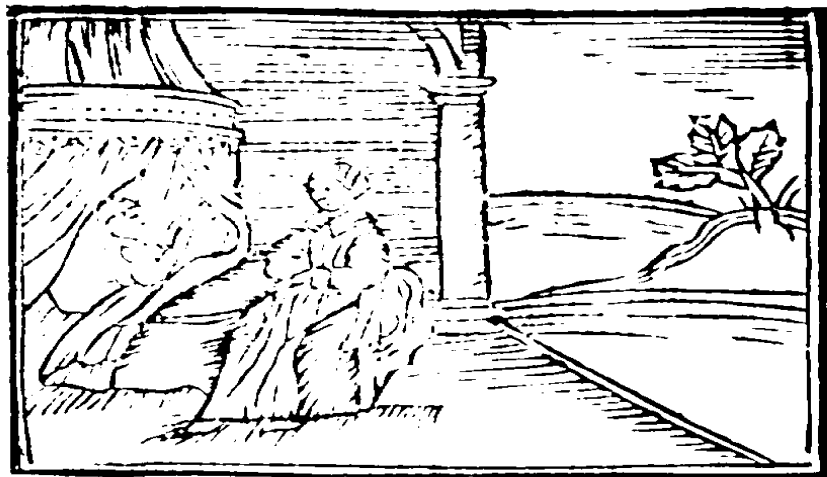
The Morall.

This shows that Wedlock equal years doth crave,
And not when thou hast one foot in the grave,
To wed with Venus, lest grown bald, in stead
Of hair, some other thing adorne thine head.

F A B. 192.

F A B. 192.

The Promiser.



ONE desperately sick and given o're
 By his Physicians now begin's t'implore
 His God for help; and if God send him health
 Promiseth (though he scanty were in wealth)
 An *Hecatomb* of Oxen at his rise
 To offer up, a thankfull Sacrifice,
 But, where are th' hundred Oxen, (quoth his wife,)
 To offer, if thy God should spare thy life?
 To whom her husband made this weak reply,
 God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Morall.

Read, and abhorre their vanities, who use
 To make their tongues to idle talk, a sluce;
 Who to their promises give such a scope,
 That to perform them they themselves not hope.
 F A B. 193.

F A B. 193.

The Frogs.



A Brace of Frogs liv'd once upon a time
 Within a pool, till drought had bak'd the slime
 And spent the water; then these Mates leap on
 To seek another pool; and having gone
 Some *parasangs*, they find a pit, with steep
 Descent, well watred, being very deep;
 At sight of which, Quoth one, Come Mate, behold
 Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold;
 The *Sunne* our envions parent, cannot drie
 Our envy'd store: her Mate made this reply,
 If this store also fail us, how shall we
 Ascend from this so vast profunditie?

The Morall.

Lock ere you leap; remembering this sad truth,
 That Rash attempts are waited on by ruine.

F A B. 194.

F A B. 194.

The Cock and Dog.

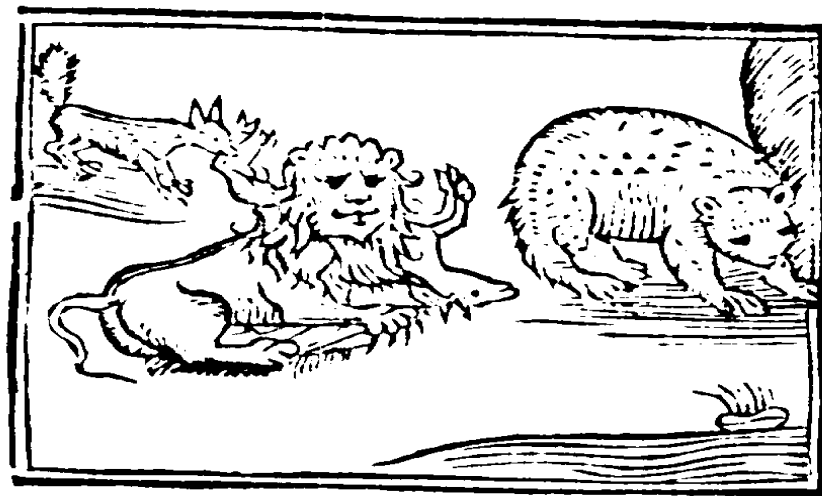
When Brutes could speak, a *Cock* and *Dog* agreed
 To take a walk, and for their better speed,
 A league offensive and defensive 'plight;
 Strengthen'd with that, they travell; and when Night
 (The earth's shade) stay'd them, *Chanticleere* ascends
 A hollow tree, the *Dog* at th' root defends
 The fort, between them keeping watch and ward:
 The *Cock* of course doth crow, and is o're-heard
 By *Reynard* passing by, who forthwith bends
 His course that way, and there arriv'd pretends
 That he would fain embrace him, and desires
 The *Cock* would thence descend: the *Cock* requires
 The *Fox* to wake the Porter to give way:
 Which done, the *Dog* the coz'n'd *Fox* doth slay.

The Morall.

Wise men make use of their more potent Friends,
 Against a Foe that treacherie intend..

F A B. 197.

F A B. 195.

The Lyon and the Bear.

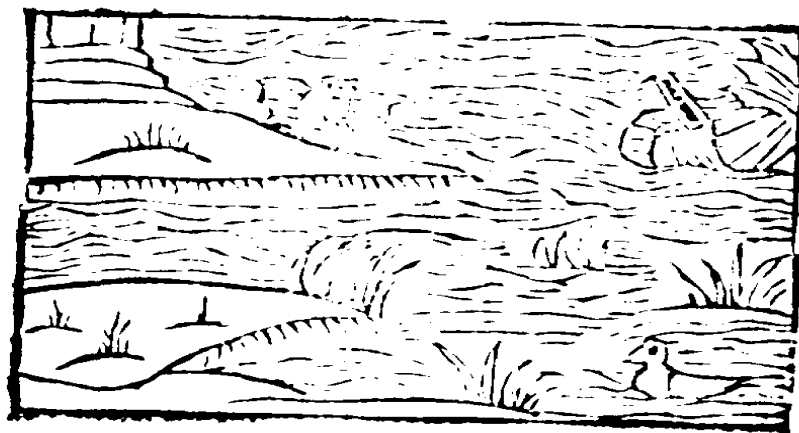
A *Bear* and *Lyon*, for a *Fawn* long fought,
 Till with expence of blood, they both were brought
 To giddinelle, that weary down they lie
 To breath themselves: But *Reynard* passing by,
 And seeing them so weary, and the *Fawn*
 Between them, he resolv'd to keep the pawn
 Till they agree'd, and seized on the prey,
 And drew it to his den hard-by, but they
 Unable to resist and rise, deplore
 Their fruitlesse double pains, and wounds so sore,
 And that they toyed for the *Foxes* mawe.

The Morall.

See here the Exit of great suites in Law,
 When potent purses wrangle, till the stealth
 Of pickpurses Lawyers rob them of their wealth.

F A B. 195.

F A B. 196.

The Bush, the Bat and Cormorant.

THe *Bush*, the *Bat*, the *Cormorant* agree,
 To joyn together, and will Merchants be;
 The *Bush* provideth Clothes, the *Bat* doth lade
 The Ship with silver, and the *Corm'rant* made
 Brasse his adventure, so to Sea they go:
 But a Storm rising, tossed to and fro
 Their rolling Vessel, 'till the swelling Seas
 Devour both Ship and their Commodities.
 Wherefore to save their lives, the Merchants flee
 To th' land, to shun the Oceans tyrannie.
 Being arriv'd the *Cormorant* no more
 Daring be seen, licks closely by the shore.
 Fearing her Creditors, the *Bat*, by night
 (For n'king day) dares only take her flight,
 The *Bush* no longer daring to be seen
 In its own clothing, or his wonted green;
 Shakes off her leaves, that so unknown she may
 Remain, t' her Creditors that passe that way.

The

The Morall.

*The Corm'rant, Bush, and Bat to us descry
 The rashnesse of those men, who wilfully
 Hazard their fortunes by attempting all
 Their fancie prompt; and into ruine fall,
 Scarcely escaping with their lives, when they
 Might have foreseen that eminent decay,
 So to avoid, and not so headlong run
 On danger; which approaching, none can shun.*

F A B. 161.

The Fox and Rhinocere.

Rhinoceros his dulled teeth did whet
 Upon a hard'ned tree, thereon to set
 A keener edge. But Reynard passing by
 Askes the *Rhinocere* a reason, why
 He whet his teeth confronted by no Foe
 Nor any danger, why then did he so?
 The Brute replies; good reason why, for when
 Dangers assaule me, sure I ought not then
 Be to set edge upon my teeth, imploy'd,
 But use their sharpnesse, least I be annoy'd.

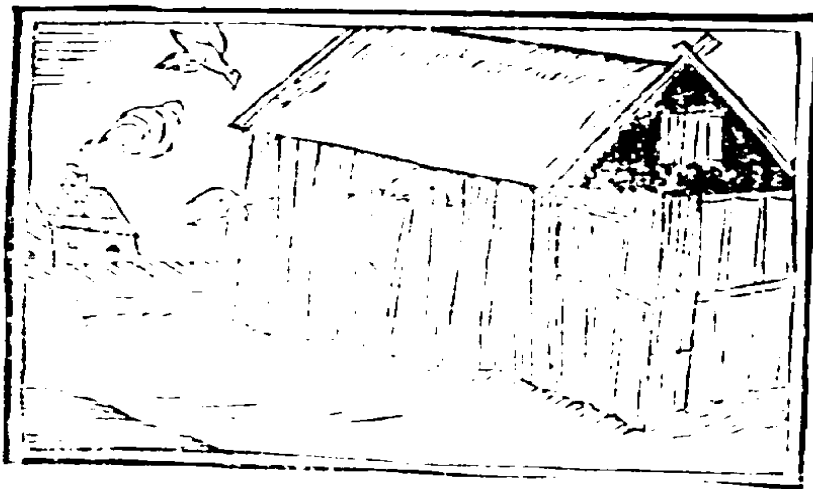
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The Morall.

*Men must be arm'd 'gainst ills that may ensue,
And future dangers, else they soon may rue.*

F A B. 198.

The snared Lark.



A Snared Lark bewayld his captive state,
Bemoaning most the odnettle of his Fate.
He no man rob'd of silver or of gold,
Nor any thing of moment, yet, beheld
His titter odde Fate, for one poor grain
Of wheat, poor Lark is snared to be slain.

The Morall.

*Their crosses, justly, make those men complain
Who hazard much, a little false to gain.*

F A B. 199.

F A B. 199.

The Covetous Man.



A Covetous rich Man when he had sold
All he was worth, and turned all to gold,
Went out into his field, and digg'd a pit,
A grave, to hold his mind, and soul, and it;
Whither he still on daily visits went
To see his gold, his soul, his sole content.
At last a Slave of his observ'd the wretch,
And markt the place, and the next night did fetch
Away the golden Glebe. The Miser then
Walks next day forth to see his gold; but when
He mist it, he most strangely taketh on,
And tears his hair; his soul, his gold, is gone.
This, one descrying, jeer'd out this reply,
Be cheary man; there's nothing lost; for why?
Thou may'st conceive thy gold here still, and have
Joy of it, as when it lay in that grave.

Thou never hadst it when thou didst it keep,
Let not its absence then cause thee to weep.

The Morall.

*He that possesseth wealth and doth not use
The same, we re had it, yet doth it abuse.*

F A B. 200.

F A B. 164.

The One-eyed Doe.

A *One-eyed Doe* that neer the *Sea* did graze,
 To *Sea*-ward turn'd the blind side of her face,
 Suspecting thence no harm; but tother side
 Where with she saw, she to the land apply'd
 Expecting thence, what ever men could do
 To bring her mischief, and to work her wo.
 But some sly Ladds had notice of her plot,
 And went to *Sea* by boat; from whence they shot
 The *sea-secure Doe* unto death, who bay'd
 Her last breath, thus, ah! wo is me betray'd
 Thence, whence I thought no ill to me could come,
 Yet thence untoucht, whence I did dread my doom.

The Morall.

*Of things are harmlesse, which yet hurtfull seem
 To men; and hurtfull which they harmlesse deem.*

F A B. 165.

F A B. 201.

The Deer and Lion.

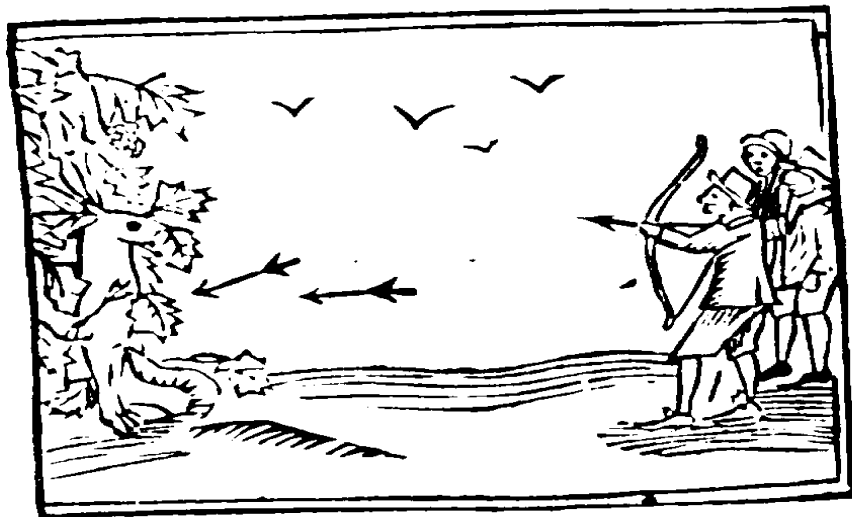
A *hunted Deer* a *Cave* farre off deseries,
 Whither, in hope to rest her self, she hies,
 But entering the *Cave*, a *Lion* there
 Lurking arrests her, ready her to tear:
 Then dying thus she sigh'd: did I then shun
 Men, by the fiercest *Beast* to be undone?

The Morall.

*Unwary men and fearfull often shall,
 Shunning some petty harms together fall.*

N

F A B. 202.

The Deer and the Vine.

UNDER the Covert of a *Vine*, a *Deer*
Lay close to shun some *Archers* that were near,
Who hardly past by, but the *Deer* began
To browse the *Vine*-leaves: then the *Archers* scan
The noise and shaking of the leaves, and why
May not, sayes one, some *Deer* there lurking ly?
And so it was; then they with arrows keen,
Thick shot, do wound to death the *Deer* unseen;
Who, dying, justifies her doom, 'cause she
Offer'd, the *Vine*, that sav'd her, injurie.

The Morall.

*How wrong their Benefactors often rue,
Justice Divine repaying them their due.*

The Cock the Lion, and the Ass.

THE *Cock* and *Ass* together feed;
Tow'rd whom a *Lion* making speed,
The *Cock* first sees him; and to warn
The *Ass* to shun ensuing harm,
He crows aloud; at whose shrill voice
The *Lion* back retires (no noise
More terrifying him then that)
Which when the *Ass* perceiv'd; thereat
Insults, and thinks from him he flew:
Seeming with fury to pursue
The *Lion*: but ere farre th' had gone
Beyond the noise of *Cocks*: where none
Was present but the *Ass* and he,
The *Lion* longer scorns to flee.
But turns, and unrelucted flew
The *Ass*, that did but now pursue.
Who thus laments, alasse, that I
Of cowardly parents born, must die!
Not able in this fatall strife
Return a stroke to save my life!

Not when in safety feeding, lie,
But follow such an enemy!

The Morall.

As foolish Cowards brand thee with disgrace,
From equal enemies to turn thy face;
So proves it rather folly, to pursue
A foe that pettishly flies from you,
Till he have drawn thee under his command,
Where no resistance can his force withstand.

F A B. 204.

The Gardener and his Dog.



A Gardener's Dog was tumbling by his Well,
And at the last into the same he fell:
The Gardener, beholding how he strove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Descends to help him out: the Dog, for dread,
Lest he would thrust him further in, makes head,
And biting him compells him thence to part.
His Master, out, replies, I justly smart,

That would a Felon to himself reprieve;
There shall he drown, ere I will him relieve.

The Morall.

Ingratefull men requite good turns so still,
If not with evil deeds, with evil will.

F A B. 205.

The Dog and Swine.



A Swine, at variance with a Dog, did swear
By Venus, certes, he the Dog will tear
To pieces with his tusks: the Dog puts off
Those threats with fleeing semblance and a scoff;
'Tis well, quoth he, that you by Venus swear;
For well you intimate thereby how dear
You are to Venus, who allows no fear
About her Tholes to those that Swineflesh eat,
A food impure: the Swine replies, therefore
The Goddesse thews, that she affects me more,
Abhorring those that hurt me; but, for thee,
Thy stinck, alive and dead, 's unfavoury.

The Morall.

'Tis wisdom to convert that to ones praise,
Which ones Detraitor to disgrace one says.

N 3

F A B. 206.

FAB 206.

The Wolf and Kid.



A Tender Kid her Damme b'ing by
 To guard her from the tyranny
 Of the insulking Wolf grows bold,
 With him a conference to hold,
 And with ill words the Wolf upbraids.
 To whom the Wolf this answer made,
 Fend Kid it is thy Guard and place,
 Not thou, that doth me thus disgrace:
 For know weak fool wert thou but here,
 Al one, an I shouldst so domineer,
 My courage should suppress thy vip'rous tongue,
 From uttering such insufferable wrong.

The Morall.

The Valiant so abuses take,
 From cowardice, nor resistance make:
 The place or presence of some other
 Forcing them their ill words to smother.

FAB. 207.

FAB. 207.

The Fox and the Wolf.



Poor Reinard by unhappy fortune fell
 Into the bottom of a dang'rous Well,
 Fearfull of sudden death: at length he spies
 A Wolf upon the brink, to whom he cries
 With lamentable voice; Assist, dear friend,
 My miseries, some speedy succour lend,
 And help me to a cord, that so I may
 Escape with life, and I'll to thee repay
 A thousand thanks, and by engagement stand
 Ready to act what thou shalt me command;
 To whom the grieved Wolf sadly replies,
 Alas! poor Fox, whence did thy sorrows rise?
 Tell me what dire mischance, what sudden fate
 Lead thee thy fortunes thus to ruinate.
 The half-brown'd Fox, makes answer; friend no more
 Stand to demand the reason, lest before
 Our talk have end, my vitall parts expire
 And thou in vain accomplish my desire.

N 4

The

The Morall.

*A sudden wound expects a sudden cure :
Nor will prolixity of time endure ;
Lest, while prolong'd in tedious delay,
The slow Physician with fond questions play
Upon the wounded Patient, vainly he
Produce a slight and frivolous remedie.*

F A B. 208.

The Cock and the Fox.



THE ravenous Fox, that often did imbrue
His paws in blood, and harrackett Pullett flow,
Is by the crafty Country-man surpris'd
Within a trap to that intent prepar'd ;
Whom the much wronged Cock perceiving, he
(Not daring else approach his enemy)
Draws near to Reinard ; who with mild intreats,
(For need inforced him to lay by threats)
Begs of the Cock to help him to a knife,
And cut the cord so to part long his life,
Which now he fear'd to lose ; or else to prove
So faithfull to him, that he would not move

H

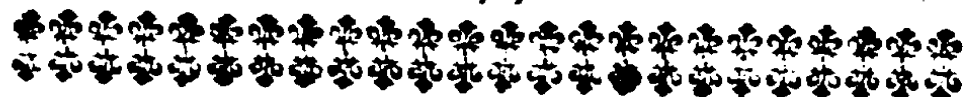
His masters rage against him, but forbear
Complaints, till he the cords asunder rear
With his sharp teeth ; the Cock with gentle words,
And seeming smiles to th' Foxer will accords,
But inwardly resolveth otherwise,
And with all speed to call his Master flies ;
Who joyfull at the news, with equall haste
Provides a club ; so while the Fox was fast
To take revenge ; at sight of whom, the Fox
Exclaims at his credulity, the mocks
Of the deceitfull Cock to build on ; when
He knew that wrongs would be return'd agen
By such who had sustain'd them ; and require
With losse of life those who in blood delight.

The Morall.

*'Tis sottish folly credit to impose
Of secrecie upon profess'd foes.*

The end of the Fables.

N. 5



The Life of ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

*A Description of the Birth, shape and Qualities of
ÆSOP.*



ÆSOP, a Man of Birth but mean; at first
Was to a slavish bondage long accurst;
Disdain'd by all, and seeming to all eyes
Made up of NATURES worst Deformities:
Whose Head was great, his Visage black of hue,
Huge rolling Eyes, his Nose beneath them grew
Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewise,
And yellow Teeth had like deformed size;
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large:
His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could discharge
(According to our Proverb) able strength:
His Splayd-feet thick, and of unseemly length;

His

His voice inarticulate; Gesture rude;
 Presaging badges of plain servitude.
 But to delineate his more noble Parts,
 (His Endowments of his mind, and skill in Arts)
 Let them that read his works, hereafter, guesse;
 While I his Lives whole passages expresse.

CHAP. II.

ÆSOP clears an accusation falsely laid upon him by
 his fellow-servant for eating the Figs.



NOW ÆSOP being drunk, and b' outward show
 Not fit for other use, to th' Field must go,
 Amongst the daily Labourers to toil,
 To dig the Earth, and till the fruitfull Soile;
 Untill the g. atefull Harvest drawing near,
 Yields her first fruits to the glad Labourer;
 Which being gath'ed, to his Master he
 With gladness them presents, who joytully
 The same accepts, and wills his Servant straight-
 Nam'd Agathopus (who did on him wait)
 To keep them safe; but Agathopus mind
 How to deceive his Master, b'ing inclin'd,

Thus

Thus with his fellow plots: Wee'l eat (quoth he)
 The Figgs, and ÆSOP our excuse shall be;
 He shall sustain our fault; nor will our Lord
 Belief to one, against us two, affor'd.
 And so they both agreed; the Figgs were gone;
 Which when the Master missed (coming home)
 He calls for Agathopus, and demands
 The Figgs which were deliv'ed to his hands:-
 Who answer'd; he but laid them down, and ere
 His back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were
 By ÆSOP's craft; which (crediting) his Lord
 In anger threatens ÆSOP, till implor'd,
 And by his piteous signes, somewhat appeas'd,
 ÆSOP warm water craves, which (drinking) eas'd
 His stomach quite, from whence there issued
 Nothing, but that whereof they saw he fed.
 Whereat a while they all in doubting stand,
 Lest ÆSOP might be wron'g'd; who (out of hand)
 Urging his base Accusers now to taste
 The self same drink; upon the ground they cast
 The undigested Figgs; whereby appear'd
 Their guilt, and ÆSOP's Accusation clear'd,
 So shall all false Accusers (though conceal'd
 A while) by their own plottings be reveal'd:
 For falshood never so securely slept,
 But Justice her Deceits can intercept.

CHAP. III.

CHAP. III.

How ÆSOP was induc'd with perfect understanding and use of his Tongue, by the Goddesse DIANA, for his kind and affable nature to the two Priests.



NEXT day approaching early in the Morn,
 Æsop again must to the field return;
 Where (hot with labour) to a cooling shade
 (Which by a goodly spreading Beech was made)
 He goes to take repose; whom d.ousie sleep
 Seizing, his mind in pleasant dreams did keep;
 Midst which appears DIANA in a fair
 White silken Robe, with long dishevel'd hair,
 Crownd with a wreath of Lawrell; in her hand
 Bearing a long white silver tipped wand;
 Which waving thus she speaks; Hence all prophane.
 Let no dull thought of Folly here remain;
 But for thy kindness to our Priests, when thou
 Supply'st their wants, and dost relieve allow;
 Directing them the perfect way to tread
 Unto their Home, who n error had misled.
 For this thy Hospitality, bestesse
 Thy Tongue's clear use, and Wisemens happinesse;

A

A brain inspir'd with wisdom, which shall give
 Thy Countrey aid, and make thee truly live.
 This said, she vanish'd; and Æsop now,
 (Rising from sleep) did the true Nature know
 Of every thing, and could his Language frame
 To call each Creature by it's proper Name:
 And to the field again retires; where he
 Zenas the Steward saw, injuriously
 Beating the Servants; Æsop him reproves
 For unjust cruelty; which Zenas moves
 (When he deformed Æsops threatnings saw)
 To fear, lest he might peradventure draw
 His Matters love from him by just complaints,
 Which, to prevent, he straight his Lord acquaints
 How Æsop now could speak, and did upbraid
 His Worship with foul language; who thus said,
 (With anger in his looks:) Lo, Zenas I
 Commit the Villain to thy custodie:
 Take him, and sell the slave; or else him lose;
 Or him to any greater harm expose,
 So he be from my sight. Thus Innocence
 Is oftentimes betray'd, without offence.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. IV.

ÆSOP the first time sold.

When *Zenas* by this false report had gain'd
 His will, and *Æsops* servitude obtain'd;
 A Merchant which from *Ephesus* repairs,
 Himself to furnish with some needfull wares,
 And Servants to transport them; forthwith came
 To *Zenas* to be furnisht with the same:
 Who answers, he had no Commodities,
 Only a Servant for three-half-pence price,
 If it please him he should buy, and *Æsop* have
 At such an easie rate to be his Slave:
 But when the Merchant eyes his ugly form,
 He 'gan reject his Merchandise with scorn,
 Replying thus to *Zenas*, Thinkst thou I
 Came hither such ill-shapen Slaves to buy?
 And so (half-angry) parted: But at last
Æsop unto the Merchant making haste,
 Thus fairly promiseth: if he would free
 And take him from proud *Zenas* slavery,
 He soon should see with what obedience still
 He would subject himself to please his will;

Nor

Nor grudge at any labour hee'd impose,
 But faithfull prove what way so ere he goes:
 By which intreaties, witty *Æsop* gain'd
 The Merchants love, and his good-will obtain'd.
 So, (having bought him for the foresaid rate)
 To *Ephesus* he doth conduct him straight,
 And 'mongst his other Servants plac'd him there
 To labour, and like heavy burthens bear:
 At length from *Zenas* yolk (being free) he went
 To *Ephesus*, with more then small content.

CHAP. V.

ÆSOPS wit in choosing the lighter burthen which
 his fellowes thought to be the heaviest.



The Merchant and his Servants all prepare
 For *Ephesus*, each one to bear his share
 Of such Commodities as he had bought.
Æsop first takes the bread; for which they thought
 Him but a fool, the heaviest to choose,
 Who might have tane the lightest, and refuse
 What ever him dislik'd; but by the way
 When at their Innes they for refreshment stay
 To rest and ease themselves, at every meal,
 When as their Master did to each man deal

His

His share of bread from Æsop Basket, they
 Perceiv'd his burthen lighter every day ;
 And (ere they came to *Ephesus*) to bear
 Scarce any waight, when they still loaden were :
 Thus Policie oft-times prevailerh, when
 Fools think they have outreached wiser men.

C H A P. VI.

The second sale of ÆSOP.



THE Merchant now with his Commodities
 Arrives at *Ephesus*, whose Merchandize
 With profit sold, excepting his three men,
 Æsop and other two, with whom he then
 To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there
 Sets forth his Men for sale, who different were
 In stature, two being of proportion strait,
 But Æsop crooked ; whose unseemly gate
 To them appear'd most ugly ; yet now came
 Xanthus a great Philosopher, whose fame
 Was through that Country spread ; so, viewing these,
 He ask'd the first what he could do to please,
 His Master that should buy him, who replies
 All things he can command him, or devise,
 The which made Æsop laugh : to'ch other then
 The self same question he propounds agen,

Who

Who gave him the like answer ; and thereby
 Made witty Æsop laugh more heartily.
 Xanthus demandeth then their price, but found
 The value farre beyond their worth abound,
 And so departs ; but Xanthus Schollers, well
 Perceiving Æsop standing there to sell,
 Thus to their Master spake ; Sir, pray you buy
 That other Slave, whose foul deformity
 Shall bring us mirth, his price we'll 'mongst us pay ;
 Then Xanthus back returns, and thus did say,
 Asking of Æsop what he was ; who gave
 This answer, he was a deformed Slave :
 Quoth Xanthus, that I know ; but I demand
 (If thou my question canst but understand)
 From whence thou diddest unto *Samos* come ?
 Æsop replies, Out of my Mothers wombe.
 Xanthus again, nor ask I that of thee ;
 But from what place if thou canst answer me ?
 Quoth Æsop then, troth Sir, I do not know
 Where I was born, above or else below,
 My Mother never told me ; Xanthus thus
 Deluded, saw he was ingenious.
 And now proceeding in his questions still,
 Demandeth in what Science he had skill ?
 Who sayes, in nothing : Ho ! quoth Xanthus then,
 Why ? Quoth Æsop, if your two other men
 Can all things do, as they profess to you,
 They then for me will nothing leave to do.
 The Schollers, hearing Æsop answer so,
 Applauded him ; for none can all things know.
 So Xanthus now agrees for threescore pence
 To buy poor Æsop, and conveyes him thence,
 Esteeming nerethelless the value dear,
 Because he did so much deform'd appear :
 To whom thus Æsop, V Vise men will not scan,
 Th'externall shape, but the internall man.

C H A P. VII.

C H A P. VII.

Æsop goes home with Xanthus to his Wife.



Æ S O P becoming *Xanthus* servant now,
Must to his house repair, and humbly show
His service to his Wife, who long desir'd,
And of her Husband earnestly requir'd
That he would buy a servant, which should be
In shape from all deformed members free,
And luttie, strait and fair; but when her eyes
Were fixt on *Æsops* foul deformities,
Reader imagine what an angry look
A woman darts, whose strong desires can brook
No foul displeasing object, if her will
Be bent her expectation to fulfill;
And such expect from *Xanthus* wife, who bends
Her browes, and frownes in stead of smiling sends
Against her aged Husband, when she lost
Her will, and of her longing now was crost;
But he (kind man) more willing her to please,
And to a Womans peevishnesse give ease,
First seems to excuse, and then his fault deplore,
The which incensed her yet more, and more.

Whereat

Whereat 'gan *Æsop* laugh, with this reply,
I now a grave Philosopher espie
Yield conquest to a Woman; which did make
Xanthus his milder humour to forsake;
And (angry) spake to *Æsop*: Slave, you see
For you your Mistress is displeas'd with me;
'Twere best you seek to please her straight again;
But *Æsop* answers him, no greater pain
Can you impose, or any mortall finde,
Then to appease an angry Womans mind.

C H A P. VIII.

Æsop resolves the Gardener of a question which Xanthus could not.



Xanthus now calls for *Æsop*; he doth strait
Obey, and at his Masters elbow wait;
Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear
Such herbs as for his practise usefull were.
Æsop laden departs: the Gardener then
Doth call his Master *Xanthus* back again,
And prays that he his answer would afford
One Question to resolve: He doth accord:

The

The Gard'ner thus beginnes : unfold (I pray)
 How, and from what strange cause proceed it may,
 As by experience I have often found,
 In herbs all of one kind upon the ground,
 That there a difference growes, and those appear
 More fresh, and farre more early blossomes bear,
 Which naturally grow, then those that are
 Manur'd and dunged with our chiefeſt care ?
 By Divine providence, *Xanthus* replies,
 From which in them a vertue hidden lies.
 Which answer lik'd not *Æſop* ; wherefore he
 Thus to his Maſter ; This reply can be
 No perfect resolution : but give ear
 And I will make the question plain appear.
 As when a Woman, whoſe fiſt Husband dies,
 And leaves her many Children, once more ties
 The Nuptiall knot, and with a man is joyn'd,
 Whoſe Wife deceas'd, as many left behind :
 But when together in one houſe they live,
 She to her own all tender love doth give,
 But proves to his a Step-mother ; and they
 Scarce thrive ſo well as her own Children may :
 Ev'n ſo in Nature oftentimes we ſee
 Betwixt two Plants the like Antipathie : -
 That thrives the beſt, and makes the faireſt ſhew,
 Which Natures ſelf manureth, and not you.
 Thus *Æſops* witty reſolution lent
 The Gard'ners doubtfull fancie full content.

C H A P. I X.

C H A P. I X.

ÆSOP bears the Preſent, which *Xanthus* commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him beſt.



XANTHUS prepares a Banquet, and invites
 Friends to participate of ſuch delights ;
 As for their welcome he provided had ;
 But his croſſe Wife diſdainfull ſtill and ſad,
 Pouts in a corner : nor will preſent
 To welcome his invited Company
 Seeking to vex her Husbands humour ſtill :
 Yet *Xanthus* ſtriving how to pleaſe her will,
 Cuts off the beſt, and *Æſop* thus commands,
 That Preſent to deliver to the hands
 Of her that lov'd him beſt ; who ſeeing well
 How much ſhe did in wrath and hate excell,
 Towards her Husband, ſtudied now to trie
 Her angry paſſions worſt extremitie,
 And thus relates his meſſage : here you ſee
 (Miſtris) the Preſent was deliver'd me
 For her, who moſt reſpect to *Xanthus* ſhowes :
 With that, the meat unto a Bitch he throwes :

This

This with new rage incenseth *Xanthus* wife,
 And sets her love and anger both at strife,
 Which way to take revenge : at last resolv'd
 She is, while vengefull thoughts her mind involv'd,
 To leave her husband quite ; and so retires
 Home to her friends ; but *Xanthus* (whose desires
 Her absence could not brook) inquires the cause
 That she 'gainst modesty and Marriage-laws
 Should thus forsake his bed : but when he found
 How *Æsop* gave the present to his Hound,
 Not to his Wife ; inrag'd against him thus :
 Villain (quoth he) that sow'st debate twixt us,
 Thy life shall answer it, unless thou find
 A way to appease her discontented mind,
 And call her home again : but *Æsop* said,
 Thou for thy dotage now art well apaid,
 For now thou seest who lov'd thee best ; since she
 Is gone, thy hound abideth still with thee.
 Yet *Xanthus* writes, and sues for her return,
 But his affection she requites with scorn,
 And while he strives her presence to regain ;
 The more doth she reject him with disdain.
 So pious *Men* (might they have their will)
 Would use their husbands at their pleasure still.

CHAP. X.

CHAP. X.

Æsop (by a witty invention) causeth *Xanthus* Wife
 to return again.



Xanthus inrag'd still no rest can take,
 Since his discourteous Wife did him forsake :
 Which *Æsop* well perceiving ; he invents
 This wife to cure his Master's discontent :
 Laden with Foul and such like costly fare,
 Which he seems for a Banquet to prepare,
 Against his Masters wedding ; doth relate
 His errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife : Your hate,
 And sudden parting doth my Master move
 From you to sue divorce and seek the love
 Of one that shall with him more quiet live,
 And not such cautes of dissention give ;
 To morrow is the day : so *Æsop* goes,
 Leaving his Mistress bosome full of woes ;
 Till she 'twixt hope and fear resolves to try
 The truth, and home returneth speedily ;
 And with a mind more humble then before,
 With sighs and tears, her Husband doth implore

O

Her

Her errours to forgive, and she will prove;
More mild to him, and constant in her love.
From whence let all men learn what will prevail
To curb a Shrew, whenas intreaties fail.

CHAP. XI.

ÆSOP, commanded to serve the best meat, serveth
Xanthus at his Table with nothing but tongues.



Xanthus intends a Feast, invites home friends,
And therefore Æsop to the Market sends
The choicest dishes to provide; but he
(Still full of craft and witty subtiltie)
Buyes nothing else but Tongues; no other meat
Provided he at all for them to eat:
The first Course Tongues, and at the second came
No other fare, and at the third the same.
Villain (quoth Xanthus then) I bad thee buy
The choicest dishes that thou couldst espie,
And not course Tongues alone; wherefore did you
Thus crosse, and not my just commandment do?
But Æsop answers: Sir, the Tongue's the best
Of Dishes to present at any Feast;

By that, Discourse and Traffick still is held,
Twixt man and man; by that is right upheld:
What but the Tongue unfolds the mind, and gives
A light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives;
And grave Divines our stragling thoughts controll
Conducting in the paths of truth the Soul.
When neighbours jarre, the Lawyers fluent Tongue
Disputes the Cause, and punisheth the wrong
By a just Sentence, that example may
Instruct Offenders, Justice to obey.
The hidden Secrets of Philosophie
By Tongues of learned Doctours we descrie.
A thousand other benefits beside
The Tongue affords; then can it be deny'd
But that a Tongue's the best Dish to prefer
Upon the Board of a Philosopher?

CHAP. XII.

ÆSOP, commanded by Xanthus to buy the worst of
meats for Supper, provides Tongues again.



His answer pleas'd them all, and Xanthus then
Invites them all to sup with him agen;

Commanding *Æsop* now not to prepare
 Such curious Dishes, and such costly fare,
 But to seek out the worst, and that to buy,
 Which *Æsop* apprehendeth craftily,
 And *Tongues* makes ready still : night drawing nie
 The Guests to Supper unto *Xanthus* hie ;
 But find no fare but *Tongues* ; whereat they deem'd
 Their welcome base, and some half angry seem'd :
 To whom thus *Æsop* ; Sirs, my Masters will
 I never yet was backward to fulfill,
 Nor have I done it now ; for lo, he said
 Go buy the worst of meats, and I obeyd.
 For if abus'd, the *Tongue* 's the worst of all,
 That sows sedition, making neighbours fall
 At variance 'twixt themselves ; by that 'tis known
 Cities have been betrayd, Towns overthrowd.
 And too too often Children have revild
 Their aged Parents, Parents curst their Child.
 Besides, no man more mischief can expresse,
 Then he that doth an evil *Tongue* possesse.
 And thus you see the *Tongue* 's the worst and best
 For mortall use, as 'tis in usage blest.

CHAP. XIII.

CHAP. XIII.

XANTHUS commandeth *Æsop* to seek a man
 that regarded nothing.



When *Xanthus* *Æsop*s cunning did perceive,
 How craftily his answers he did weave,
 To save himself from blame ; at length doth lay
 A task on him (which *Æsop* must obey)
 To seek a man whose care was fixt on nought,
 That nothing begg'd, no earthly pleasure sought,
 Save what he did possesse : *Æsop* anon
 Beholds a lusty Countrey-Clown alone,
 Who walking to him, as the Clown he meets,
 Him at first salutation thus he greets ;
Xanthus invites thee home ; the Clown doth need
 No greater invitation, but with speed
 Along with *Æsop* walks ; when *Xanthus* saw
 The Clown apprech, and near unto him draw,
 Asks *Æsop* what he was ? quoth he, a man
 That cares for nothing : *Xanthus* then began
 To frown at *Æsop* ; but at length in mind
 Revolving his command, he proves more kind.

Who lovingly now entertains the Clown,
 And with himself at Table sets him down;
 Till questions passing upon either side,
 When *Xanthus* the Clowns ignorance espide,
 He seems to chide his Cook, not having dress'd
 The Dinner worthy such a welcome Guest:
 But the Cook studying himself t' excuse,
 Doth with the fault his Mistris there accuse.
Xanthus the better then the Clown to prove
 In his affection what he best did love;
 Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her
 That she shall burn alive before she stir.
 The Clown supposing *Xanthus* angry grow,
 And that his Wife should to the fire go,
 Shews all his wit at once) replies, O stay
 A while, till I from hence but go away
 To fetch my Wife, and then they both shall be
 Within one Fier burnt for companie.
 At which fond answer *Xanthus* did confesse,
Æsop the greater knowledge to expresse;
 For since the Clown so little lov'd his Wife,
 He nothing else regarded in this life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Æsops answer to the Judge.



THree dayes b'ing past, *Æsop* employed is
 Upon another message, which was this:
Xanthus would go to th' Bath, and sent to know
 (That he more privately might thither go)
 What company was in it; *Æsop* now
 That nere to do his Masters will was slow,
 Makes all the speed he can; but by the way,
 He meets a Judge, who to him thus did say,
 Now Loggerhead where go'st thou? *Æsop* then
 Troth Sir, I know not, cutes to him agen:
 But when the Judge did his crosse answer hear,
 He calls two men, and will'd them *Æsop* bear
 To prison straight; to whom thus *Æsop* cri'd
 For this first fault good Sir be pacifi'd:
 Knew I that you would me to prison send!
 How could I truly then an answer lend
 Which way I had to go? the Judge (who smiles
 At *Æsops* answer and his crafty wiles)
 Bids, let the Knave go free. So, *Æsop* makes
 All speed away, and his quick journey takes

Towards the Bath; where being entered, he
 Espies there bathing a great companie :
 But at the entry seeing there a Stone,
 Whereat most stumbled saving onely one,
 Who (wiser then the rest) remov'd the same.
 When Æsop therefore back, t' his Master came,
 Who asketh him how many bathing were,
 Æsop replies, he saw but one man there.
 Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies,
 But b'ing arriv'd, a multitude he spies,
 Of strangers altogether in the Bath ;
 Who thus to Æsop (b'ing incens'd with wrath)
 Villain, thou saidst here were no more then one,
 And he himself was bathing all alone.
 'Tis true quoth Æsop, for behold where lies
 A Stone before the Bath, yet none so wise
 To move the same, all stumbled save this man,
 And therefore him so stile I onely can ;



But deem the rest like sensible Idiots all,
 Who rather then they'd stoop, would stumbling fall;
 Thus Xanthus though displeas'd, no way could blame
 (Hearing his answer, Æsop for the same

CHAP. XV.

CHAP. XV.

XANTHUS foolishly in his Cups made a bargain to
 drink all the water in the Sea : But Æsop wittily
 taught him how to dissolve the wager.



I T chanc'd 'mongst his acquaintance on a time,
 Xanthus o'recome with lib'rall cups of Wine,
 Midst their discourse one of them doth demand,
 If it with possibility might stand
 For one to drink the water in the Sea,
 Xanthus replies, it possible might be,
 And he could do it : wagers then were laid
 On either side, and stakes by either made,
 An hundred Crowns to Xanthus house : but now
 When Xanthus well had slept, and hearing how
 He had himself ore-reach'd, began repent
 His foolish bargain, full of discontent ;
 To whom thus Æsop spake, if you will please
 To free my bondage, and my bonds release,
 I shall invent and eas'ly find the way
 V Whereby your bargain soon dissolve you may.

Xanthus agrees : And *Æsop* thus began ;
 Master, you know the boundlesse Ocean
 Which worketh still with an inconstant tide
 Doth not alone within it self abide,
 But purging ev'ry minute, when it flows,
 What ebbs receiv'd, again to Rivers throws :
 VVhose Currents if your opposites can keep,
 From back returning to th' unfadom'd Deep ;
 Bear you the losse : this *Æsop* *Xanthus* taught ;
 VVho next day, when his Adversaries thought
 To win what he had laid, all ready were
 To see him drink the Sea : but first forbear
 A while (quoth *Xanthus*) seeing yesterday
 I did this bargain make, and wager lay.
 I must perform it ; but (the sea) you know
 'Tis onely I must drink, no Brooks that flow
 Into the same ; Therefore if you can stop
 Their currents thence, I soon shall drink it up :
 The which did seem a task as great as his,
 As well for them as for himselfe to misse :
 VVhich both the Parties seeing, they agree
 To break the Bargain, and each other free.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

XANTHUS his Ingratitude to ÆSOP.

W Hen *Xanthus* had receiv'd the benefit,
 And freed his V Vaget by his Servants wit,
Æsop his Masters promises expects,
 But *Xanthus* most ingratelully rejects
 His just demand, studying more and more
 To use him harsher then he did before,
 And mingle stripes with threats ; but *Æsop* still
 So well conform'd him to his Masters will
 In all things to obey, that *Xanthus* hate
 Could find no just ground (though inveterate)
 To punish *Æsop* : yet as quenchlesse fire
 The more suppress'd, doth with more force aspire,
 Consuming all it meets ; so *Xanthus* rage
Æsops best duty no way can assuage :
 Being resolv'd, although (without a cause)
 Now to burst forth, and not one minutes pause
 Admit to keep it in ; for which intent
 He on a foolish errand *Æsop* sent

To seek about the field, if haply he
 Could find two Crows perching upon one tree,
 And so to bring him word; for two (quoth he)
 Portend good luck; but one a Prodigie.
Æsop walks forth and finds them; back doth run
 To *Xanthus*, ere who got out, one was gone:
 Which he perceiving; Crook-backt slave (quoth he)
 Thy daily custome is to flout at me,
 And now I'll take revenge, and bang thee well:
 But *Æsop* cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell
 The news to you, one of them tied away:
 Yet *Xanthus* flights th' excuse, and stripes doth lay
 More thick on him, till dinner-time drew on,
 And *Xanthus* to his meal was call'd upon:
 When *Æsop* murmur'd thus; Alas, how curst
 My fortune is! I'm sure to have the worst:
 Two Crows portend good luck, one onely Crow
 My Matter fyes misfortune doth foretrew,
 But I spide two, and he but onely one,
 Yet have I stripes; he to good cheer is gone:
 If men by Birds no better can divine,
 Let them foretell their own good luck, not mine.

CHAP. XVII.

CHAP. XVII.

Æsop waggishly discovereth the nakednesse of his
 Mistress.



Xanthus again to Market *Æsop* sends
 To buy provision & entertain some friends
 Which he invites to Dinner; *Æsop's* care
 Not backward is all ready to prepare:
 When Dinner time approach'd, he brings the meats,
 And on the Board each dish in order sets;
 But on a velvet Couch which stood thereby
 He sees his Mistress sleeping soundly lie;
 To whom he calls; Mistress, awake I pray,
 And look the Dogs snatch not the meat away:
 But she b'ing angry that he wak'd her, cries
 Villain be quiet, my back-side hath eyes.
 Now *Æsop* who his Mistress answer took
 In way of course demision, could not brook
 Longer delay, till he might back retort
 So grosse a frump, (though by a knavish sport :)
 And therefore, in his mind conceiv'd it best
 To thwart her humour with an equall Jest.

Mean while (ere he the Project could effect)
 His Matters charge he held in first respect ;
 So goes back to the Kitchen to fetch more
 Which brought, he finds his Mistress as before,
 Still fast asleep ; with that he walks to her,
 And softly doth her smock and coats prefer
 To hide her face, and to himself replies,
 Mistress, if your Posteriors have eyes,
 Pray let them be unmask'd : by this time home
Xanthus with his invited Guests is come ;
 Who entering now the Hall, and seeing there
 His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare ;
 Of *Æsop* asks the case ; *Æsop* doth tell .
 His Master all : Reader, think thou how well
Xanthus was pleas'd ; I more forbear to say
 Lest I too much the *Womans* shame display

CHAP. XVIII.

Xanthus commands *Æsop* to admit of none to enter at
 his Gate, but *Wisemen* and *Philosophers*.



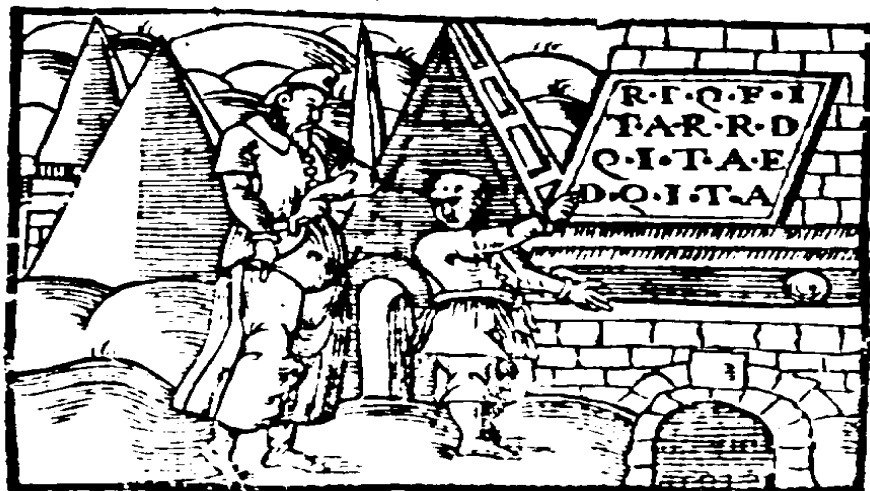
Æsop, who must supply all Offices,
 And all his Master *Xanthus* humours please,
 Must

Must now become his Porter, and must wait
 To see that no man enter at the Gate
 But such as he appoints, and those to be
 Wise-men, not Fools, else none must *Xanthus* see.
 At length one comes demanding entrance there ;
 But *Æsop* still (whose answers rugged were)
 Thus unto him doth say ; Thou Dog come in ;
 The Wiseman angry grown goes back again ;
 In brief, thus *Æsop* answers all that came,
 And all return with anger at the same :
 Untill amongst the rest one wiser grows,
 Not minding *Æsops* words, and in he goes ;
 The next day, those who were repulst, relate
Æsops rude answer to them at the Gate
 Unto his Master, who doth *Æsop* call,
 And harshly chid with him before them all :
 Who thus to quit himself (Good Sir) replies
 You bad me let in none but who were wise ;
 Nor did I disobey ; for no wise man
 Will ev'ry foolish word or answer scan,
 And anger shew at every fool, lest they
 The greater folly in themselves display :
 Therefore I him who entred hold to be
 The onely Wise-man of the Companie.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XIX.

ÆSOP finding a treasure, Xanthus proves ingratefull.



AS Æsop grew in years, his wisdom so
Increased still, and did exacter grow :
VVith his Master walking to behold
Decayed Sepulchres with age growne old ;
Amongst the rest a Monument appears,
VVhereon engraven were strange Characters,
VVhich the prefixed Emblem here displays :
Æsop demands the meaning : Xanthus sayes
The meaning seem'd much difficult, and he
Could not unfold so great a Mysterie.
Quoth Æsop then, My Lord, what benefit
Shall I receive, if I resolve you it ?
Xanthus his freedom promiseth ; to whom
Thus Æsop then, Behold this aged Tomb
A golden Treasure in it doth contain,
As these engraven Characters explain :
VVhich we shall find by digging ; for to us
In Latine so it answers :

Recedens,

*Recedens, Passus Quatuor, Fodiens, Invenies,
Theaurum aureum :*

Englised thus :

*Descend four steps, then digge, and there
A golden treasure shall appear.*

So digging there, they find what was foretold,
The Treasure rich, and all of Massie gold :
Which having got, poor Æsop now doth crave
His Masters promise, and his share to have :
But Xanthus doth ingratfully denie,
Not onely share, but Æsops libertie ;
Detaining all himself. Then Æsop (thus
Defrauded) cries, King Dionysius
This treasure claims, it is not due to thee ;
For so the following Letters signifie :
In Latine thus :

*Redde Regi Dionysio, Quem invenisti
Theaurum ;*

In English thus exprest :

*The treasure you discovered, bring
To Dionysius your King.*

This last expounding troubled sore the brest
Of wretched Xanthus, Doubtfull what to do ;
But yet the greater mischief to eschew,
He is contented now with all his heart
Rather then all to lose, give Æsop part ;
For so the latter clause again implies,
In Latine thus :

*Acceptum Euntes Dividite Quem Invenistis
Theaurum Aureum :*

Thus English specifies.

*The Golden Treasure, which you are
Possessed of, betwixt you share.*

Yet Xanthus home returning, big with hate,
And envying his servants prosperous state,

Seeks

Seeks more to do him wrong, then gratefull be,
 And, honest as his word, to set him free ;
 But that he might the treasure all possesse
 As old men most are giv'n to covetousnesse,
 Feating lest *Æsop* by his talking would
 That mighty treasure's massy summe unfold,
 Thinks best to lay him fast ; which he effects ;
 And 'gainst all gratitude, or due respects
 Sends him to loathsome prison ; there to lie
 And adde more griefs to former miserie.
 Till *Æsop* thus, too sensible of wrong,
 And injuries which he had suffer'd long, 1
 In's Masters service : Thanklesse man (quoth he)
 Is this the Freedom once you promis'd me ?
 Is this the recompence, and must I still
 Be thus rewarded for my good with ill ?
 You Gods assist my iust complaint ! at this
Xanthus was somewhat mov'd, and did release
Æsop from prison : but by no intreat
 From bondage could he his enlargement get,
 Untill resolv'd, he boldly thus did speak ;
 Now do thy worst, ere long my bonds shall break,
 And spite of thy oppression, or disdain,
 Ere few dayes passe, I shall my freedom gain :
 The which as he fore-told, effected was,
 And in the following Chapter comes to passe.

C H A P. XX.

C H A P. XX.

ÆSOP is set at liberty.



NO: many dayes expired, there befell
 An accident in *Samos*, strange to tell,
 Where *Xanthus* dwelt : Behold an Eagle ore
 The City flies, and the chief Signet bore
 Away with her, while as the *Samians* all
 Were solemnizing a great Festivall :
 Whereat (amaz'd) they unto *Xanthus* send
 To be resolved what it might portend ;
 But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his mind,
 Because he could not the true meaning find :
Æsop perceiving now his Masters grief,
 Requests the cause, with promise of relief
 To his content ; *Xanthus* relates the same,
 With that before the *Samians* *Æsop* came,
 Whose crooked limbs did more derision raise,
 Then hope to be resolv'd ; till *Æsop* sayes
 Thus unto them : Sit, wherefore laugh ye so ?
 'Tis not the form, nor the externall show
 That makes the man ; but wisdom, and a mind,
 That can close Natures deepest secrets find ;

Nor

Nor should a wise man 'cause a Vessel's new,
 Reject an old one of a blacker hue;
 For older Vessels may perchance contain
 Far richer Wine then doth in new remain:
 Which learned answer made them all admire,
 And with intreaties Æsops ayd require,
 To extend the meaning of that strange event;
 But Æsop of his wisdom confident,
 Fortune (quoth he) hath some sedition sowne
 Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his own;
 But if the Lord the victory do gain,
 The Servant shall no liberty obtain,
 Nor his just right; if therefore you would see
 A true solution, give me liberty;
 That so I may unfold with boldnesse all
 Which you demand, or may to you befall:
 Then all resolv'd that Xanthus should release
 The bonds of Æsop, and his slav'ry cease;
 Which (though against his Masters humour) they
 Effect; nor durst old Xanthus but obey.
 Remembring now what lately Æsop spoke,
 In spite of thee I shall cast off the yoke:
 Then Æsop straight was plac'd before the seat,
 Where all the Samians were in Councell met:
 Who (silence being proclaim'd) doth thus begin
*My Lords, the Eagle over birds is King,
 Which having bore your Seal away with her
 (The State and Power of your Governour)
 Inferred thus much, A King by conquest shall
 O'rethrow your Laws, and liberties inthrall.
 According to which sayings, lo there came
 Embassadors from Lydia, who proclaim
 Their Lydian Kings command, and do relate
 To them of Samos who in Councell sate,
 How that great Monarch homage did expect
 From these of Samos, and to that effect*

Demands

Demands a yearly tribute: else that he
 Will ruinate their City speedily.
 A time for answer given, Æsop then
 Is call'd to give them Councell once agen:
 Who thus; *My Lords, I would not you dissuade
 But that the King of Lydia be obey'd:
 Nor 'gainst the publique profit would I break
 Silence, or else against the Citie speak:
 Yet hear two things, which in this mortall age,
 Fortune presents upon this earthly Stage:
 The one is liberty, which to procure
 At first seems hard; the end is sweet and sure:
 Bondage the other, whose beginning shewes
 Sweet at the first, the end more sower growes.
 The Samians hearing this, and knowing that
 It tended to the good of publike state,
 This answer to th' Embassadors did give,
 Go tell your lord, that Samos will not live
 Subject to any man: but still possesse
 Her ancient libertie and happinesse.
 With that the Lydian King did angry grow,
 Intends to raise an Army, and o'rethrow
 Their City, till the Embasadour spoke,
 Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the yoke,
 Unless thou Æsop from their Councell call,
 And then into thy hands they soon will fall:
 So straight Embassadors provided be,
 And sent again to Samos speedily,
 Bearing this message; *Lords, our Masters will,
 Though once deny'd, at last you must fulfill:
 Which is, that to his Court you Æsop send,
 And then 'gainst you his anger shall have end.
 But Æsop hearing this did let them know,
 He was not backward to the King to go:
 Yet to the Samians do's a Fable tell,
 Which long ago (when Beasts could speak) befell.**

The

The FABLE.

The Wolves intended warre against the Sheep,
 But they (too weak their fury to withstand)
 Sent to the Dogs, desiring ayd to keep
 The Wolves from quite destroying of their Land:
 The Dogs send ayd, and in full many fore
 And dreadfull fights did the Wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then seeing force could not prevail
 To curb their foes which had so powerfull ayd,
 Consult with policie them to assail,
 If possibly the Sheep might be betrayd:
 And with fair words, and promises at large,
 Intreat the Sheep the Mastives to discharge.

The Sheep believing, what the Wolves did say,
 Not dreaming of the treach'ry of their foes,
 Resolved are to send the Dogs away,
 Hoping to live at quiet without blows:
 And so rewards for what the Dogs had done;
 Being bestow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But when the wolves perceiv'd their stoutest foes
 Had left the Sheep, and to their home were gone,
 Perfideously they with redoubled blows
 The Sheep (harmed not mistrusting) set upon,
 And overthrew them. Since which, still we see
 Continuall discord 'twixt them two to be.

So, when the Samians had this Fable heard,
 They in his absence their destruction feard,
 And by all means they could, sought him to stay,
 But could not him by their intreaties sway.

CHAP. XXI.

CHAP. XXI.

ÆSOP'S successfull entertainment with the Lydian King, in the behalf of the Samians.



ÆSOP according to the Kings request,
 To Lydia goes; the King provides a Feast
 To entertain the Stranger; but when he
 Beholdeth Æsops foul deformitie,
 He vents his anger thus: Is this the man
 Whose Counsell made the Samians us withstand?
 Can wisdom lurk in such an ugly form?
 And thus inrag'd he furiously doth storm.
 But Æsop whose invention nere was slack,
 (A ready answer unto all to make)
 Reply'd: Great King, thy power forc'd not me,
 But my desire attend thy Majestic,
 Caus'd my arrivall, who with hope depend
 That thou some audience to my words wilt lend.
 The King attends, and Æsop thus replies
 The other day a man was chasing Flies,
 But caught a Nightingale: the tim'rous Bird
 (Without desert now to be slain afeard)
 Cries to the Faulkner, Master, thee I pray
 That me without offense thou wilt not slay,

I do no harm, nor any thing annoy,
 Nor do I corn or fruits of earth destroy,
 Like other Birds, but with my warbling Song,
 Make glad the hearts of those that passe along.
 Neither canst thou reap benefit at all,
 By killing me, my Carcasse is so small.
 Which lamentation mov'd the Faulkner so,
 That he the harmlesse Nightingale let go.
 Therefore, (great Sir) consider my weak state,
 I wish none harme, then hasten not my fate,
 By death or violence : for if I die,
 My body profits none : but (living) I
 Unto the World may by my wisdom lend
 Things usefull for her till her latest end.
 This Fable moralliz'd the King did please,
 And rage 'gainst Æsops crookednesse appease.
 Who answers thus, Lo, Æsop unto thee
 I give not life : 'tis fortunes gift from me :
 But if within my power thou ought request,
 As soon as asked thou shalt be possesst.
 Thus Æsops mind rejoyced, who (as soon
 As he had promis'd) thus demands a boon :
 Great King, I render thanks, and since your Grace
 Is pleas'd such favours upon me to place
 without desert, if so you daigne to grant,
 (For I my self no earthly treasure want)
 The Samians Tribute ouely to be free,
 Your Highnesse hath enough rewarded me :
 The King consents. And Æsop now began,
 While he doth in the Lydian Court remain,
 To write these Fables which hereafter do
 Present themselves to each ingenuous vew.
 But some time past, Æsop doth now desire
 Unto forsaken Samos to retire,
 The newes of their released tax to bring,
 So freely granted by the Lydian King.

C H A P. XXII.



ÆSOP returns to Samos ; b'ing arriv'd,
 The people with all gladnesse him receiv'd
 Shewing all signes of joy ; some few dayes gone
 Æsop makes open Proclamation
 How Lydia's King their tribute did remit ;
 The Samians (joyfull of this benefit)
 More thankfulness to learned Æsop gave,
 And nothing thought too dear that he would have ;
 All honours seem'd too mean they could bestow,
 Such gratitude did joyfull Samos show,
 Æsop at last again to travell bent,
 To see some other forraigne Regions went
 His knowledge to increase, and now he came
 To Babylon, a City of great fame,
 This was the Seat of King Liccrus, who
 Hearing of Æsop, entertainment due
 To him did give, and other gifts confer
 VVorthy so famous a Philosopher.
 Æsop now having spent some few dayes there,
 The customes of the bord'ring Princes were

P

Problems

Problems obscure oft mutually to send,
 And Riddles, which their learnedst men had pend,
 To try the judgements of the wisest men;
 Who if they could not answers send agen,
 And rightly them explain; that King must claim
 Tribute from him to whom he sent the same.

CHAP. XXIII.

ÆSOP unfolds all Secrets whatsoever, and by his
 wisdom much enricheth the Babylonian King.



While Æsop with Lycerus did remain,
 Divers wise men in forraigne parts did faign
 Strange Fables; and dark Mysteries invent,
 Which to the Babylonian King were sent,
 T' unfold the meaning; each Philosopher
 His verdict gave, but none did true appear;
 Till Æsop (being call'd) the perfect way
 Found out the closest Secrets to display,
 And other Fables penned; to which none
 Of other parts could give solution.
 By which Lycerus full of Riches grew,
 Which by that means from forreign Kings he drew.

And

And therefore now in shew of thankfulnesse
 For Æsops learning, and his love t' expresse,
 He doth to greater Honours Æsop raise,
 Whose wisdom almost the whole Countrey sways.
 Till Ennus young, well manured, and fair,
 (By Æsop b'ing adopted for his Heire,
 And rais'd to ample fortunes) fell in love
 With Æsops Concubine, and suits did move
 To bring her to his will. To his desire
 (Burning with lustfull and unquenched fire)
 Shee yields; And Ennus by her looks is wonne
 To rivall who adopted him his Sonne.
 But as alone one mischief seldome falls,
 But to the wronged part, another calls;
 So Æsop now not dreaming of the wrong,
 Already acted, but remaining strong
 In love to Ennus, Ennus to requite
 His love, doth in ingratitude delight;
 And fearing lest that by successe of time
 Æsop would vindicate his loathed crime,
 And cast him out of favour, (big with hate)
 He plots which way to hasten Æsops fate;
 And therefore him of treason doth accuse;
 Then with false Letters Æsops truth abuse:
 Which do incense the King, that Æsop had
 His Majestie to other Kings betraid,
 By faigned Fables, the which here and there
 He had divulg'd and scatter'd every where.
 Thus Lust oft-times at first which pleasant show
 Twixt dearest friendship most sedition sows.

CHAP. XXIV.

ÆSOP commanded to be put to death upon Ennus his false accusation, and how he is saved.



THE King too easie *Ennus* to believe,
And to false accusations credit give,
Thinks all 'gainst *Æsop* true; and with command
(Whose will doth fixed as the Center stand)
Dooms *Æsop* straight to death. But as the Sun
(In spite of clouds) his wonted course doth run,
And they (being chased quite away) appear
More full of lustre, radiant, and cleare;
So *Æsop* now by kind *Hermippus* aid,
(Who in an obscure Sepulcher him laid,
To hide him from the wrath of th' angry King,
Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring,
Against his Father, false; and sent him there
All things for sustenance that needfull were)
Some few weeks past, his honour doth obtain,
And in his former glory seat again:
Occasion'd by this means: Nere-silent Fame
This news in joyfull *Egypt* did proclaim

Unto

Unto the King, that *Æsop* now was dead,
Whereby he thought from *Babylon* was fled
All hope t' oppose him more; and therefore straight
Frames Letters which these Riddles did relate:
That *Neshebanus* lately did project
I'th' aire a stately tower to erect,
To touch nor Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
That King *Lycerus* would the Masons get,
And send them to effect it; and beside,
If for his use such men he could provide,
The Letters likewise thus much did display,
He of his Land would the tenth Tribute pay.
But no wise-man of *Babylon* had wit
Enough to answer, or accomplish it:
Whereat their King *Lycerus* (with a brow
Whereon dwelt anger, which could terrour throw
'Gainst any which displeas'd him) curses all
That were the cause of *Æsops* wrongfull fall.
Which when *Hermippus* well perceiv'd, in haste
He goes, and on the ground his body cast
Before the King; to whom he thus did say,
*Great Sir, let no sad thoughts your passion sway
To grow inrag'd with me, and I shall bring
ÆSOP alive, and safe before the King:
For I preserv'd whom thou didst doom to death,
It'll knowing that the losse of ÆSOP'S breath
Could bring no profit; but his life might be,
(Though hatefull then) some benefit to thee.*

Æsop is brought before the King again, and re-obtains his former credit.



THe King being full of joy that Æsop lives,
Desires to see him, and commandment gives
That he before his presence straight be brought,
Who (as before to kill him) now his thought
Wholly was bent how to requite the wrong
That Æsop in the Dang'on suffer'd long:
And therefore doth to him his wealth restore,
And gives him greater honour then before.
Then shews what Letters late from Egypt came,
And Æsop having well perus'd the same,
Thus will's the King to answer; That when as
The Winter's past hee'll bring the same to passe:
And so Embassadors dispatched are,
Icyerus will in Egypt to declare.
Return we now to Ennus, whose sad brest
With envy swoln, thir Æsop is possess
Of wealth, and into favour call'd again,
No rest can take; but full of foul disdain

Runnes

Runnes up and down with discontented looks,
And no society or comfort brooks,
But Deserts and wild places, like a man,
Whose senses lost, no reason bridle can.
And thus by base ingratitude we see
How Ennus brought himself to misery.

Æsop's mildnesse to Ennus, and Ennus his untimely Death.



BEhold a gentle nature! Æsops love
From Ennus all his former wrongs remove.
He doth affect him still, (although he may
A heavy and severe chastisement lay
With justice upon Ennus) and with mild
And gentle words instructs him as a child:
Then takes him home agen; (there hath not been
In any Age scarce half such kindnesse seen)
Respects him still, and (as he first begun)
Gives him the right of an adopted Sonne.
But this contents not Ennus, still his mind
Troubled and doth new Chimeras find,

P 4

Which

Which freshly do his vexed soul suggest,
 That *Æsops* wrongs can never be redrest :
 And now with horreur and distraction flies,
 Seeking a place to end his miseries,
 Runnes up and down ; at length a mountain steep,
 Whose hanging head ore-looks th' unfadom'd deep,
 Nimble ascends, thrust on by rash despair,
Falls headlong through a steep descent of aire ;
 Till the all-swallowing waves a grave do lend,
 And to his most unthankfull breath give end.
 (Thus though a while ungrateful men may flourish,
 Those crimes orethrow them wch themselves do nourish.

CHAP. XXVII.

Æsop resolves the former Question of the King of Egypt, who had projected to build a Tower in the Aire.



BY this time Winter's past ; the time drew on,
 That *Æsop* now must give solution
 To th' King of *Egypt*'s question : he provides,
 And with all winged speed to *Egypt* rides,

Bearing

Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had
 Brought up, and for his purpose usefull made,
 Unto whose feet four children fastned were
 In baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the aire,
 They might support the children : b'ing arriv'd,
 Th' Egyptian King him joyfully receiv'd.
 The entertainment past, he asks the King
 Where he shall now erect this wondrous thing ?
 So straight into a spacious field they go,
 Which *Nebuchadnezzar* did to *Æsop* show,
 And told him that's the place : *Æsop* survaies
 The ground ; and at each severall corner layes
 An Eagle and a Child : The Eagles flie,
 And with them bear the children up on high ;
 Till *Æsop* cries ; Send up some Lab'ers King,
 That thither may your stones and mortar bring,
 Before they go too high ; and quickly they
 Shall to thy Tower the foundation lay :
 But when the King perceived *Æsops* wit,
 He was with admiration struck at it ;
 And yields his tribute lost ; but yet to try
 Once more ingenious *Æsops* subtilty,
 He now propounds a question, which was this,
 A stately Temple in a place there is,
 Wherein a Colume stands, that Colume rears
 Twelve other, each of them a City bears ;
 And ore each City thirty sails are spread,
 Upon the which two Women hourly tread.
Æsop replies, the Temple Heaven call,
 The Colume Earth, the [which supporteth all
 The twelve great Cities ; and those Cities may
 Be term'd the Months ; the thirty sails display
 The dayes of every month ; the Day and Night
 The Women are, one black, the other white.
 Thus *Æsop* by his wisdom could foresee,
 And soon unfold the closest Myserie ;

P 5

Whom

Whom now the King with farre more great regard
Doth entertain, and bount'ously reward :
And after many Disputations past ,
Twixt him and the Philosophers, with haste
Æsep returns to *Babylon*, to bring
The Tributes paid by the *Egyptian* King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP comes again to Babylon.



ÆSOP arrives at *Babylon*, whom all
The Sages meet, and bring to th' Kings great Hall,
Where he presents the Tribute, and doth tell
His Disputations, and what else befell :
Which b'ing related, feasting was prepar'd,
No sumptuous cost for entertainment spar'd ;
So highly Æsep was esteem'd, that when
The King had seen him but return agen,
He thinks him 'bove a man, his wit was so,
That from a mortall brain it could not flow ;
And to expresse h's admiration more,
And shew his noble gratitude, before
In publick Market he a Statue rears,
Which Æseps Portraicture and Image bears,

That

That after times might not unmindfull be,
Of Æseps wisdom and true industrie.
But Æsep now, whose ever-working mind,
Though much he knew, more knowledge seeks to find,
Once more resolves to travell ; which intent
Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent :
Till Æsep, by a faithfull promise made
Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade,
And so for *Greece* departs ; that Region he
Of all the rest desirous is to see ;
Where, in what place soever he remains,
By affabilitie kind usage gains :
(So court'ous wise, and affable was he
That good behaviour hid deformitie)
Thus through all *Greece* he travells ; every place
Making him welcome with respective grace,
Till he arriv'd at *Delphos*, whose crosse fate
We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP. XXIX.

ÆSOP coming to *Delphos*, is betrayed, and relates
the Fable of the Rat and the Frog.



ÆSOP in *Greece* such love now having found,
And with such good respect his wisdom crown'd
He

He next intends for *Delphos* to prepare,
 Where stands *Apollo's* Temple, hoping there
 To find most welcome; but (as in a fair
 And pleasant Meadow Serpents hidden are,
 And in the longest grasse do lurking lye,
 To sting th' unwary travellers passe by,
 While heedlessly they on them tread:) so here
 While *Æsop* wisemen seeks, most clowns appear;
 Who (envious at his knowledge) plot and strive
Æsop of life and fortunes to deprive:
 Yet without cause produc'd, or publike shew
 Of just proceedings, durst not seem to sow
 Their open malice 'gainst him, wherefore one
 More subtile then the rest; while to be gone,
 From *Delphos* *Æsop* with all speed doth hie,
 Conveighs into his Cloak-bag secretly
 A golden Cup, which from *Apollo's* fane,
 The Priest accuseth *Æsop* to have tane:
 So hue and cry is after *Æsop* sent
 And apprehends him although innocent;
 Taxing him of high Sacriledge, and so
 They search his Male, and do the Goblet show
 Before a Judge; then back they *Æsop* force
 To *Delphos* where arraign'd, without remorse
 The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knew
 The accusation false, and *Æsop* true.
 But *Æsop* now (his Sentence being past)
 (As richest Pearls among the Swine, b'ing cast,
 Regardlesse quite are lost) to them doth tell
 A witty *Fable*; trying to expell
 Their malice against him, which thus begun;

The FABLE.

Between the *Rat* and *Frog* great love is grown;
 The *Rat* invites the *Frog* with him to dine;
 Great delicates provided were and Wine,

No

No cost was spar'd: past Dinner to requite
 The *Rat*; the *Frog* inviteth her at night,
 To sup with her; but twixt their houses was
 A Brook, and dang'rous for the *Rat* to passe:
 Yet that the *Rat* might o're more safely go,
 It is decreed, the *Frog* unto her toe
 A string should fasten, and the nimble *Rat*
 Taking fast hold, and hanging upon that,
 Should so be haled over: but as they
 The *Frog*, (the *Rats* death plotting) struggling lay
 I'th' midst o'th' Brook; a *Kite* (viewing the fray)
 Stoops, and both of them seiseth for her prey.
 Thus while the *Frog* unjustly drew the *Rat*
 To sudden death, she hastens her own Fate.

So you, whose most untrue complaints do draw
 The heavy judgements of the *Grecian* Law
 Against my innocence; the Gods shall take
 Due vengeance on your Country for my sake.

C H A P. XXX.

CHAP. XXX.

ÆSOP is led to execution, where he relateth the Fable of the Countrey-Clowne, and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner.



While thus the Delphian slighting Æsops wo,
Along with him to execution go,
No just crime laid against him; but the hate
Of his accusers, to pursue his fate:
Envie so much prevail'd, that when he strove
By witty Fables, and intreats to move
Some pity from them; all his foes appear
More deaf then Adders ever-stopped ear.
And all poor Æsops sighes and tears were vain,
His wile me now could no remorse obtain;
But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to death,
Hath scarcely time to speak or draw his breath
Till at the fatal place arriving, when
Æsop the spectacle of death did ken;
Some time of respite gain'd, he thus did say.

The

The FABLE.

A Countrey Clowne there was, which from the day
Of his first birth had ne're the City seen,
But led a Rustick life, and scarce had been
Four miles from home; at last he doth require
Leave of his Lord, (who yielding his desire)
He for a Waggon asses doth provide,
And so in pompe will to the City ride:
But as he goes, a storme arising drives
The Asses from the way, and quite deprives
The silly Clowne of sense,) unskilfull how
To guid them, being taken from the Plough)
Till wandring up and down, at last they came
To a steep Mountain, and ascend the same:
But at the top for want of guiders skill,
The Cart turns over tumbling down the hill:
While thus the Clowne cries out, great Jove, must I
For no offences die thus wretchedly?

My death by Asses me far worse doth grieve,
Then if I it did from the Horse receive.
Even so cries Æsop fares it now with me,
For I by Asses die most wrongfully:
But if I were by wise and just men try'd,
I thus unjustly should not now have dy'd.
This being hardly utter'd Æsop straight
From th' Executioner receives his Fate,
And head-long from a Rock is thrown; whose end
Unjustly wrought, mov'd juster Heav'n to send
A Pestilence through Delphos, and to take
Vengeance on them for wronged Æsops sake.
And thus the wisest of his times did fall;
Whose death may be a warning unto all,
That guiltlesse blood revenged still shall be
On them and theirs that shed it wrongfully.

The end of ÆSOPS Life in verse.



The Life of ÆSOP,
Exactly translated out of the
Originall Greek.

CHAP. I.

SOME there have been, who have heretofore diligently enquired into humane affairs, and commended them to posterity: But *Æsop* seems to me, as it were acted by a divine intelligence, especially for morall discipline, far to surpass the greater number of them: not onely in describing the nature of things, and rationall discourses, but also for history, was there scarcely any age which produc'd a man comparable unto him; but his art of instructing by Fables was such, that he gain'd the affections of his auditours; and shames even reasonable creatures, who would act, or think, that which neither birds nor foxes would; refusing to employ themselves in such things which the most brute animals (as occasion served) are wittily fabulized to do: in consideration whereof many prevented sundry eminent dangers; and others opportunely gained fair advantages.

Æsop therefore setting himself to advance the republick philosophicall, seems to play the Philosopher in his works rather then his words. His Originall rise was from *Ammonius* a town in *Phrygia* the great, by his fortunes a servant, whereupon that seems to be very well and truly spoken by *Plato* in *Gorgia*, for the most part (saith he) these two seem to be contrary, Nature and Law, for Nature had gratified *Æsop* with an ingenuous

gentious mind, but the Law had enslaved his body : But thus the ingenuity of his mind could not be depraved, for although his body was hurried into severall places upon manifold occasions, yet nothing could remove his soul from its proper center.

He was not only a slave, but amongst the men of his age the most deformed, for he was of a sharp head, flat nose, crooked back, lips pendant, black, from which he had his name (*Æsopus* is the same with *Æthiops*) large belly, crooked bowlegges, *Thersites* in *Homer* was not so handfavoured and mishapen as he.

But of all, he was most unfortunate in this, his speech was slow, inarticulate and very obscure: all which, made *Æsop* fit for nothing but servitude; for a man so extraordinarily ill-shapen could scarcely avoid that kind of life: Such was his body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a most accomplished mind, for the most sublime contemplations.

CHAP. II.

FO: as much as his Master saw him uselesse for any domestick businesse, he sent him into the fields to dig, *Æsop* falls merrily to his work; at a certain time as his master walked in the fields, one of his labourers presented him with excellent figs, he being much taken with the pleatantness of them, gave them to *Agathopodus* (for this was the servants name) charging him to keep them till his return from bath: It fell out that *Æsop*, upon some occasion coming home, *Agathopodus* (which kept the figs) said to one of his fellow-servants, if thou wilt, come, let us fill our selves with figs, and if our Master shall require them of us, we both of us will testifie, that *Æsop* came home and secretly ate them up; and this we can say upon a true ground, for upon his coming home we shall make our tale

tale good: and one is nothing to two, especially when he shall gain-say without proof: This being determined, they eat up all the figs, and laughing in themselves said, *Alas* for thee unfortunate *Æsop*! Now when as his Master returned from bath, and asked for the figs, he understood that *Æsop* had devoured them; in a fury he commanded him to be called for: To whom he thus said, Tell me thou cursed villain, how is it that thou hast thus slighted me, and going into my Cellar hast eaten up the figs, that were served for me? *Æsop* indeed heard, and understood all his Master said, but by reason of the slownesse of his speech could not return him answer: But when he was about to be beaten, and his accusers very eager to have it so, he fell down at his Masters feet, beseeching him to have a little patience with him: whereupon *Æsop* ran hastily, and brought warm water, and drinking it off, put his finger into his mouth, vomited up the water onely, for as yet that day he was fasting: And he besought his Master that his accusers, as he had done, might drink likewise of the water, whereby it might appear who had eaten the figs; the master admiring the ingenuity of the man, commanded his accusers to drink the water, as *Æsop* had done: they willingly drank the water, but loth to put their fingers into their throats, no sooner had they drunk the water, but presently up come the figs: without any more ado the Master commanded them to be lashed upon their bare skins, clearly perceiving the envy and vilenesse of his servants: who by this came to know the truth of that saying: *He that plots mischief, usually (when he least thinks) it falls upon himself.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Upon the day following, his Master returns to the City, he as he was cammanded, to his labour. The Priests of DIANA, loosing their way, found Æsop by chance, and adjured him by Jovæ, to guide them into the City: Who setting them under a shade, feasted them, and then conducted them into the way, which they enquired for: They therefore, as well for his hospitality, as for his courteous guidance of them into the way, lifting up their hands to heaven, with their hearty wilhes rewarded him for these favours. Æsop returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sunne, dreamed that he saw Fortune stand by him, gratifying of him with nimbleness of tongue and language, even the elegancy of fabulizing. Forthwith starting up, O wonderfull, saith he, how sweetly have I slept, and how pleasantly have I dreamed; for behold I speak readily, and as the gods would have it, by whose favour thus it is, I can call all creatures by their names; Because of my devotion to strangers, this propitious successe is fallen to me: Thus Æsop overjoyed with what was done, returns to his labour and digging. But the overseer of the field, whose name was Zenas, coming to the labourers, for some error in his work, smote him with his wand, Æsop cries out, saying, you are alwayes crowing over, and constantly smiting him that offends you not: verily I will lee our Master know how it is. Zenas hearing Æsop thus speaking, did not a little wonder, and said with himself, Now Æsop begins to speak, it will be no advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuse him to his Master before he shall have the opportunity, least I be put out of my stewardship. Having thus said, he returns home to his Master; but when he came, seemed to be troubled in himself; Master, God save you, saith he; What is it that troubles you, saith his

his Master? Zenas replied: A wonderfull thing hath happened in the field: The Master enquires, whether some tree had brought forth fruit untimely, or some beast had brought forth any thing monstrous: Not so my Lord, but Æsop, who formerly was dumb, now begins to speak; His Master answers, this will be no wayes lucky for thee, who thoughtest him a monster: yea indeed Master, what he hath contumeliously spoken against me I passe it by, but against the gods, and thee, he hath intollerably rayled. With this, his Master in an anger said to Zenas, he is in thy hand, sell him, give him away, do any thing with him.

CHAP. IIII.

WHEN Zenas had thus got Æsop inio his hands, and had related to him what power he had over him; do your pleasure saith Æsop: Now whereas by chance a certain man enquired to buy some cattell; and to this end, journeyed through that field, and asked Zenas; Cattell (saith he) I have none to sell, but a man-slave, whom if you have a mind to buy, here he is: When the Merchant heard him speak of a servant, Zenas called for Æsop, whom the Merchant seeing, loudly laughed, saying to Zenas, where had you this pot? Is he the stock of a tree or a man? This but for his voice is like a blown bladder. Why did you stop my journey for the sight of such a tun-belly? Having thus said, away he went, Æsop following of him, intreats him to stay a little; The Merchant looking behind him; Begon thou filthy curre, saith he; Æsop desires to know of him the cause of his coming hither: Thou villain, quoth he, to buy something that was good; I want no such worthlesse, and unprofitable fellow as thou art. But Æsop, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any trust in man, I am able to do you good service. Wherein I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any service?

vice, you loathsome beast? Have you not at home, quoth Æsop, crying and froward children? let one be set to tend them, I will be a bugbear to them. The Merchant laughing hereat, thus saith to Zenas; what will you ask for this filthy vessell? Three half-pence, quoth he, The Merchant forthwith laid him down three half-pence, saying, I have laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought: Now when as they took their journey and came home, two children, (which were brought up by their mother,) seeing Æsop, were affrighted and cryed out: by and by saith Æsop to the Merchant, you see the proof of my promise; whereat smiling, he goes in, and commands him to salute his fellow-servants, whom so soen as they saw; they said, what mischief is this which is happened to my Master, that he hath bought such an ill-favoured slave? But as it should seem, he hath bought him a witch for his house.

C H A P. V.

NOt long after the Merchant commanded all things to be made ready for his journey, which on the morrow he was to take into Asia: His servants forthwith divid:d amongst them their burthens; But Æsop desired that he might have the lightest, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to such service: which they seemed indifferent to, but he replied, that whilest they all endured such sore labour, he alone ought not to be idle: whereupon they permitted him to take what burthen pleased him, when he had looked about him, and had gathered several carriages together, desired that such a basket of bread which was a burthen designed for two, might be laid upon him: but they laughing, thought that there could

could not be a more dull fool in the world, which before desired the lightest burthen, and now had made choice of the heaviest, but to fulfill his desire, they laid the greatest burthen upon him: When he had his load he reeled this way and that way: which when the Merchant beheld, wondred, saying, sith that Æsop is so able to labour, he is worth my money, for he carries a burthen like an horse. When dinner time came, Æsop was commanded to set down his basket, and distribute his bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his basket: so that after dinner his basket being lightened, he went on with more alacrity. But at evening when they went to supper, so soon as the bread was divided to every one his share, the basket was quite empty, and Æsop march'd in the front; Thereupon growes a question among the servants, what this fellow should be, and wondred much that such a motly villain, should deal more cunningly then all they: for whereas they took up such goods as would not waste by the way, he made choice of the basket of bread, which he knew would not last to his journeys end.

C H A P. VI.

WHereas the Merchant was now at Ephesus, he made good profit by selling his slaves, three onely at present remain with him unfold, Grammaticus, Cantor, and Æsop: Now one of his familiar acquaintance advised him to sail unto Samos, where he might put off his slaves to his greater advantage. The Merchant being come to Samos set Grammaticus and Cantor (both new cloth'd) in the Market-place. But Æsop was set in the midst of them, with a garment of sackcloth, for no art with the best apparrell could make him handsome; Whom when the amazed market-people saw, cryed out, whence is this hideous fellow? Æsop all this while

While stood boldly, notwithstanding many a biting scoffe. *Xanthus* the Philosopher at that time dwelling at *Samos*, went into the market, where he saw two Lads dress'd for sale, and betwixt these two he spied *Æsop*, wondring much at the Merchants conceit, that he placed the worst in the midst, whereby the other two might appear the fairer. *Xanthus* drawing neer, asked *Cantor*, what country man he was, he answered a *Cap-padocian*; what canst thou do, saith *Xanthus*? All things quoth he. Whereat *Æsop* laughed, but the Schollars which were with *Xanthus*, seeing *Æsop* laugh, and shew his teeth, they presently imagined him to be a monster. They desirous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one of them asked him the question. Be gone about your businesse, you sea-sheep, quoth *Æsop*, which answer confounded the Schollar quite. *Xanthus* desired to know of the Merchant what he would take for *Cantor*, a thousand half pence, quoth he: but hearing his extraordinary rate, he went from this to the other, whom the Philosopher asked what country-man he was? he made answer that he was a *Lydian*; *Xanthus* demanded of him what he could do? All things, quoth he: Again *Æsop* fell a laughing. One of the Schollars wondring to see him laugh again, another said to him, if you will be called sea-goat, ask him. The Philosopher asks what price for *Grammaticus*, three thousand half pence quoth the Merchant; The Philosopher disliking those prices, departed. The Schollers desired to know of him, whether he did not like those servants. No verily quoth he, I am determined to buy no servants so dear: One of them said, buy this filthy fellow, he may do your work, and we will pay for him: That's not fitting, quoth *Xanthus*, that you lay down the money and I buy him, but indeed you know my wife is given to handsome, and will not endure to be served by such an ill-shaped servant. We have somewhat else to do then observe

serve a woman said the Schollers. But let us try whether he have any skill or no; and coming to *Æsop*, be of good chear quoth he: was I ever sad, quoth *Æsop*? what countreyman are you, said *Xanthus*? A Negro, saith *Æsop*. I do not ask you this, but where were you born, said *Xanthus*, he answers, of my mothers belly. This I ask you not, but what place were you born in, said *Xanthus*? My mother never told me, said *Æsop*, whether aloft or below. What canst thou do, said the Philosopher? Nothing, quoth *Æsop*. How is that, said *Xanthus*? These whom you have examined already can do all, whereupon nothing remains for me to do: The Schollers wondering much hereat, concluded his answers to be, by a divine providence. Again, quoth *Xanthus*, art willing I should buy thee? See you to that, quoth *Æsop*, must you needs have my advice to that? If you have a mind, open the doore of your purse, and down with your money, if not, make no more words. Whereupon the Schollers said amongst themselves, he hath got the better of our Matter: If I buy thee, saith *Xanthus*, thou wilt runne away. If I ever do, I shall not come to you for counsell as you do to me: thou sayest well, quoth *Xanthus*, but thou art ill-favoured; quoth *Æsop*, good Mr. Philosopher look upon a mans mind, not his face: at this *Xanthus* goes to the Merchant, and asked him the price: thou art gone, saith the Merchant to disparage my commodities, for thou hast passed by the best, and makest choice of this ill-shaped one: Buy one of these, and take this fellow in to the bargain.

Xanthus desirous of *Æsop*, asked his price, so soon as the Merchant had told it, the Schollers presently laid down the money, and *Xanthus* took him into his possession. Whereupon the publicans came, enquiring who had sold; every one was ashamed to speak, the bargain was so worthlesse, *Æsop* standing in the midst, cries

Q

out,

out, I am he that am sold, this is the buyer, and that the seller: if they say nothing to it, I am thereupon free: The publicans ready to burst with laughing, away they went: Æsop followed his Master *Xanthus* home; and it being about high noon, *Xanthus* by the way lift up his coat to piss, which Æsop seeing caught him by the clothes, saying, sell me presently, otherwise I run away: why so quoth *Xanthus*? Because I shall never be able to serve such a kind of master, saith, Æsop, who will not spare time to ease nature, but pisseth as thou goest: if such a chance shall happen to me your servant, when you send me of any businelle, of necessity I must shute as I flie. Doth this so much move you, quoth *Xanthus*? To avoid three evils I piss as I go: for had I stood still, the Sun had beat hot upon my head, and the hot ground had burnt my feet, and the smel of the piss had offended me. Pisse on Sir, I am satisfied, quoth Æsop.

CHAP. VII.

AFTER they came home. *Xanthus* commands Æsop to tarry in the porch before the doore, because he knew his wife was something dainty, and it was not fit on the sudden to present her with such a deformed piece: *Xanthus* enters, saying, Mistress, thou shalt have no occasion of discontent hereafter, for I have bought thee a lad, wherein thou shalt see as much comeliness as ever eye beheld, he stands at the doore: the maids thinking all this true, had no little contention amongst themselves, which of them should have him to her husband. *Xanthus* wife commanded some one to call this new servant in a doors; who no sooner heard, but I come quoth Æsop: the maid that called him being amazed, art thou he, quoth she? Yes indeed said Æsop. Of no hand come in to the house, unlesse thou intends we shall all runne away, quoth the maid; He came in and stood before his Mistress, which when she saw, turned her eye away

away to her husband, saying, what monster have you brought? Carry him away: In this *Xanthus* thou seemest to exorelle much ill-will towards me, and that which I never thought to do, I must do it, give me the portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this *Xanthus* chides Æsop, who was so witty by the way, but had nothing to say before his wife. Throw her into hell, quoth Æsop, away you villain, wot you not that I love her as well as my self? Do you love a woman, quoth Æsop? O extremely quoth *Xanthus*. At this Æsop gave a stamp with his foot, crying out, that *Xanthus* was wisish, and turning to his Mistress he said, you would have had the philosopher have bought you a young servant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the bath, and might play with you, to the shame of philosophy. O Golden-mouth'd *Euripides*, how well hast thou said; great is the force of the Seas swelling waves, and the flames of scorching fire, poverty is an hard condition, and there are infinite things intollerable; but nothing in comparison to a shrewd woman. You being the wife of a Philosopher, should not desire to be attended with such beautifull lads, lest by any means you bring an ill report upon philosophy. She hearing this, no wise able to contradict, husband, quoth she, where had you this beauty? though he is ill-favoured, yet he is very witty, I will be friends with him. Your Mistress is friends with you, quoth *Xanthus* to Æsop. Ironically answers he, its a great matter sure, to appease a woman. Hereafter be silent, quoth *Xanthus*, I bought you to serve, not to contradict.

CHAP. VIII.

THE day after *Xanthus* going to the garden to buy herbes, commanded Æsop to follow him; when the gardener had gathered them, he gave them to Æsop.

Now *Xanthus* paying for them; Master, said the Gardener, I pray you resolve me one question. What is that, quoth *Xanthus*? what is the reason that the herbs which I plant, do not grow so fast, as those which the earth of her own accord brings forth? *Xanthus*, although it was a question in philosophy, when he knew not how to say any thing else, said, this amongst the rest is ordered, quoth he, by divine providence. *Æsop* hereupon (for he was by) laughed. Do you laugh, or deride me, quoth the Philosopher? I laugh at you, and not you but him that taught you: Let me resolve this doubt: whereupon *Xanthus*, turning to the Gardener, said, it's not fit for me who have disputed in famous auditories, to resolve questions in a garden: If you propound your question to this my lad, he will presently give you satisfaction. This sordid fellow, hath he any learning, quoth the gardener? O unfortunate, but good Sir, answer me this question, if you know how? A woman, quoth *Æsop*, when she comes to marry the second time, the children which she hath by her first husband she is the mother to, but those which she finds with her second husband at the time of marriage she is step-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt these two: those of her own she loves dearly, but the other she neglects, these as her own properly by nature she loves, but undervalues those to whom she is a step-mother. In like manner the earth is mother to what it brings forth of it self, but to that which thou plantest, it is a step-mother: with this the Gardener was much taken, and believe me, quoth he, you have eased my thoughts, and pleased my phantasie. Take your herbs freely and as oft as you shall have occasion, come, as into your own garden, and take what you please.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

After certain dayes, *Xanthus* being gone to Bath, (where he met some friends,) commanded *Æsop* to run home, and presently boyle some Lentils in the pot; he went and boyled onely one corn: When *Xanthus* had now done bathing with his friends, he desired them to go and dine with him; apologizing that he had but slender provition, namely Lentils, and he hoped they would measure their welcome by his good will, not any good cheer. They all coming into his house. *Xanthus* commanded *Æsop* to bring forth some drink to them now coming from Bath, and *Æsop* taking up water from the stream of the Bath, gave it to *Xanthus*, who apprehending the strength of the water, cryed out to *Æsop*, what's this? from the Bath, quoth he; *Xanthus* before his friends suppressed his anger, & calling for a bason, which *Æsop* having set, stood over against him: *Xanthus* asked him, do you not wash? he answers, Its fit for me to do those things I am commanded; for you did not bid me put water into the bason. *Xanthus* speaking to his friends, asked them whether they thought he had not bought a servant, no said they a Master. When as now they were set down to supper, *Xanthus* asked *Æsop* whether the Lentill were boyled; he takes the grain of Lentill in a cockle-shell and brings it to his Master, who took it thinking to taste and try whether it was enough or not: Its well boyled, quoth he, bring them away, *Æsop* put all the water into saucers, and brought it in; *Xanthus* asked where the Lentils were; you have had it already quoth *Æsop*: did you boyle but one grain quoth *Xanthus*? No more Sir, for you commanded me to boyle a Lentill, saith *Æsop*, and not Lentils in the plurall: *Xanthus* stormed at this, saying, this fellow would make one mad. But that I abuse not my good friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four hoggs feet, and boyle them presently

presently. This he cheerfully goes about, but while the feet were boyling, *Xanthus* willing to take some occasion to beat *Æsop*, when he was busie about somewhat else, stole away one of the feet out of the pot, and hid it. By and by *Æsop* came and found but three feet in the pot, he suspected some trick; presently runs he to the hoggs-sty and cut off a foot from a fatting hogg, which he singed the hair off, and boyled in the pot; *Xanthus* fearing least *Æsop* not finding all the feet should run away, he threw the foot he had taken, into the pot again. *Æsop* finding five when he took them out, *Xanthus* asked, how is there five? he reply'd, how many feet have two hoggs? Eight quoth *Xanthus*; Here then are five saith *Æsop*, and the fatting hogg hath but three feet. Whereupon *Xanthus* chafes, did I not say quoth he, that this fellow will make me mad? but finding no just cause to beat him all this while he pacified himself again.

CHAP. X.

THE day after one of the Schollars invites his companions, and amongst the rest *Xanthus* to supper: while they were at banquet, *Xanthus* gave some choyce dish to *Æsop*, and commanded him to carry it to her that loved him best, while *Æsop* was upon the mesage he thought with himself, now I have an opportunity to be avenged of my Mistis, for her cavilling with me when I newly came. Coming to the house he fate him down in the entry, and calling for his Mistis, he set the melle which he brought before her: Mistis, quoth he, my Master sent this to her that loves him best, not to thee: whereupon calling the bitch, said to her, come *Lycuz* eat this which my Master hath sent thee, and so he cast it all to her. Afterward coming to his Master, he was asked whether he had given the meat to her that loved him best, all of it quoth he, and she

eat:

eat up every bit before my face. *Xanthus* asked what she said while she was eating. Nothing to me but to thee, she sent thanks quoth *Æsop*. *Xanthus* wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her self in her closet, vowing she would forsake his house. Now at supper the cup going round, one propounds a question, when shall be the greatest confusion amongst mortalls? *Æsop* standing behind, when the dead arise quoth he, and shall enquire for their ancient possessions. The Schollars laughed saying, this is a witty fellow. Another asked why the Sheep dyed so quickly, and the Sow with such an hidious outcry? the Sheep, quoth he, uses to be milked and shorne, and so is silent, wherefore seeing the knife expects nothing dreadfull, onely what was usuall: but the Sow which is neither milk't nor shorne, whose flesh and nothing else is good for use, makes an horrid noyse at her slaughter. Upon these answers, the Schollers fell into excessive mirth. After supper *Xanthus* coming home, and according to his manner discoursing with his wife: she turned aside, saying, come not near me, give me what I brought, and fare you well; go you your way and make much of your bitch, to whom you sent your dainties. *Xanthus* amazed at this, asks his wife to whom he sent the dish of meat, if not to her? By *Jove* you sent them not to me, but your bitch, quoth his wife: *Xanthus* calling *Æsop* asked him to whom he gave the meat, that was sent: to your beloved, quoth he: Whereupon calling the bitch, this is she that bears you most good will; Beat her, turn her out of doors, yet she will not forsake you, presently she forgets all, and faunes upon you again; You ought to have said, carry these dainties to my wife, and not to my beloved: Thou seest Mistis, quoth *Xanthus*, it was not my fault but his, that I sent: take it patiently this time, I shall have a good occasion suddenly to pay him for all. His wife beleeving no

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thing

thing of this, went privately away from him to her own friends. Now Master, quoth Æsop, did not I say the truth, when I told you that your bitch bore more respect and good will to you, then my Mistris.

CHAP. XI.

SOME certain dayes after, *Xanthus* wife not being reconciled, he sent some of his kindred to intreat her return, she refusing, *Xanthus* grows very melancholy and sad: Æsop coming to him, said, do not thus perplex and trouble thy self, for to morrow I will make her come quickly, and willingly: Æsop taking his money, into the market he goes, and having bought geese and hens, and other fitting things for the banquet, he came with these at his back, by the house where his Mistris was, pretending not to know that it was her fathers house. When as he met with one of the servants, he enquired whether they had any thing to sell, that might be fitting for a wedding: The servant desired to know who was to be married, *Xanthus* the Philosopher, quoth Æsop: to morrow he is to be married: the servant of the house ranne up stairs, and told this to *Xanthus* wife, as soon as she had heard it, away she went with all speed back again to *Xanthus*, and exclaimed against him after this manner; You could not Mr. *Xanthus*, be married to another while I am alive: And to Æsop who was the cause of her departure, was an occasion also of her return.

CHAP. XII.

AGAIN after a while, *Xanthus* inviting the Schollers to dinner, gave command to Æsop, to buy the best and the choicest provision: while he was upon his way, he said to himself I will teach my Master, to command such fooleries. When as therefore he had laid out his money in hogs tongues, he brought them in with sauce

to

to dinner. The Schollers highly commended the dish, as ministring occasion to use their tongues for discourse; the second and third courses Æsop brought in, and all was tongues: the guesse a little moved to see nothing but tongues, *Xanthus* asked, what nothing but tongues? Nothing else Sir, quoth Æsop. Thou ill-favoured rascal, I had thee buy the best and choicest dainties: I thank you Sir, quoth Æsop, for this chiding, before I hilosophers; for what in the world is better then the tongue? all manner of exquisite learning and Philosophy is shewed, and given out by the tongue: by the tongue givings, receivings; salutations, commendations; marriages are celebrated, cities built, and briefly, the tongue is the totall preservation of a mans life, therefore nothing better then tongue. Upon this, the Schollers, thinking Æsop wiser then his Master, took their leaves, and departed.

CHAP. XIII.

WHILE after the Schollers twitted *Xanthus* with his chear, he answered, it was not his mind, but the will of his perverse servant; to day I will change your diet, and you shall hear what command I will give him: who calling Æsop commanded him to buy the worst meat he could lay his hand on: But he not moved from his purpose, went & bought tongues again, & when they were ready set them before them. The Schollers a little discontented to see nothing but swines tongues, Æsop brought in the second and third course of nothing else. *Xanthus* much moved hereat, said to Æsop did I now charge you to buy the best meat, and not rather the worst you could get? He answered, and I pray you Master, what is worse then tongue? Is it not the ruine of Cities? the death of many a man? are not all lies and evil speeches and perjuries produced from her? are not marriages, and principalities, and kingdoms over-

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turned

turned by her ! In brief, is not the whole life, by her stuff with infinite errors ? *Æsop* having thus replied, the Schollers said, as is his body so are his manners, and unless you have a care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth *Æsop*, you seem to be ill-disposed, and too much a medler, to provoke the master against his servant.

CHAP. XIV.

Xanthus upon the former businessse desirous to find occasion to beat *Æsop* ; Thus said to him, you runaway villain, seeing you have accused my friend of too much curiosity, see you find me a man that lives without care at all : The day after *Æsop* goes into the streets, and looking about him, saw a man sitting long in a place, whom he supposed to be simple and careless, called to him ; Ho, you, my Master desires your company to dinner : the Rustick asking no questions who it was that invited him, followed *Æsop*, and sat him down all in his dirty habit : *Xanthus* asks, who is this ? a careless man, quoth *Æsop*. *Xanthus* whispers in his wifes eare, to do what he desired her, that he might have a fair occasion to be avenged of *Æsop*. Whereupon in the presence of them all, he said, Wife, pray thee get some water in a bason, and wash the strangers feet, for he thought the stranger would have been shie and refused it : She therefore taking the bason of water, and about to wash his feet ; which the careless clown seeing, said, she will honour me much, to wash my feet, seeing there are maids enough in the house, whom she might command ; but stretching out his feet, wash Mistris, quoth he, and so sat down to meat. *Xanthus* commanded to bring him wine, the clown thought they should have drunk first, but being it was their pleasure, he drank it off. When his messe was brought him at dinner, *Xanthus* complained, the meat

was not seasoned, and thereupon beat his cook ; the clown said to himself, the meat is seasoned well enough, and it wants nothing ; if the master will beat his servant for nothing, what is that to me ? *Xanthus* much troubled to see his guest not troubled at any thing, commanded the cheese-cakes to be brought in, the clown turned them about, and tossed them down like bread ; *Xanthus* pertily chafed at the baker, that he had not put in pepper and honey into the cheese-cakes, the baker replies, if they be not baked, blame me ; if they want seasoning, the fault is in my Mistris. *Xanthus* in a fury breaks forth, saying, if it be my wifes doing, I will burn her alive ; he commands forthwith to make a good fire, and assaying to cast his wife in, he looked about, thinking the rustick would have bestir'd him, to have prevented such a daring act, but he seeing no cause for all this chafing fury, stept in, saying, good Sir stay a while, and I will fetch my wife, that they may burn both together ; *Xanthus* hearing this, and seeing the simplicity of the man, said to *Æsop*, this man is verily a most careless fellow, thou hast got the better of me *Æsop* : its enough, I will shortly make thee free.

CHAP. XV.

The day after *Xanthus* commanded *Æsop* to go to the bath, and see what company was there, for he had a mind to bath ; while he was running by chance, he met the Pretor, who knowing him to be *Xanthus* his servant, asked him, whither away ? who answered, he knew not, thinking the Pretor would not regard him, who commanded for his saucinessse, to have him away to prison ; while they were carrying him away, *Æsop* cried out ; Thou seest, O Pretor, how rightly I answered, that which I looked not for, is befallen me, and I am dragged to prison : The Pretor amazed with the wisdom of his answer, dismissed him ; so *Æsop* running to the

the bath, saw much company, and withall a great stone laid, as one should enter into the bath, whereat many going in and coming out stumbled: One amongst the rest going in to wash, took the stone and laid it aside: *Æsop* returning, tells his Master, he saw one man in the bath: *Xanthus* coming and seeing a multitude, what is this, O *Æsop*, I see many here, and thou toldst me of one man? Sir there lay a great stone at the entry of the bath, whereat many stumbled, onely one man turned it aside; therefore I said I saw but one man, esteeming him more then all. You have your answers ready, quoth *Xanthus*. On a certain time *Xanthus* coming out of the privy, asked *Æsop* why men after they had done their easement, locked upon the excrements. He answers, in time past, a certain man living delicately. fate in the privy till he voyded his heart, from that time men have locked upon their excrements, for fear of the like, but Master take you no care for any such matter, for you have no heart at all.

C H A P. XVI.

A Feast on a certain day being appointed, by *Xanthus* and other Philosophers, the cup beginning to conquer, there arose certain questions: *Xanthus* began to chafe, *Æsop* said to him, Master *Bacchus* is commander of three temperaments, the first, of voluptuousnesse, the second of drunkennesse, the third of reproaching. You being now merry, and having well drunk have a care of the rest. *Xanthus* being now through drunk, one of the Schollers asked him, whether a man might not drink up the Ocean? Very easily, I can do it my self quoth *Xanthus*; I will wage all I am worth upon it: at present they bind the wager, with the mutuall deposition of their rings, and for that time departed. The next day *Xanthus* being early up, washing his face, perceived his ring was lost; he calls *Æsop* to an account for

for his ring; I know not quoth he, whats become of it: but this I know, you must out of ~~your~~ house, for yesterday in a drunken fit you waged your house that you could drink up the Sea, and you bound the wager with your ring, *Xanthus* replied, and what could I wage lesse? But canst thou tell me a way how I may either do it, or dissolve the bargain? for doing it, its impossible, how thou shalt untie the wager I will tell thee. When you shall meet again to day, seem not to fear, but what you said drunk speak with as much confidence now you are sober. Command a table to be set upon the shore, and that lads be provided to reach thee the water out of the Sea in cups, and when the multitude shall meet to see this sight, ask them, with whom you have waged, what the bargain was? it will be replied, that you should drink up the Sea. Turning thy self to all of them, say thus, ye men of *Samos*, you know that many rivers run into the Sea, and I bargained onely to drink up the Sea, and not the rivers that run into it, let any one stop the course of the waters which run into the Sea. and I am ready to drink up the Sea. *Xanthus* knowing this to be the onely way to dissolve the wager, rejoyced exceedingly: The people therefore coming to see the sight, *Xanthus* did and said as *Æsop* had taught him; whereat the *Samians* admired, and highly commended him; Upon this the Scholler fell at his feet, acknowledging himself overcome, intreated him to dissolve the bargain; which *Xanthus* at the intreaty of the people did.

C H A P. XVII.

They departing to their houses, *Æsop* came to *Xanthus*, saying, I hope now I deserve my freedome: *Xanthus* refell'd him with rebuke, saying, dost thou think I will not be as good as my word? Go and stand before the door, and view, if thou canst see two crows,

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tell

tell me, for it presages good luck; if but one ill luck is towards. *Æsop* return'd, and told him he saw two crows sit upon a tree. *Xanthus* coming out, one of them fled, and he could spie but one sitting still, and he said, thou cursed villain, didst not thou tell me thou sawest two? Thou takest delight to deride me, whereupon he commanded that *Æsop* should be soundly scourged: While he was beating, there came in one to sup with *Xanthus*, and *Æsop* cryed out, ah woe's me, I am beaten that saw two crows, and thou who sawest but one goest in to banquet, it was therefore an unhappy omen: *Xanthus* admiring his subtilty, commanded them to cease beating him.

CHAP. XVIII.

Xanthus having invited some friends, sends *Æsop* to Cater for provisions, who very diligently performed his Masters commands and provided it. When dinner was ready and brought in his Mistress was reposed on a Palate in the room, and fast asleep, *Æsop* awaked her and prayed her to watch least the dogs carry the meat away: she being angry replies that she had eyes to see behind to watch the provision. *Æsop* took this merrily, and watcht his opportunity to retort, (But first making an end of serving in the meat) at his return stole gently to the Couch, lifting up her garments, unvaild her possessions. By this time *Xanthus* was come in with his guests: At which sight whether he was pleased or ashamed, let the reader judge.

CHAP. XIX.

Some dayes after *Xanthus* inviting many Philosophers and Orators to dinner, commands *Æsop* to keep the gate, and to let in no illiterate dunce amongst them, but onely the grave Sophies. At dinner time, *Æsop* sitting in the portall, there comes one who was invited

invited and knocks at the gate, *Æsop* within, said; what stirs the dog? He thinking himself to be called dog, away he goes, so in brief every one that came, went back, not taking such an injury well: But at length when one of them came to the gate, and knockt, and heard the words, *what stirs the dog?* his ears and his tail, quoth he. *Æsop* judging his answer acute and proper gave him entrance, and brought him to his Master: saying, there's no Philosopher come to dinner, Master, save this one. *Xanthus* was very sorry hereat, that he should be so much deceived by them whom he had invited. The day after when they came to the Schools, they accused *Xanthus*, saying, Sir, as it should seem, you slighted us, and not onely so, but set that ugly fellow *Æsop* to abuse us at your gate, and to call us dogs. But Sirs, quoth *Xanthus*, are you in earnest, or jest? They replied, unlesse we are asleep, its true as we tell thee. *Æsop* presently was call'd for, and ask'd upon what ground he abused his friends? who answered, Master, did not you command me that I should not admit any unlearned, or vulgar fellow into your feast, but onely such as were wise men? and what are these sirrah, quoth *Xanthus*, are they not wise men? no wayes, quoth *Æsop*; for when they knockt at gate, I asked them, what the dog stirr'd? not one of them understood me: Therefore I gave entrance to none, but onely this man, who gave me a wise answer. When *Æsop* had this said, they all agreed that he was in the right.

CHAP. XX.

Not many dayes after *Xanthus*, *Æsop* following him, went to the monuments, and reading the epigrams, was much delighted. *Æsop* seeing these letters, *α, β, γ, δ, ε, ζ, η, θ, ι, κ*, ingraven, shewed them to *Xanthus*, and enquired of him if he knew what they meant: who after diligent study was not able to find out what they

they signified, plainly acknowledged himself dubious. Master, quoth *Eſop*, if I shall find a treasure by this column, what reward shall I have? Thou shalt have thy liberty, be confident, said *Xanthus*, and half the gold. Then *Eſop* four steps distant from the grave-stone, digging, found the treasure, and brought it to his Master; demanding, according to his promise, both freedom and gold; No sure, said *Xanthus*, untill I understand the letters, and the sense, for to be skill'd in that, I esteem above the treasure. *Eſop*, to satisfy him, told him, that a wise man was the engraver of those letters, which, saith he, import thus much (according to the Greek) α going, β paces, γ foure, δ digging, ϵ thou shalt find, ζ a treasure, η of gold. *Xanthus* replied, because thou art so cunning thou shalt be no freeman; Then Sir, quoth *Eſop*, I will declare that it belongs to the King of *Egæum*, for its hid here for him; *Xanthus* replies, How know you this? from the inscription, quoth he: for thus much they intimate (in Greek) α restore, β to the King, γ *Dionysius*, δ which, ϵ thou hast found, ζ treasure, η of gold. *Xanthus* understanding that the treasure belonged to the King, said to *Eſop*, take half the treasure, and hold thy peace; Now I take not this as thy good will; but as his that hid the gold: But heare me Sir, thus speak the letters; α taking β go your way, γ divide, δ which, ϵ we have found, ζ the treasure. Hereupon *Xanthus* replied, come your wayes, take half the money, and your liberty. Departing therefore together, *Xanthus* feared the prating of *Eſop*, commanded him to be cast into prison. While they drew *Eſop* away, alas, quoth he, are these the promises of philosophers? for I onely receive not my liberty, but thou givest command to throw me into prison. *Xanthus* therefore gave order for his liberty, saying to him, thou speakest truth; when thou hast got thy liberty, thou wilt stickle against me to some purpose: Then

Then saith *Eſop*, do your worst, whether you will or no I will have my freedom.

CHAP. XXI.

AT that season after this manner it fell out at *Samos*. A stately feast was kept publicly, an Eagle flew suddenly over, and snatch'd away the publick ring, and dropt it into the lap of a servant; The *Samiens* affrighted at this accident, and wondring what it should portend, gathering together to consult, moved it to *Xanthus*, being a chief citizen, and philosopher, desiring the meaning of this prodigy: He very dubious of the matter, enquired the time when this fell out; and going home, was very sad and pensive, because he could not resolve them. *Eſop* seeing *Xanthus* so dejected, went to him, and enquired what made him so sorrowfull, reveal it I pray you to me, and farewell to your sadness: To morrow when you go into the market, tell the *Samiens*, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty riddles, neither can you divine, but I have a lad who will resolve you this question; and although I shall resolve this, yet you shall have the honour of it, by keeping such a servant; if it fall out otherwise the disgrace will redound to me. *Xanthus* thus perswaded, the next day came into the theatre, and stood in the midst, according to the advice of *Eſop*, declaring to them that met together, what he had counselled him to do. They presently desired that *Eſop* might be sent for, who when he came and stood amongst them, the *Samiens*, looking on his face, derided him; will this countenance ever be able to resolve us? And they fell into loud laughing. *Eſop* stretching forth his hand, desired silence, and said, Men of *Samos*, why cavill ye at my face? you should not look upon my face but my mind; for oftentimes Nature hath covered an excellent mind, under a visage unseemly. Do you look upon the exteriour fashion.

of the vessel, and not attend the inward virtue of the wine? Hearing these things, they said, *Eſop*, if thou haſt any thing to ſay, ſpeak it to the Citie. Then he boldly ſtood forth, ſaying, ye men of *Samos*, becauſe fortune, which is deſiderous of contention, propounds the glory of victory to the maſter and ſervant, if the ſervant ſeem inferior to his maſter, let him go away ſoundly beaten, but if the ſervant excell, let him eſcape free: then all the people cried out, *Xanthus* give *Eſop* his freedom; in this deſire the *Samians*, and gratifie them in their requeſt: *Xanthus* reſuſed not, indeed, but the Pretor ſaid, *Xanthus* if thou hearken not to the people, I even in this hour will give *Eſop* his freedom, and then he will be equall to thee, then *Xanthus* was conſtrained to give him his freedom: hereupon the Crier cried out, *Xanthus* the philoſopher gives *Eſop* his freedom; and in the mean time *Eſop* ended his ſpeech, ſaying to *Xanthus*, now againſt your will I ſhall be freed: Thus *Eſop* being freed, ſtood in the miſt of them, ſaying, ye men of *Samos*, the Eagle you know is queen of birds, and whereas ſhe dropt this imperiall ring into the lap of a ſervant, ſeems to intimate, that ſome there are of the Kings, who endeavour to bring your liberty into ſlavery, and to diſannull your eſtabliſhed Laws: The *Samians* hearing this, were exceeding ſad: Not long after there came letters from *Craſus* King of the *Lydians*, to *Samos*, requiring tribute of them, if otherwiſe, that they prepare themſelves for battle. Hereupon there was a generall conſultation, and fear to become ſubjects unto *Craſus*; yet they thought it fitting to take *Eſop*'s advice: He told them, I will inform you what is beſt: fortune hath ſhewn us a double way, one of liberty, which in the beginning is difficult, but the iſſue eaſie: another of thralldome, whoſe beginning is eaſie, but the end toiliſome: The *Samians* hearing this, cried out, ſeeing we are free-men, we will

will not, for nothing, become ſlaves, ſo they diſmiſſed the Embaſſadour, without terms of peace. Which ſo ſoon as *Craſus* knew, determined to wage warre againſt the *Samians*, but the Embaſſadour told him, you cannot conquer the *Samians*, ſo long as *Æſop* is amongſt them, and counſells them. Rather, O King, ſend Embaſſadours, and deſire *Æſop* of them, promiſing them many thanks, and a releaſing of the required tribute; and then perhaps you may ſubdue them: Theſe things prevailing with *Craſus*, he ſent, deſiring *Æſop* might come to him: The *Samians*, decreed to deliver him; who when he knew it, ſtood up in the miſt of them, ſaying, ye men of *Samos*, I am very ready to proſtrate my ſelf at the feet of King *Craſus*, but I will relate to you one ſtory. At what time the beaſts ſpake amongſt themſelves, the Wolves brought warre upon the Sheep, and the Dogs aiding them, ſent for the Wolves, the Wolves ſent an embaſſage to the Sheep, that if they would live in peace and quietneſſe, they deſired them to ſend them the Dogs; The fooliſh Sheep were perſwaded hereto, and ſent the Dogs, the Wolves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and eaſily ſlew the Sheep. The *Samians* underſtanding the meaning of this fable, determined ſtill to keep *Æſop* with them; But he ſuffered them not, but ſet forth with the Embaſſadour to *Craſus*.

CHAP. XXII.

They coming forthwith to *Lydia*, the King ſeeing *Æſop* before him, was angry to think that ſuch a fellow ſhould prevent the ſubduing of ſo famous an Iſland. *Æſop* answers, Mighty King, not of force or neceſſity am I come unto thee, but willingly and of my own accord, wherefore I humbly beg your patience. A certain man catching Locuſts killed them, he took alſo the Grashopper, and when he would have killed her, ſhe

said thus, good Sir kill me not, for I am not injurious to the corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary traveller with my harmlesse musick, in me thou findest nothing but a sound. This he having heard dismissed her: Thus I, O King, humbly touching your feet, beseech you spare my life, for I cannot be injurious to any man, and in this squalid body you shall find a generous soul. The King wondering, and pitying him, said, Æsop, I will not onely give thee thy life, but a fortune also: therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it: May it please thee, O King, to be reconciled to the *Samians*; and when the King answered, I am reconciled, he fell down to the ground, and gave him most humble thanks. After this he wrote his Fables, which to this very day are extant amongst the *Lydians*.

C H A P. XXIII.

ÆSOP having received letters from the King of *Lydia* which intimated the grant of peace, and releasing of a tribute to the *Samians*; the men of *Samos* seeing of him, came to meet him with garlands, and dancings; he reads the letters, and shews them that the King had freely granted them their liberty, whereupon Æsop was honoured the second time with the favour of freedom. Not long after this, he departed from this Island and travelled over the world, every where disputing with Philosophers, at length he came into *Babylon*, and there making his learning appear, was in great repute with King *Lycerus*, for in those dayes truce being between Kingdoms; there was great delight taken in mutuall sending philosophicall questions one to another: which, whosoever could resolve, received a relaxation of tribute from him that sent him.

C H A P. XXIV.

C H A P. XXIV.

ÆSOP therefore understanding the problems which came to *Lycerus*, gave the meaning, and so made the King renowned: and he in the name of *Lycerus* sent to other Kings after the same manner: which questions unresolved, caused an exaction of a far greater tribute from those Kings who were not able to do it. Now Æsop seeing he had no children, adopted *Ennus* a certain noble-man, and commended him to the King; Not long after this *Ennus* had to do with Æsops concubine, which when Æsop knew of, he turned him out of doors; who being much offended with this act, fained letters from Æsop, to those who moved these philosophicall questions to *Lycerus*, which letters signified his readinesse to do them service rather then *Lycerus*, and these letters *Ennus* gave to the King sealed with Æsops ring.

C H A P. XXV.

The King giving credit to the ring, wonderfully moved with anger, he commands *Hermippus*, without any further examination to take away the traytors life. But *Hermippus* was Æsops friend and then he shewed it, for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nourished him; *Ennus* also by the Kings leave took possession of all Æsops goods: A certain space after *Nectenabo* King of *Egypt* hearing that Æsop was dead, sent a letter to *Lycerus*, requiring workmen that could build a tower, which should touch neither earth nor heaven, and one that could answer all that he should be asked: Which if he did, then he should exact tribute, if not he should pay. *Lycerus* having read this growes very pensive, seeing none of his friends could devise what the question concerning the tower meant: The King upon that cries out, Æsop the pillar of my kingdome is fallen and dead. *Hermippus* seeing the King so much dejected

dejected for *Æsops* losse, came to the King, and brought him word that *Æsop* was alive, adding that even for the Kings sake he had not put him to death, because he knew it would much grieve him afterwards

C H A P. XXVI.

THE King not a little glad that *Æsop* was yet alive, was brought to him all dirty and bemired, whom when he saw, he was moved with much compassion towards him, and commanded that he should be washed and cleansed. After this *Æsop* easily confuted the grounds of his former accusation, whereupon when the King gave command that *Ennus* should be put to death, *Æsop* beg'd his pardon. Not long after a letter came from the King of *Egypt*, which the King gave *Æsop* to peruse, he forthwith knowing how to resolve the questions propounded, smiled, and desired an answer might be dispatcht, and after winter sent away, both who should build this tower, and also one that should answer all what should be demanded: The King thereupon sends the *Egyptian* Embassadors back, and gives to *Æsop* his former wealth, and *Ennus* also; whom he having received again, used him as his son, and with these or the like words admonished him: My son, in the first place worship God, honour the King, shew thy self terrible to thine enemies, that they despise thee not, facil and courteous to thy friends, that they may be enlarged in friendships towards thee: Also pray that thine enemies be poor, least they offend thee; wish thy friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Consort, that she make not tryall of another: Be not swift to speak but to hear, Envy not well-doers, for thereby thou shalt injure thy self most: be carefull of thy domestick affairs, that thou mayest not be lookt upon as a Master, but adored as a benefactor. Be not ashamed alwayes to learn the better things: Reveal

veal not thy secrets to a woman, for she is alwayes provided to domineere. Every day store up for to morrow, for its better after death to leave somewhat to thine enemy, then want while thou livest for thy friends: Gently salute all thou meet'st. Repent not that thou hast been honest. Turn a whisperer out of doors. Do that for which thou mayest not have cause to repent. Thus *Ennus* being advised by *Æsop*, and struck as it were with an arrow in his Conscience, a little after his soul and body parted, and he dyed.

C H A P. XXVII.

ÆSOP after this sending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles: which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young children in baskets, and observe them in what they should command; The winter now being past, and spring coming on, he provides all things ready for his journey, taking the Eagles and the children departs into *Egypt*, to the great admiration of the people of that Countrey. *Nestensho* hearing that *Æsop* was come, I am ensnared, quoth he to his friends, for I understood that *Æsop* was dead. The King commanded the day after that all the officers should come together, clad in white robes, and he himself put on his royall attire, and his Imperiall Diademe. When he was set upon his high Throne, commanded *Æsop* to be brought: To what do you liken me quoth he to *Æsop*, and those that are with me? Thee, quoth *Æsop*, I liken to the vernal sunne, and those with thee to a ripe herveft; the King admiring his answer, bestowed many favours upon him. The next day the King came clad in white, but commanded his friends to put on their purple, when *Æsop* came in he asked him the same questions; Thee, saith he, I compare to the sun, those that stand about thee to the sun-beams. *Nestensho*

nabo enquires what he thought concerning his Kingdom, whether it was not farre beyond that of *Lycerus*; do not think so quoth *Æsop*, for your Kingdom compared with his, though it shine like the sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the glory of it is palpable darknesse. *Necænabo* admiring his answer, enquires where they were that should build the tower? They are ready, if you will shew us the place. The King going out of the City shews him a large plain: *Æsop* following him, brings the four Eagles, with the children hanged in baskets about them, and giving the children working instruments, bid them fly: they being carried aloft, cryed out bring us stones, mortar and timber fit for building; *Necænabo* seeing the children, carried aloft, by the Eagles, sayes to *Æsop*, how should I do for flying men? he replyes, *Lycerus* hath such; thou being but a man, wilt thou contend with a King equall to the gods? *Necænabo* confelles himself conquered: but let me enquire of thee, and do thou answer me further. I have here Mares, who when they hear the Horses of *Babylon* neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canst resolve me this, let me see it presently. I will give you an answer to morrow quoth he; Going thereupon to his lodging, commanded the boyes to take a Cat and drag her about the City; The *Egyptians* seeing, forthwith carry the report to the King, for they worship this animal; The King calling *Æsop* to him, asked him whether he did not know how that the *Egyptians* do worship to the cat. It did no small injury to *Lycerus* the King, quoth *Æsop*, for this cat the last night kill'd his fighting cock, which gave him intelligence how the tedious night passed. Art thou not ashamed to lie quoth the King? How could the cat in one night go from *Egypt* to *Babylon*? He smiling replied, and how, O King, can the mares of *Egypt* conceive upon the neighing of the horses in *Babylon*? The King

King attending the wisdom of *Æsop*, admired at his fortunate genius. Not long after this he sent for men from *Heliopolis* to question with *Æsop*, with whom when they had disputed, he invites home to a banquet. When they were set, one of the *Heliopolitans* sayes to *Æsop*, I am sent from one of my gods to ask thee a question; Its false, quoth *Æsop*, the gods have no need to learn any thing, thou dost not onely bewray thy own ignorance, but accusest one of thy gods. Another again replies, there is an huge Temple, and a Column bearing up twelve stately Cities, each of which are born up with thirty rafters, which two women constantly course about. To this *Æsop* answers; The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Moneths, the Rafters the dayes of the Moneth, the day and the night are two women interchangeably succeeding each other. The day following *Necænabo* calling his friends about him, said, For this *Æsop*, we ow tribute to King *Lycerus*. One of them replied, we will command him to answer us to questions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To morrow, quoth *Æsop*, I will return you an answer. Departing therefore he made a writing, wherein was contained, *scil.* *Necænabo* confesses he owes a thousand talents to *Lycerus*, in the morning he brought this to the King. The Kings friends, before the writing was opened, all cried out, we know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confessing, quoth *Æsop*, did you ever know or hear that the King of *Egypt* owed King *Lycerus* a thousand talents? *Necænabo* concludes, saying, *Lycerus* is very happy, having so learned a man in his Kingdom; and thereupon gave him the tribute agreed to be paid, and most friendly dismissed him.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP at length returning into *Babylon*, declares all that fell out in *Egypt*, and gave the tribute to King *Lycerus*, who commanded a famous statue to be erected to the renowned glory and memory of *Æsop*: Not long after he determined to sail into *Greece*, and so with the Kings leave departed, swearing he would return again into *Babylon*, and there end his dayes, after he had vewed all the Countreys of *Greece*, and made himself famously known for his wisdom he arrived at last in *Delphos*.

CHAP. XXIX.

When he was arrived at *Delphos*, many very gladly gave ear to his eloquence, but gave him little respect. He therefore looking upon them, said, ye men of *Delphos*, I may fitly compare you to the wood which is carried upon the Sea, seeing it as farre off, we judge it of great value, when 'tis come near we slight it. So I, when I was farre from your Citie, did admire you, but coming amongst you, I find you the most uselesse amongst men, thus am I mistaken. When the *Delphians* heard this, fearing, lest he should disparage them in other places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden cup out of *Apollo's* Temple, and cunningly put it amongst *Æsop's* baggage. He not aware of their subtilty, went his way to *Phocile*, the *Delphians* after him, and charged him with sacrilege. He denies the fact, they untie his baggage, and find the cup, which they shew to the Citie with no small uproar, *Æsop* seeing their subtilty, desired them to let him loose: they were so farre from that, that they cast him into prison, and passed sentence upon him. Now *Æsop* no wayes able to extricate himself from their wiles, bemoans himself in prison as he sate; while he was lamenting himself,

himself, a familiar friend, *Demas* by name, came to him, and desired to know the cause of his grief: Thus he replies; A woman having newly buried her husband, wept daily at his grave: one plowing not farre off, fell in love with the woman, and leaving his oxen, went himself to the grave, and wept with her. She asked him, why do you lament thus? Because I have lately, quoth he, buried a good woman, and after I have lamented her, I find much ease. The very same hath happened to me, quoth the woman. If we are in the same case of mishap, why may we not make our selves happy in marrying together? for I love thee as well as my wife, and thou lovest me as well as thy husband: while this discourse held, a thief came and stole away his oxen. Returning home without his oxen, he determined to weep excessively. The woman meeting him, weep you still, quoth she? Now, saith he, I have cause to weep. So I, having avoided many dangers, have full cause to mourn, not knowing any wayes to escape this. After this came the *Delphians*, and drew him by force out of prison to a steep and craggy precipice. Whereupon he thus spake to them; when beasts spake, the mouse was a familiar friend to the frog, invited her to supper, carried her into the store house of a rich man, where there was good food. Ear, saith the mouse, my good friend. After this banquet was ended, the frog led the mouse to supper with her, but that you be not weary with swimming, quoth the frog, I will fasten with a small thred your leg to mine, this done, she leapt into the water, the mouse is drowned before they get half over; who dying, thus said, you are the cause of my death, but your betters will vindicate me: The Eagle seeing the mouse dead, and swimming in the pond, snatcheth at her, and carrying her away, finds the frog hanging by a string at her foot, and so makes an end of both. Thus I, who innocently am to die

by your hands, shall find an avenger ; for all *Babylon* and *Greece*, will require my life at your hands.

C H A P. X X X.

FOR all this the *Delphians* spared not *Æsop*, though he fled to *Apollon's* temple, they drew him thence, and led him to an high precipice : Hear me, ye men of *Delphos*, quoth *Æsop*. The Hare being pursued by the Eagle, fled into the nest of a Hornet ; The Hornet intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare, the Eagle slaps the Hornet with her wing, and devours the Hare ; The Hornet observing where the Eagles nest was, flew into it and brake her eggs : the Eagle the next time builds her nest higher, the Hornet serves her so again : The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and layes her eggs between the knees of *Jove* (whose bird she is) intreating his preservation of them : The Hornet making a ball of dirt flew into *Joves* lap and there drop't it, *Jupiter* arising to shake off the dirt, forgetting himself, lets the eggs fall, and brake them. But when he had learned of the Hornet that this was done in revenge of a former injury not willing therefore that the Eagle should decay in her kind, desired that the Hornet and the Eagle might be made friends : The Hornet being averse, *Jupiter* defer'd the breeding of the Eagle till such a time that no Hornets stir. And you men of *Delphos*, despise not this God to whom I have made my refuge, though he have but a small temple. The *Delphians* little regarding what he said, hale him to execution. *Æsop* perceiving that nothing prevailed with them, cries out, ye cruell blood-thirsty-men give ear to me ; A certain Husband-man growing old, had never been cut of the City, desired his servants to carry him thither to see it, while he was upon the way in his waggon there fell a storm, and it becoming very dark, the Asses lost their way, and led him to a steep hill, and

and now ready to fall down, O *Jove*, quoth he, what injury have I done to thee ? that I shall so unhappily be slain ? especially when my dayes must end not by generous Horses, or good Mules, but by dull Asses ! And that's my present misery, that I am to be slain, not by men of worth and honour, but by the most vile and baser sort. I now upon the brink to be cast down, related this *Fable* ; A certain man dearly loving his daughter, sent his wife into the Countrey, and in the mean time violates the chastity of his daughter : But she cryed out, father, you do amisse, I had rather this were done from any but your self, though it proved my perpetuall disgrace. This I also say against you, O ye unjust men of *Delphos*, I had rather have fell into *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, or into the quick-sand of *Affrica* then into your hands, so unworthily to be put to death. I call the Gods to witnesse, that I dye wrongfully, who will revenge my unhappy fate ; The *Delphians* upon that threw him off the rock, and so he dyed. Not long after a grievous Pestilence fell out amongst them, and the Oracle told them, that *Æsops* wrongfull death was to be expiated. Whereof they being guilty, erected over him a famous Monument : But the heads of *Greece*, and the wisest Sages, when they understood what was done against *Æsop*, went into *Delphos*, discussed the matter with them, and became severe avengers of innocent *Æsops* death.

FINIS.

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